THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOL. V

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME the FIFTH.

CONTAINING

KING JOHN.
KING RICHARD II.
KING HENRY IV. Part I.
KING HENRY IV. Part II.

LONDON,

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MDCCLXXVIII.

KING JOHN.

Perfons Reprefented.

King John.
Prince Henry, *fon to the king.*
Arthur, *duke of Bretagne, and nephew to the king.*
Pembroke[1], Effex[2], Salifbury[3], Hubert, Bigot[4], } *Englifh lords.*
Faulconbridge, *baftard fon to Richard the Firft.*
Robert Faulconbridge, *half brother to the baftard.*
James Gurney, *fervant to the lady Faulconbridge.*
Peter of Pomfret, *a prophet.*

Philip, *king of France.*
Lewis, *the dauphin.*
Arch-duke of Auftria.
Cardinal Pandulpho, *the pope's legate.*
Melun, *a French lord.*
Chatillon, *ambaffador from France to king John.*

Elinor, *queen-mother of England.*
Conftance, *mother to Arthur.*
Blanch, *daughter to Alphonfo king of Caftile, and niece to king John.*
Lady Faulconbridge, *mother to the baftard, and Robert Faulconbridge.*

Citizens of Angiers, heralds, executioners, meffengers, foldiers, and other attendants.

The SCENE, *fometimes in England; and fometimes in France.*

[1] *Pembroke,*] Earl of Pembroke, William Marefhall.
[2] *Effex,*] Earl of Effex, Jeffrey Fitzpeter, Ch. J. of England.
[3] *Salifbury,*] Earl of Salifbury, William Longfword, fon to Hen. II. by Rofamond Clifford.
[4] *Bigot,*] Roger, earl of Norfolk and Suffolk. STEEVENS.



KING JOHN.[5]

ACT I. SCENE I.

Northampton.

A room of state in the palace.

Enter king John, queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, with Chatillon.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France
with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of
France,

In

[5] *The Troublesome Reign of King John* was written in two parts, by W. Shakespeare and W. Rowley, and printed 1611. But the present play is intirely different, and infinitely superior to it. POPE.

The edition of 1611 has no mention of Rowley, nor in the account of Rowley's works is any mention made of his conjunction with Shakespeare in any play. *King John* was reprinted in two parts in 1622. The first edition that I have found of this play in its present form, is that of 1623, in fol. The edition of 1591 I have not seen. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson mistakes when he says there is no mention in Rowley's works of any conjunction with Shakespeare: the *Birth of Merlin* is ascribed to them jointly; though I cannot believe Shakespeare had any thing to do with it. Mr. Capell is equally mistaken when he says (pref. p. 15.) that Rowley is called his partner in the title-page of the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*.

There must have been some tradition, however erroneous, upon which Mr. Pope's account was founded; I make no doubt that Rowley wrote the first *King John*: and when Shakespeare's play was called for, and could not be procured from the players, a piratical bookseller reprinted the old one, with W. Sh. in the title-page. FARMER.

Hall, Holinshed, Stowe, &c. are closely followed not only in

the

In my behaviour [6], to the majeſty,
The borrow'd majeſty of England here.

Eli. A ſtrange beginning;—borrow'd majeſty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embaſſy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceaſed brother Geffrey's ſon,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays moſt lawful claim
To this fair iſland, and the territories;
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:
Deſiring thee to lay aſide the ſword,
Which ſways uſurpingly theſe ſeveral titles;
And put the ſame into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal ſovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we diſallow of this?

Chat. The proud [7] controul of fierce and bloody war,

the conduct, but ſometimes in the expreſſions throughout the following hiſtorical dramas; viz. *Macbeth*, this play, *Richard* II. *Henry* IV. 2 parts, *Henry* V. *Henry* VI. 3 parts, *Richard* III. and *Henry* VIII.

"A booke called *The Hyſtorie of Lord Faulconbridge, baſtard Son to Richard Cordelion*," was entered at Stationers' Hall, Nov. 29. 1614; but I have never met with it, and therefore know not whether it was the old black letter hiſtory, or a play on the ſame ſubject. For the original *K. John*, ſee *Six old Plays on which Shakeſpeare founded* &c. publiſhed by S. Leacroft, Charing-Croſs. STEEVENS.

Though this play hath the title of *The Life and Death of King John*, yet the action of it begins at the thirty-fourth year of his life; and takes in only ſome tranſactions of his reign at the time of his demiſe, being an interval of about ſeventeen years.
THEOBALD.

[6] *In my behaviour,*——] The word *behaviour* ſeems here to have a ſignification that I have never found in any other author. *The king of France*, ſays the envoy, *thus ſpeaks in my* behaviour *to the majeſty of England*; that is, the king of France ſpeaks in the *character* which I here aſſume. I once thought that theſe two lines, *in my behaviour*, &c. had been uttered by the ambaſſador as part of his maſter's meſſage, and that *behaviour* had meant the *conduct* of the king of France towards the king of England; but the ambaſſador's ſpeech, as continued after the interruption, will not admit this meaning. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*controul*——] *Oppoſition*, from *controller*. JOHNSON.

To inforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood[8],
Controulment for controulment; so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
[9] Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And [1] sullen presage of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have;—
Pembroke, look to't:—Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt Chat. and Pem.*

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
'Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage [2] of two kingdoms must

With

[8] *Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,*
Controulment for controulment; &c.]
King John's reception of Chatillon not a little resembles that which Andrea meets with from the king of Portugal in the first part of *Jeronimo* &c. 1605:
"*And.* Thou shalt pay tribute, Portugal, with blood.——
"*Bal. Tribute for tribute* then; and *foes for foes.*
"*And.* ——I bid you sudden wars." STEEVENS.

[9] *Be thou as lightning*——] The simile does not suit well: the lightning indeed appears before the thunder is heard, but the lightning is destructive, and the thunder innocent. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*sullen presage*——] By the epithet *sullen*, which cannot be applied to a trumpet, it is plain that our author's imagination had now suggested a new idea. It is as if he had said, be a *trumpet* to alarm with our invasion, be a *bird* of *ill omen* to croak out the prognostick of your own ruin. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*the manage*——] i. e. conduct, administration. So, in *K. Rich.* II:

"——for

With fearful bloody iſſue arbitrate.
K. John. Our ſtrong poſſeſſion, and our right, for us.
Eli. Your ſtrong poſſeſſion, much more than your right;
Or elſe it muſt go wrong with you, and me;
So much my conſcience whiſpers in your ear;
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, ſhall hear.

Enter the ſheriff of Northamptonſhire, who whiſpers Eſſex [3].

Eſſex. My liege, here is the ſtrangeſt controverſy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?
K. John. Let them approach.— [*Exit ſheriff.*
Our abbies, and our priories, ſhall pay

Re-enter ſheriff with Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip, his brother [4].

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?
Phil. Your faithful ſubject I, a gentleman,

"   for the rebels
"Expedient *manage* muſt be made, my liege."
STEEVENS.

[3] *Enter the ſheriff of Northamptonſhire, &c.*] This ſtage direction I have taken from the old quarto. STEEVENS.

[4] —*and Philip, his brother.*] Though Shakeſpeare adopted this character of Philip Faulconbridge from the old play, it is not improper to mention that it is compounded of two diſtinct perſonages.

Matthew Paris ſays:—"Sub illius temporis curriculo, *Falcaſius de Brente*, Neuſterienſis, et ſpurius ex parte matris, atque Baſtardus, qui in vili jumento manticato ad Regis paulo ante clientelam deſcenderat, &c."

Matt. Paris, in his *Hiſtory of the Monks of St. Albans*, calls him *Falco*, but in his *General Hiſtory*, *Falcaſius de Brente*, as above.

Holinſhed ſays, "that Richard I. had a natural ſon named Philip, who in the year following killed the viſcount De Limoges to revenge the death of his father." STEEVENS.

Born

Born in Northamptonſhire; and eldeſt ſon,
As I ſuppoſe, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A ſoldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The ſon and heir to that ſame Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it ſeems.

Phil. Moſt certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth [5],
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou doſt ſhame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Phil. I, madam? no, I have no reaſon for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At leaſt from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow:—Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he ſlander'd me with baſtardy:
But whe'r I be as true begot, or no,

[5] *But for the certain knowledge of that truth,*
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.]
The reſemblance between this ſentiment and that of Telemachus in the firſt book of the *Odyſſey*, is apparent. The paſſage is thus tranſlated by Chapman:

"My mother, certaine, ſayes I am his ſonne;
"I know not; nor was ever ſimply knowne,
"By any child, the ſure truth of his ſire."

Mr. Pope has obſerved that the like ſentiment is found in *Euripides*, *Menander*, and *Ariſtotle*. Shakeſpeare expreſſes the ſame doubt in ſeveral of his other plays. STEEVENS.

That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him;—
O old sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a mad-cap hath heaven lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face [6],
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.——Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Phil. Because he hath a half-face, like my father;
[7] With that half-face would he have all my land:
A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a year!

Rob.

[6] *He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face,*] The *trick*, or *tricking*, is the same as the tracing of a drawing, meaning that peculiarity of face which may be sufficiently shewn by the slightest outline. This expression is used by Heywood and Rowley in their comedy called *Fortune by Land and Sea*:—"Her face, *the trick of her eye*, her leer." The following passages may more evidently prove the expression to be borrowed from delineation. Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*:

"——You can blazon the rest, Signior?

"O ay, I have it in writing here o' purpose; it cost me two shillings the *tricking*." So again, in *Cynthia's Revels*:

"——the parish-buckets with his name at length *trick'd* upon them." STEEVENS.

[7] *With half that face*—] But why with *half* that face? There is no question but the poet wrote, as I have restored the text: *With that* half-face——Mr. Pope, perhaps, will be angry with me for discovering an anachronism of our poet's in the next line, where he alludes to a coin not struck till the year 1504, in the reign of king Henry VII. viz. a groat, which, as well as the half groat, bare but half faces impressed. *Vide Stow's Survey of London*, p. 47. *Holinshed, Camden's Remains*, &c. The poet sneers at

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much;—

Phil. Well, ſir, by this you cannot get my land;
Your tale muſt be, how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once diſpatch'd him in an embaſſy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
The advantage of his abſence took the king,
And in the mean time ſojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail, I ſhame to ſpeak:
But truth is truth; large lengths of ſeas and ſhores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father ſpeak himſelf)
When this ſame luſty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death,
That this, my mother's ſon, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the courſe of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

at the meagre ſharp viſage of the elder brother, by comparing him to a ſilver groat, that bore the king's face in profile, ſo ſhewed but half the face: the groats of all our kings of England, and indeed all their other coins of ſilver, one or two only excepted, had a full face crowned; till Henry VII. at the time above-mentioned, coined groats and half-groats, as alſo ſome ſhillings, with half faces, *i. e.* faces in profile, as all our coin has now. The firſt groats of king Henry VIII. were like thoſe of his father; though afterwards he returned to the broad faces again. Theſe groats, with the impreſſion in profile, are undoubtedly here alluded to: though, as I ſaid, the poet is knowingly guilty of an anachroniſm in it: for in the time of king John there were no groats at all; they being firſt, as far as appears, coined in the reign of king Edward III. THEOBALD.

The ſame contemptuous alluſion occurs in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"You *half-fac'd groat*, you thick-cheek'd chitty-face."

Again, in *Hiſtriomaſtix*, 1610:

"Whilſt I behold you *half fac'd* minion." STEEVENS.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And, if ſhe did play falſe, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazard of all huſbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you ſay, took pains to get this ſon,
Had of your father claim'd this ſon for his?
In ſooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In ſooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuſe him: [8] This concludes—
My mother's ſon did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir muſt have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
To diſpoſſeſs that child which is not his?

Phil. Of no more force to diſpoſſeſs me, ſir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadſt thou rather,—be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
Or the reputed ſon of Cœur-de-lion,
[9] Lord of thy preſence, and no land beſide?

Phil. Madam, an if my brother had my ſhape,
[1] And I had his, ſir Robert's his, like him;

And

[8] *This concludes*——] This is a *deciſive argument*. As your father, if he liked him, could not have been forced to reſign him, ſo, not liking him, he is not at liberty to reject him. JOHNSON.

[9] *Lord of* thy *preſence, and no land beſide?*] *Lord of thy preſence* can ſignify only, *maſter of thyſelf*; and it is a ſtrange expreſſion to ſignify even *that*. However *that* he might be, without parting with his land. We ſhould read: *Lord of* the *preſence*, i. e. prince of the blood. WARBURTON.

Lord of thy preſence may ſignify ſomething more diſtinct than *maſter of thyſelf*: it means maſter of that dignity and grandeur of appearance that may ſufficiently diſtinguiſh thee from the vulgar, without the help of fortune.

Lord of his preſence apparently ſignifies, *great in his own perſon*, and is uſed in this ſenſe by king John in one of the following ſcenes. JOHNSON.

[1] *And I had his, ſir Robert's his, like him*,] This is obſcure and ill

And if my legs were two ſuch riding-rods,
My arms ſuch eel-ſkins ſtuft; [2] my face ſo thin,
[3] That in mine ear I durſt not ſtick a roſe,
Leſt

ill expreſſed. The meaning is: *If I had his ſhape—ſir Robert's—as he has.*

Sir Robert his, for *ſir Robert's*, is agreeable to the practice of that time, when the *'s* added to the nominative was believed, I think erroneouſly, to be a contraction of *his*. So, Donne:

" ——Who now lives to age,
" Fit to be call'd Methuſalem *his* page?" JOHNSON.

[2] ———*my face ſo thin,*
That in mine ear I durſt not ſtick a roſe,
Leſt men ſhould ſay, Look, where three-farthings *goes!*]
In this very obſcure paſſage our poet is anticipating the date of another coin; humorouſly to rally a thin face, eclipſed, as it were, by a full-blown *roſe*. We muſt obſerve, to explain this alluſion, that queen Elizabeth was the firſt, and indeed the only prince, who coined in England three-half-pence, and three-farthing pieces. She at one and the ſame time coined ſhillings, ſix-pences, groats, three-pences, two-pences, three-half-pence, pence, three-farthings, and half-pence. And theſe pieces all had her head, and were alternately with the *roſe* behind, and without the *roſe*. The ſhilling, groat, two-pence, penny, and half-penny had it not: the other intermediate coins, *viz.* the ſix-pence, three-pence, three-half-pence, and three-farthings had the *roſe*. THEOBALD.

So, in *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, &c. 1610:
" Here's a *three-penny piece* for thy tidings."
" *Firk*. 'Tis but three-half-pence I think: yes, 'tis three-pence; I ſmell the *roſe*." STEEVENS.

As we are on the ſubject of coinage, it may be obſerved that the following paſſage in Ben Jonſon's *Devil is an Aſs*, remains unexplained:

" I will not bate a *Harrington* o'th' ſum."

Lord Harrington obtained a patent from K. James I. for making braſs farthings. See a *Hiſtorical Narration of the Firſt 14 Years of K. James* I. p. 56. TOLLET.

The ſame term occurs in Ben Jonſon's *Magnetic Lady:*
" They ſhall ne'er be a *Harrington* the better for't."
STEEVENS.

[3] *That in mine* ear *I durſt not ſtick a* roſe,] The ſticking *roſes* about them was then all the court-faſhion, as appears from this paſſage of the *Confeſſion Catholique du S. de Sancy*, l. ii. c. 1: " Je luy ay appris à mettre des *roſes par tous les coins*," i. e. *in every place about him*, ſays the ſpeaker, of one to whom he had taught all the court-faſhions. WARBURTON.

These

Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings goes!
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
'Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well; Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Phil. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year;
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death [4].

These *roses* were, I believe, only *roses* composed of ribbands. In Marston's *What you will* is the following passage:

"Dupatzo the elder brother, the fool, he that bought the half-penny *ribband*, wearing it in his *ear*, &c."

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*: "——This *ribband* in my *ear*, or so." Again, in *Love and Honour*, by sir W. Davenant, 1649:

"A lock on the left side, so rarely hung
"With *ribbanding*, &c."

I think I remember, among Vandyck's pictures in the duke of Queensberry's collection at Ambrosbury, to have seen one with the lock nearest the ear ornamented with ribbands which terminate in *roses*; and Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, says, "that it was once the fashion to stick real *flowers* in the *ear*."

STEEVENS.

Marston also in his *Satires*, 1599, alludes to this fashion as fantastical:

"Castilios, Cyprians, court-boyes, Spanish blocks,
"*Ribanded eares*, Grenada nether-stocks."

Again, in *Epigrams* by J. D. (perhaps John Davis) printed at Middleburgh, without date:

"Thou know'st I love thee, dear;
"Yet for thy sake I will not bore mine *ear*,
"To hang thy dirty *silken shoe-tyes* there." MALONE.

[4] ——*unto the death*.] This expression is common among our ancient writers. So, in *A Merye Jest of a Man called Howleglas*, bl. l. no date: "Howleglas found a woulfe that was frozen *to the deth*." STEEVENS.

Eli,

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Phil. Our country manners give our betters way.
K. John. What is thy name?
Phil. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.
K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bear'st:
Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great;
Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.
Phil. Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand;
My father gave me honour, yours gave land:—
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away.
Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—
I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.
Phil. [5] Madam, by chance, but not by truth: What though?
[6] Something about, a little from the right,
[7] In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
Who

[5] *Madam, by chance, but not by truth: what though?*] I am your grandson, madam, by chance, but not by *honesty*—what *then*? JOHNSON.

[6] *Something about, a little from the right,* &c.] This speech, composed of allusive and proverbial sentences, is obscure. *I am*, says the spritely knight, *your grandson*, a little *irregularly*, but every man cannot get what he wishes the legal way. He that *dares not go* about his designs *by day*, must *make his motions* in the *night*; *he*, to whom the door is shut, must climb *the window*, or leap *the hatch*. This, however, shall not depress me; for the world never enquires how any man got what he is known to possess, but allows that *to have* is *to have* however it was *caught*, and that he *who wins, shot well*, whatever was his skill, whether the arrow fell *near* the mark, or *far off* it. JOHNSON.

[7] *In at the window,* &c.] These expressions mean, to be *born out of wedlock*. So, in *The Family of Love*, 1608:
"Woe worth the time that ever I gave suck to a child that *came in at the window!*"
So, in *Northward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607:
"——kindred that comes in *o'er the hatch*, and sailing to Westminster, &c."

Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night;
And have is have, however men do catch:
Near or far off, well won is still well shot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy desire,
A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire.—
Come, madam, and come, Richard; we must speed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Phil. Brother, adieu; Good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty!

[*Exeunt all but Philip.*

[8] A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:—
Good den, [9] *sir Richard,—God-a-mercy, fellow*;—
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
[1] 'Tis too respective, and too sociable,

For

Such another phrase occurs in *Any Thing for a quiet Life*: "——then you keep children in the name of your own, which she suspects *came not in at the right door.*" Again, in *The Witches of Lancashire*, by Heywood and Broome, 1634: "——It appears then by your discourse that you *came in at the window.*" "I would not have you think I scorn my grannam's cat to leap *over the hatch.*" Again: "——to escape the dogs hath leap'd *in at a window.*" "——'Tis thought *you came into the world that way.* ——Because you are a *bastard.*" STEEVENS.

[8] *A foot of honour*——] A *step, un pas.* JOHNSON.

[9] ——*sir Richard,*——] Thus the old copy, and rightly. In act IV. Salisbury calls him sir *Richard*, and the king has just knighted him by that name. The modern editors arbitrarily read, *sir Robert.* Faulconbridge is now entertaining himself with ideas of greatness, suggested by his recent knighthood.——*Good den, sir Richard*, he supposes to be the salutation of a vassal, *God-a-mercy, fellow*, his own supercilious reply to it. STEEVENS.

[1] *'Tis too respective, &c.*] i. e. *respectful.* So, in the old comedy called *Michaelmas Term*, 1607:

"Seem *respective*, to make his pride swell like a toad with dew." So, in *The Merchant of Venice*, act V.

"You

For your conversing [2]. [3] Now your traveller,—
[4] He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess;

"You should have been *respective*, &c." Again, in *The Case is alter'd*, by Ben Jonson, 1609:
"I pray you, sir; you are too *respective*, in good faith."
STEEVENS.

[2] *For your* conversing.——] The old copy reads - *conversion*, which may be right; meaning his late change of condition from a private gentleman to a knight. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*Now your traveller*,——] It is said in *All's Well that ends Well*, that "*a traveller is a good thing after dinner*." In that age of newly excited curiosity, one of the entertainments at great tables seems to have been the discourse of a traveller.
JOHNSON.

[4] *He and his tooth-pick*—] It has been already remarked, that *to pick the tooth*, and wear a *piqued beard*, were, in that time, marks of a man affecting foreign fashions. JOHNSON.

Among Gascoigne's poems I find one entitled, *Councell given to Maister Bartholomew Withipoll a little before his latter journey to Geane*, 1572. The following lines may perhaps be acceptable to the reader who is curious enough to enquire about the fashionable follies imported in that age:

"Now, sir, if I shall see your mastership
Come home disguis'd, and clad in quaint array;——
As with a *pike-tooth* byting on your lippe;
Your brave mustachio's turn'd the Turkie way;
A coptankt hat made on a Flemish blocke;
A night-gowne cloake down trayling to your toes;
"A slender slop close couched to your dock;
"A curtolde slipper, and a short silk hose, &c."

So, Fletcher:
"You that trust in travel;
"You that enhance the daily price of *toothpicks*."

Again, in Shirley's *Grateful Servant*, 1630:
"I will continue my state-posture, use my *toothpick* with discretion, &c."

Again, in *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631: "——this matter will trouble us more than all your poem on *picktooths*."

So, again, in *Cinthia's Revels* by Ben Jonson, 1601:
"—A traveller, one so made out of the mixture and shreds and forms that himself is truly deformed. He walks most commonly with a clove or *picktooth* in his mouth." Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wild Goose Chase*:
"Their very *pick-teeth* speak more man than we do."

Again, in *The Honest Man's Fortune* by the same authors:
"You have travell'd like a fidler, to make faces; and brought home nothing but a case of *toothpicks*." STEEVENS.

And when my knightly ſtomach is ſuffic'd,
Why then I ſuck my teeth, and catechiſe
[5] My piked man of countries:——*My dear ſir*,
(Thus, leaning on my elbow, I begin)
I ſhall beſeech you—That is queſtion now;
And then comes anſwer [6] like an ABC-book:—
O ſir, ſays anſwer, *at your beſt command*;
At your employment; *at your ſervice, ſir*:——

[5] *My* piked *man of countries:*——] The word *piked* may not refer to the beard, but to the *ſhoes*, which were once worn of an immoderate length. To this faſhion our author has alluded in *King Lear*, where the reader will find a more ample explanation. *Piked* may, however, mean only ſpruce in dreſs.

Chaucer ſays in one of his prologues:—"Freſh and new her geare *ypiked* was." And in the *Merchaunts Tale*:—"He kempeth him, and proineth him, and *piketh*." In Hyrd's tranſlation of *Vives's Inſtruction of a Chriſtian Woman*, printed in 1591, we meet with "*picked* and apparelled goodly—goodly and *pickedly* arrayed.—Licurgus, when he would have women of his country to be regarded by their virtue and not their ornaments, baniſhed out of the country by the law, all painting, and commanded out of the town all crafty men of *picking* and apparelling."

Again, in a comedy called *All Fools*, by Chapman, 1602:
"'Tis ſuch a *picked* fellow, not a haire
"About his whole bulk, but it ſtands in print."

Again, in *Love's Labour Loſt*: "He is too *piqued*, too ſpruce, &c." Again, in Greene's *Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592, in the deſcription of a pretended traveller: "There be in England, eſpecially about London, certain quaint, *pickt*, and neat companions, attired &c. alamode de France &c." Again: "Straight after he hath *bitten his peak* by the end &c."

If a comma be placed after the word *man*:——"I catechize
"*My picked man*, of countries."
the paſſage will ſeem to mean, "I catechiſe my ſelected man, about the countries through which he travelled." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*like an* ABC-book:——] An *ABC-book*, or, as they ſpoke and wrote it, an *abſey-book*, is a *catechiſm*. JOHNSON.

So, in the ancient *Interlude of Youth*, bl. l. no date:
"In the A. B. C. of bokes the leaſt,
"Yt is written, *deus charitas eſt*."

Again, in Tho. Naſh's dedication to Greene's *Arcadia*, 1616: "——make a patrimony of *In ſpeech*, and more than a younger brother's inheritance of their *Abcie*." STEEVENS.

No,

No, sir, says question; *I, sweet sir, at yours:*
[7] And so, e'er answer knows what question would,
(Saving in dialogue of compliment;
And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po)
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.

[7] *And so, e'er answer knows what question would,*
(Saving *in dialogue of compliment*;]
In this fine speech, Faulconbridge would shew the advantages and prerogatives of *men of worship.* He observes, particularly, that *he* has the traveller at command (people at that time, when a new world was discovering, in the highest estimation). At the first intimation of his desire to hear strange stories, the traveller complies, and will scarce give him leave to make his question, but "e'er answer knows what question would"——What then, why, according to the present reading, it grows towards supper-time: and is "not this worshipful society?" To spend all the time between dinner and supper before either of them knows what the other would be at. Read *serving* instead of *saving*, and all this nonsense is avoided; and the account stands thus: "E'er answer knows what question would be at, my traveller *serves in his dialogue of compliment,* which is his standing dish at all tables; then he comes to talk of the Alps and Apennines, &c. and by the time this discourse concludes, it draws towards supper." All this is sensible and humorous; and the phrase of *serving in* is a very pleasant one to denote that this was his worship's *second course.* What follows, shews the romantic turn of the voyagers of that time; how greedily their relations were swallowed, which he calls "sweet poison for the age's tooth;" and how acceptable it made men at court——"For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising." And yet the Oxford editor says, by this *sweet poison* is meant *flattery.* WARBURTON.

This passage is obscure; but such an irregularity and perplexity runs through the whole speech, that I think this emendation not necessary. JOHNSON.

Sir W. Cornwallis's 28th essay thus ridicules the extravagance of compliments in our poet's days, 1601: "We spend even at his (i. e. a friend's or a stranger's) entrance, a whole volume of words.——What a deal of synamon and ginger is sacrificed to dissimulation! *Oh, how blessed do I take mine eyes for presenting me with this sight! O Signior, the star that governs my life in contentment, give me leave to interre myself in your arms!——Not so, sir, it is too unworthy an inclosure to contain such preciousness,* &c. &c. This, and a cup of drink, makes the time as fit for a departure as can be." TOLLET.

But this is worſhipful ſociety,
And fits the mounting ſpirit, like myſelf:
For he is but a baſtard to the time,
That doth not ſmack of obſervation;
(And ſo am I, whether I ſmack, or no)
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet poiſon for the age's tooth:
[8] Which though I will not practiſe to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it ſhall ſtrew the footſteps of my riſing.—
[9] But who comes in ſuch haſte, in riding robes?
What woman-poſt is this? hath ſhe no huſband,
That will take pains [1] to blow a horn before her?

Enter lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady?
What brings you here to court ſo haſtily?
Lady. Where is that ſlave, thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chaſe mine honour up and down?
Phil. My brother Robert? old ſir Robert's ſon?
[2] Colbrand the giant, that ſame mighty man?
Is it ſir Robert's ſon, that you ſeek ſo?
Lady. Sir Robert's ſon! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's ſon: Why ſcorn'ſt thou at ſir Robert?
He is ſir Robert's ſon; and ſo art thou.

[8] *Which though &c.*] The conſtruction will be mended, if inſtead of *which though*, we read *this though*. JOHNSON.

[9] *But who comes &c.*——] Milton, in his tragedy, introduces Dalilah with ſuch an interrogatory exclamation. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*to blow a horn*——] He means, that a woman who travelled about like a *poſt*, was likely to *horn* her huſband. JOHNSON.

[2] *Colbrand*——] *Colbrand* was a Daniſh giant, whom Guy of Warwick diſcomfited in the preſence of king Athelſtan. The combat is very pompouſly deſcribed by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*. JOHNSON.

Phil.

Phil. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gur. Good leave[3], good Philip.

Phil. [4] Philip?—sparrow!—James,

[3] *Good leave*, &c.] *Good leave* means *a ready assent*. So, in *K. Hen.* VI. P. III. act III. sc. ii:

"*K. Edw.* Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.
"*Glo.* Ay, *good leave* have you, for you will have leave."
STEEVENS.

[4] *Philip!—sparrow!—James,*] I think the poet wrote:
Philip! spare me, *James*,
i. e. don't affront me with an appellation that comes from a family which I disdain. WARBURTON.

The old reading is far more agreeable to the character of th speaker. Dr. Gray observes, that Skelton has a poem to the m mory of Philip Sparrow; and Mr. Pope in a short note remark that a Sparrow is called Philip. JOHNSON.

Gascoigne has likewise a poem entitled, *The Praise of Phi. Sparrow*; and in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601, is the fol lowing passage:

"The birds sit chirping, chirping, &c."
"*Philip* is treading, treading, &c."

Again, in the *Northern Lass*, 1633:

"A bird whose pastime made me glad,
"And *Philip* 'twas my *sparrow*."

Again, in *Magnificence* an ancient *Interlude* by Skelton, published by Rastell:

"With me in kepynge such a *Phylyp Sparowe*."
STEEVENS.

The following quotation seems to confirm Mr. Pope's explanation. In the *Widow*, see Dodf. Old Plays, vol. VI. p. 38:

"*Phil.* I would my letter, wench, were here again,
"I'd know him wiser ere I sent him one;
"And travel some five year first.
"*Viol.* So he had need, methinks,
"To understand the words; methinks the words
"Themselves should make him do't, had he but the perseverance
"Of a *cock-sparrow* that will come at, *Philip*,
"And cannot write nor read, poor fool; this coxcomb,
"He can do both, and your name's but *Philippa*,
"And yet to see, if he can come when he's call'd."

The Bastard therefore means: *Philip!* Do you take me for a sparrow, *James?* HAWKINS.

There's toys abroad [5]; anon I'll tell thee more.
[*Exit James.*

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son;
Sir Robert [6] might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well; Marry, to confess!
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
We know his handy-work:—Therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for these limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.

Lady. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Phil. [7] Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco like:

What!

[5] *There's toys abroad;* &c.] i. e. rumours, idle reports. So, in B. Jonson's *Sejanus*:

—"*Toys*, mere *toys*,
"What wisdom's in the streets."

So, in a postscript to a letter from the countess of Essex to Dr. Forman, in relation to the trial of Anne Turner for the murder of sir Tho. Overbury: "—they may tell my father and mother, and fill their ears full of *toys*." *State Trials*, vol. I. p. 322. STEEVENS.

[6] —*might have eat his part in me*
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast:]
This thought occurs in Heywood's *Dialogues upon Proverbs*, 1562:
"—he may his parte on good fridaie eate,
"And fast never the wurs, for ought he shall geate."
STEEVENS.

[7] Knight, knight, *good mother,—Basilisco like:*] Thus must this passage be pointed; and, to come at the humour of it, I must clear up an old circumstance of stage-history. Faulconbridge's words here carry a concealed piece of satire on a stupid drama of that age, printed in 1599, and called *Soliman and Perseda*. In this piece there is the character of a bragging cowardly knight, called Basilisco. His pretension to valour is so blown, and seen through, that Piston, a buffoon-servant in the play, jumps upon his back, and will not disengage him, till he makes Basilisco swear

upon

What! I am dub'd; I have it on my ſhoulder.
But, mother, I am not ſir Robert's ſon;
I have diſclaim'd ſir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope; Who was it, mother?

Lady. Haſt thou deny'd thyſelf a Faulconbridge?

Phil. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father;
By long and vehement ſuit I was ſeduc'd
To make room for him in my huſband's bed:——
Heaven lay not my tranſgreſſion to my charge!—
Thou art the iſſue of my dear offence,
Which was ſo ſtrongly urg'd, paſt my defence.

Phil. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wiſh a better father.
[8] Some ſins do bear their privilege on earth,
And ſo doth yours; your fault was not your folly:

upon his dudgeon dagger to the contents, and in the terms he dictates to him: as, for inſtance:

Baſ. O, I ſwear, I ſwear.
Piſt. By the contents of this blade.
Baſ. By the contents of this blade.
Piſt. I, the aforeſaid Baſiliſco.
Baſ. I, the aforeſaid Baſiliſco, *knight*, good fellow, *knight*, *knight*——
" *Piſt.* Knave, good fellow, knave, knave."

So that it is clear, our poet is ſneering at this play; and makes Philip, when his mother calls him *knave*, throw off that reproach by humourouſly laying claim to his new dignity of *knighthood*; as Baſiliſco arrogantly inſiſts on his title of *knight* in the paſſage above quoted. The old play is an execrable bad one; and, I ſuppoſe, was ſufficiently exploded in the repreſentation; which might make this circumſtance ſo well known, as to become the butt for a ſtage-ſarcaſm. THEOBALD.

The character of *Baſiliſco* is mentioned in Naſh's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. printed in 1596. STEEVENS.

[8] *Some ſins*——] There are *ſins*, that whatever be determined of them above, are not much cenſured *on earth*. JOHNSON.

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose [9],——
Subjected tribute to commanding love,——
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The awless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but say, thou did'st not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will shew thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says, it was, he lyes; I say, 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the walls of Angiers in France.

Enter Philip king of France, Lewis the dauphin, the arch-duke of Austria, Constance, and Arthur.

Lewis. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,

[9] *Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose, &c.*
Against whose fury and unmatched force.
The awless lion could not wage the fight, &c.]
Shakespeare here alludes to the old metrical romance of *Richard Cœur de lion*, wherein this once celebrated monarch is related to have acquired his distinguishing appellation, by having plucked out a lion's heart to whose fury he was exposed by the duke o Austria, for having slain his son with a blow of his fist. From this ancient romance the story has crept into some of our old chronicles: but the original passage may be seen at large in the introduction to the third vol. of *Reliques of ancient English Poetry.*

PERCY.

Richard,

[1] Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave [2]:
And, for amends to his posterity,
[3] At our importance hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arthur. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
The rather, that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lewis. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
'Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with [4] that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders,

[1] *Richard, that robb'd, &c.*] So, Rastal in his *Chronicle*: "It is sayd that a *lyon* was put to kynge *Richard*, beynge in prison, to have devoured him, and when the *lyon* was gapynge he put his arme in his mouth, and pulled the *lyon* by the harte so hard that he slewe the *lyon*, and therefore some say he is called *Rychards Cure de Lyon*; but some say he is called *Cure de Lyon*, because of his boldness and hardy stomake." GRAY.

I have an old *black lettered history of lord Fauconbridge*, whence Shakespeare might pick up this circumstance. FARMER.

[2] *By this brave duke came early to his grave:*] The old play led Shakespeare into this error of ascribing to the duke of Austria the death of Richard, who lost his life at the siege of Chaluz, long after he had been ransom'd out of Austria's power. STEEVENS.

[3] *At our importance*——] At our *importunity*. JOHNSON.

[4] —*that pale, that white-fac'd shore,*] England is supposed to be called Albion from the *white rocks* facing France. JOHNSON.

Even 'till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even 'till that utmost corner of the west,
Salute thee for her king: 'till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
'Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more [5] requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

K. Philip. Well then, to work; our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.——
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages:—
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood:
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter Chatillon.

K. Philip. [6] A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.——

[5] *To make a* more *requital*, &c.] I believe it has been already observed, that *more* signified in our author's time, *greater*. STEEVENS.

[6] *A wonder, lady!*——] The wonder is only that Chatillon happened to arrive at the moment when Constance mentioned him; which the French king, according to a superstition which prevails more or less in every mind agitated by great affairs, turns into a miraculous interposition, or omen of good. JOHNSON.

What

What England ſays, ſay briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pauſe for thee; Chatillon, ſpeak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry ſiege,
And ſtir them up againſt a mightier taſk.
England, impatient of your juſt demands,
Hath put himſelf in arms; the adverſe winds,
Whoſe leiſure I have ſtaid, have given him time
To land his legions all as ſoon as I:
His marches are [7] expedient to this town,
His forces ſtrong, his ſoldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Até, ſtirring him to blood and ſtrife [8];
With her, her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a baſtard of the king deceas'd:
And all the unſettled humours of the land,—
Raſh, inconſiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' ſpleens,—
Have ſold their fortunes at their native homes,
[9] Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntleſs ſpirits,
Than now the Engliſh bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the ſwelling tide,
To do offence and [1] ſcath in Chriſtendom.
The interruption of their churliſh drums [*Drums beat.*
Cuts off more circumſtance: they are at hand,
To parly, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

[7] ——*expedient*——] Immediate, *expeditious.* JOHNSON.

[8] *An* Até, *ſtirring him* &c.] *Até* was the Goddeſs of Revenge. The player-editors read—*an* Ace. STEEVENS.

[9] *Bearing their birth-rights*, &c.] So, *Hen.* VIII:
"Many broke their backs with bearing manors on them."
JOHNSON.

[1] ——*ſcath*——] Deſtruction, harm. JOHNSON.
So, in *How to chuſe a good Wife from a Bad*, 1630:
"For theſe accounts, faith it will *ſcath* thee ſomewhat."
Again:
"And it ſhall *ſcath* him ſomewhat of my purſe."
STEEVENS.

K. Philip.

K. Philip. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter King John, Faulconbridge, Elinor, Blanch, Pembroke, and others.

K. John. Peace be to France; if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
If not; bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. Philip. Peace be to England; if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!
England we love; and, for that England's sake,
With burthen of our armour here we sweat:
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought [z] its lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;—
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which dy'd in Geffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's: In the name of God,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,

[z] —*under-wrought*—] i. e. underworked, undermined. STEEVENS.

Which

Which owe the crown that thou o'er-mastereſt?

K. John. From whom haſt thou this great commiſ-
ſion, France,
To draw my anſwer from thy articles?

K. Phil. From that ſupernal judge, that ſtirs good
thoughts
In any breaſt of ſtrong authority,
[3] To look into the blots and ſtains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whoſe warrant, I impeach thy wrong;
And, by whoſe help, I mean to chaſtiſe it.

K. John. Alack, thou doſt uſurp authority.

K. Philip. Excuſe it; 'tis to beat uſurping down.

Eli. Who is it, thou doſt call uſurper, France?

Conſt. Let me make anſwer;—thy uſurping ſon.

Eli. Out, inſolent! thy baſtard ſhall be king;
That thou may'ſt be a queen, and check the world!

Conſt. My bed was ever to thy ſon as true,
As thine was to thy huſband: and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John in manners; being as like,
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a baſtard! By my ſoul, I think,
His father never was ſo true begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

[3] *To look into the blots and ſtains of right.*] Mr. Theobald reads, with the firſt folio, *blots*, which being ſo early authorized, and ſo much better underſtood, needed not to have been changed by Dr. Warburton to *bolts*, though bolts might be uſed in that time for *ſpots*: ſo Shakeſpeare calls Banquo "*ſpotted with blood*, the *blood-bolter'd* Banquo." The verb to *blot* is uſed figuratively for to *diſgrace* a few lines lower. And perhaps, after all, *bolts* was only a typographical miſtake. JOHNSON.

Blot is certainly right. The illegitimate branch of a family always carried the arms of it with what in ancient heraldry was called a *blot* or *difference*. So, in Drayton's *Epiſtle from Q. Iſabel to K. Richard* II:

"No baſtard's mark doth *blot* his conq'ring ſhield."

Blots and *ſtains* occur again together in the firſt ſcene of the third act. STEEVENS.

Eli.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace!

Faulc. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Faulc. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An a' may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare [4] of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard;
I'll smoak your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Faulc. It lies as sightly on the back of him [5],
As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass:—

But,

[4] *You are the* hare, &c.] So, in the *Spanish Tragedy*:
"He hunted well that was a lion's death;
"Not he that in a garment wore his skin:
"So *hares* may pull dead lions by the beard." STEEVENS.

[5] *It lies as sightly on the back of him,*
As great Alcides' shoes *upon an ass*:——]
But why his *shoes* in the name of propriety? For let Hercules and his *shoes* have been really as big as they were ever supposed to be, yet they (I mean the *shoes*) would not have been an overload for an ass. I am persuaded, I have retrieved the true reading; and let us observe the justness of the comparison now. Faulconbridge in his resentment would say this to Austria: "That lion's skin, which my great father king Richard once wore, looks as uncouthly on thy back, as that other noble hide, which was borne by Hercules, would look on the back of an ass." A double allusion was intended; first, to the fable of the ass in the lion's skin; then Richard I. is finely set in competition with Alcides, as Austria is satirically coupled with the ass. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald had the art of making the most of his discoveries.
JOHNSON.

The *shoes* of Hercules are more than once introduced in the old comedies on much the same occasions. So, in *The Isle of Gulls*, by J. Day, 1606:
"——are as fit, as Hercules's *shoe* for the foot of a pigmy."
Again, in Greene's Epistle Dedicatory to *Penimedes the Blacksmith*, 1588;

But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back;
Or lay on that, shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
King Lewis[6], determine what we shall do strait.

K. Philip. Women, and fools, break off your conference.—
King John, this is the very sum of all,—
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon:—I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child:
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would, that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.

1588: "—and so least I should shape *Hercules' shoe for a child's foot*, I commend your worship to the Almighty." Again, in Greene's *Penelope's Web*, 1601: "I will not make a long harvest for a small crop, nor go about to pull a *Hercules' shoe* on Achilles' foot." Again, ibid. "*Hercules' shoe* will never serve a *child's foot*." Again, in Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579: "——to draw the lyon's skin upon Æsop's asse, or *Hercules' shoes* on a childes feete." STEEVENS.

[6] *King Lewis*,—] Thus the folio. The modern editors read —*Philip*, which appears to be right. It is however observable, that the answer is given in the old copy to *Lewis*, as if the dauphin, who was afterwards Lewis VIII. was meant to have been the speaker. The speech itself, indeed, seems appropriated to the king, and nothing can be inferred from the folio with any certainty, but that the editors of it were careless and ignorant.
STEEVENS.

Eli. His mother ſhames him ſo, poor boy, he weeps.

Conſt. Now ſhame upon you, whe'r ſhe does, or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's ſhames,
Draw thoſe heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven ſhall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with theſe cryſtal beads heaven ſhall be brib'd
To do him juſtice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monſtrous ſlanderer of heaven and earth!

Conſt. Thou monſtrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me ſlanderer; thou, and thine, uſurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppreſſed boy: This is the eldeſt ſon's ſon,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;
Thy ſins are viſited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the ſecond generation
Removed from thy ſin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Conſt. [7] I have but this to ſay,—
That he's not only plagued for her ſin,

But

[7] *I have but this to ſay,——*
That he's not only plagued for her ſin,
But, &c.]
This paſſage appears to me very obſcure. The chief difficulty ariſes from this, that Conſtance having told Elinor of her *ſin-conceiving womb*, purſues the thought, and uſes *ſin* through the next lines in an ambiguous ſenſe, ſometimes for *crime*, and ſometimes for *offſpring*.

He's not only plagued for her ſin, &c. He is not only made miſerable by vengeance for her *ſin or crime*; but her *ſin*, her *offſpring*, and ſhe, are made the inſtruments of that vengeance, on this deſcendant; who, though of the ſecond generation, is *plagued for her and with her*; to whom ſhe is not only the cauſe but the inſtrument of evil.

The next clauſe is more perplexed. All the editions read:

——plagu'd for her,
And with her plague her ſin; his injury,
Her injury, the beadle to her ſin,
All puniſh'd in the perſon of this child.

I point

But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her.—Plague her son; his injury,
Her injury, the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her; A plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce

I point thus:

——— plagu'd for her
And with her.——Plague her son! his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her sin.

That is; instead of inflicting vengeance on this innocent and remote descendant, *punish her son*, her immediate offspring: then the affliction will fall where it is deserved; *his injury* will be *her injury*, and the misery of her *sin*; her son will be a *beadle*, or chastiser, to her *crimes*, which are now *all punish'd in the person of this child.* JOHNSON.

Mr. Roderick reads:

——— plagu'd for her,
And with her plagu'd; her sin, his injury.

We may read:

——— this I have to say,———
That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her;
And, with her sin, her plague, his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her sin.

i. e *God hath made her and her sin together, the plague of her most remote descendants, who are plagued for her*; the same power hath likewise *made her sin her own plague, and the injury she has done to him her own injury, as a beadle to lash that sin.* i. e. Providence has so order'd it, that she who is made the instrument of punishment to another, has, in the end, converted that other into an instrument of punishment for herself. STEEVENS.

Constance observes that *he (iste*, pointing to *King John*, "whom from the flow of gall she names not") is not only plagued [with the present war] for his mother's sin, but God hath made her sin and her the plague also on this removed issue, Arthur, plagued on her account, and by the means of her sinful offspring, whose injury [the usurpation of Arthur's rights] may be considered as her injury, or the injury of her sin-conceiving womb; and John's injury may also be considered as the beadle or officer of correction employed by her crimes to inflict all these punishments on the person of this child. TOLLET.

A will,

A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;

A woman's will; a cankred grandam's will!

K. Phil. Peace, lady; pause, or be more temperate:

[8] It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim

To these ill-tuned repetitions.—

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls

These men of Angiers, let us hear them speak,

Whose title they admit, Arthur's, or John's.

[*Trumpets sound.*

Enter Citizens upon the walls.

1 *Cit.* Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phil. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself:

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phil. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

[8] *It ill beseems this presence to cry aim*
To these ill-tuned repetitions.]
Dr. Warburton has well observed on one of the former plays, that to *cry aim* is to *encourage*. I once thought it was borrowed from archery; and that *aim!* having been the word of command, as we now say *present!* to cry *aim* had been to *incite notice*, or raise *attention*. But I rather think, that the old word of applause was *J'aime*, *I love it*, and that to applaud was to cry *J'aime*, which the English, not easily pronouncing *Je*, sunk into *aime* or *aim*. Our exclamations of applause are still borrowed, as *bravo* and *encore*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's first thought, I believe, is best. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Love's Cure*, or *The Martial Maid:*

" ——— Can I *cry aim*
" To this against myself?"———

So, in our author's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act II. scene the last, where Ford says: " —— and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall *cry aim*." See the note on that passage.
STEEVENS.

K. John.

K. John. For our advantage;—Therefore, hear us first [9].——

These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French,
Confronts your city's eyes [1], your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,——
Who, painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck [2] before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle:
And now, instead of bullets wrap'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits,
Forweary'd in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

[9] *For our advantage*;—*Therefore hear us first.*—] If we read *for* your *advantage*, it would be a more specious reason for interrupting Philip. TYRWHITT.

[1] Confronts *your city's eyes*,——] The old copy reads: —*Comforts*, &c. Mr. Rowe made this necessary change. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*a* countercheck——] This, I believe, is one of the ancient terms used in the game of chess. So, in *Mucedorus*:

"Post hence thyself, thou *counterchecking* trull."

STEEVENS.

K. Phil. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town;
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that owes it; namely, this young prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure [3] of your old fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war;
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?

[3] *'Tis not the* roundure, &c.] *Roundure* means the same as the French *rondeur*, i. e. the circle.

So, in *All's lost by Lust*, a tragedy by Rowley, 1633:
" ———will she meet our arms
" With an alternate *roundure*?"

Again, in Shakespeare's 21st sonnet:
" ———all things rare,
" That heaven's air in this huge *rondure* hems."

STEEVENS.

Or

Or ſhall we give the ſignal to our rage,
And ſtalk in blood to our poſſeſſion?

Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's ſubjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not: but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal; 'till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates againſt the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And, if not that, I bring you witneſſes,
Twice fifteen thouſand hearts of England's breed,—

Faulc. Baſtards, and elſe.

K. John.—To verify our title with their lives.

K. Philip. As many, and as well-born bloods as thoſe,——

Faulc. Some baſtards too.

K. Phil.—Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

Cit. 'Till you compound whoſe right is worthieſt,
We, for the worthieſt, hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the ſin of all thoſe ſouls,
That to their everlaſting reſidence,
Before the dew of evening fall, ſhall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phil. Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Faulc. Saint George,—that ſwing'd the dragon, and e'er ſince,
Sits on his horſeback at mine hoſteſs' door,
Teach us ſome fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, ſirrah, with your lioneſs,
I'd ſet an ox-head to your lion's hide [4],
And make a monſter of you.— [*To Auſtria.*

Auſt. Peace; no more.

[4] *I'd ſet an ox-head to your lion's hide,*] So, in the old ſpurious play of *K. John:*

"But let the frolick Frenchman take no ſcorn,
"If Philip front him with an Engliſh horn." STEEVENS.

Faulc. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.
K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth,
In best appointment, all our regiments.
Faulc. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.
K. Phil. It shall be so;—and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right! [Exeunt

SCENE II.

After excursions, enter the Herald of France, with trumpets to the gates.

F. Her. [5] You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lye scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's husband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter English Herald, with trumpets.

E. Her. [6] Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,

[5] *You men of Angiers,* &c.] This speech is very poetical and smooth, and except the conceit of the *widow's husband* embracing *the earth*, is just and beautiful. JOHNSON.

[6] *Rejoice, you men of Angiers,* &c.] The English herald falls somewhat below his antagonist. *Silver armour gilt with blood* is a poor image. Yet our author has it again in *Macbeth:*
"———Here lay Duncan,
"His *silver skin* lac'd with his *golden blood.*" JOHNSON.

Com-

Commander of this hot malicious day!
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmens' blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen[7], come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. [8] Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their powers, at several doors.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?
Whose passage vext with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores;
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

[7] *And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen,*——] It was, I think, one of the savage practices of the chase, for all to stain their hands in the blood of the deer, as a trophy. JOHNSON.

[8] *Heralds, from off* &c.] These three speeches seem to have been laboured. The citizen's is the best; yet *both alike we like* is a poor gingle. JOHNSON.

K. Phil. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more: And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,—
Before we will lay by our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the scrowl, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Faulc. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
Oh, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his phangs;
And now he feasts, [9] mouthing the flesh of men,
In undetermin'd differences of kings.—
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, havock [1], kings! back to the stained field,
You equal potents [2], fiery-kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; 'till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phil. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.

K. Phil. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here;

[9] —*mouthing the flesh of men,*] The old copy reads—*mousing*. STEEVENS.

[1] *Cry havock, kings!*——] That is, *command slaughter to proceed*; so, in another place: "He with Até by his side, *Cries, havock!*" JOHNSON.

[2] *You equal* potents,——] *Potents* for potentates. So, in *Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatise intitulit* PHILOTUS, &c. 1603: "Ane of the *potentes* of the town." STEEVENS.

Lord

Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

Cit. [3] A greater power, than ye, denies all this;
And, 'till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:
Kings of our fears; until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Faulc. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers [4] flout you, kings;
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;

[3] In the old copy:

A greater pow'r, than we, *denies all this*;——
Kings of *our fears*;——]

We should read, *than ye*. What power was this? their *fears*. It is plain therefore we should read: *Kings* are *our fears*,—i. e. our fears are the kings which at present rule us. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton saw what was requisite to make this passage sense; and Dr. Johnson, rather too hastily, I think, has received his emendation into the text. He reads:

Kings are *our fears*,——

which he explains to mean, "our fears are the kings which at present rule us."

As the same sense may be obtained by a much slighter alteration, I am more inclined to read:

King'd of *our fears*,——

King'd is used as a participle passive by Shakespeare more than once, I believe. I remember one instance in *Henry the Fifth*, act II. sc. v. The Dauphin says of England:

"——she is so idly *king'd*.

It is scarce necessary to add, that, *of*, here (as in numberless other places) has the signification of, *by*. TYRWHITT.

A greater power than we, may mean *the Lord of hosts*, who has not yet decided the superiority of either army; and 'till it be undoubted, the people of Angiers will not open their gates. *Secure and confident as lions*, they are not at all afraid, but are *kings*, i. e. masters and commanders, of their fears, until their fears or doubts about the rightful king of England, are removed. TOLLET.

[4] ——*these* scroyles *of Angiers*——] *Escrouelles*, Fr. *i. e.* scabby, scrophulous fellows.

Ben Jonson uses the word in *Every Man in his Humour*:

"——hang them *scroyles*!" STEEVENS.

Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends a while [5], and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
'Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even 'till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion;
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well:—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Faulc. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,—
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls:
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phil. Let it be so: Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

[5] *Be friends a while,* &c.] This advice is given by the Bastard in the old copy of the play, though comprized in fewer and less spirited lines. STEEVENS.

Aust.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phil. Our thunder from the south.
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Faulc. O prudent discipline! From north to south;
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:
[*Aside.*
I'll stir them to it: Come, away, away!

Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall shew you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without stroke, or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.

Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch [6],
Is near to England; Look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If [7] zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete [8], oh say, he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he:

[6] —*the lady* Blanch,] The lady *Blanch* was daughter to Alphonso the Ninth, king of Castile, and was niece to king John by his sister Elianor. STEEVENS.

[7] *If* zealous *love* &c.] *Zealous* seems here to signify *pious*, or *influenced by motives of religion.* JOHNSON.

[8] *If not complete of, say,* &c.] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *O! say.* JOHNSON.

He

He is the half part of a blessed man [9],
Left to be finished by such a she:
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
Oh, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match [1],
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance: but, without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion; no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Faulc. Here's a stay [2],
That shakes the rotten carcass of old death

Out

[9] *He is the half part of a blessed man,*
Left to be finished by such as she:]
Dr. Thirlby prescrib'd that reading, which I have here restored to the text. THEOBALD.

[1] —— *at this match,*
With swifter spleen &c.]
Our author uses *spleen* for any violent hurry, or tumultuous speed. So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* he applies *spleen* to the *lightning*. I am loath to think that Shakespeare meant to play with the double of *match* for *nuptial*, and the *match* of a *gun*. JOHNSON.

[2] *Here's a stay,*
That shakes the rotten carcass of old death
Out of his rags! ——]
I cannot but think that every reader wishes for some other word in the place of *stay*, which though it may signify an *hindrance*, or *man* that *hinders*, is yet very improper to introduce the next line. I read:

Here's a flaw,
That shakes the rotten carcass of old death.

That is, here is a *gust* of bravery, a *blast* of menace. This suits well

Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoak, and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds! I was never so bethumpt with words,
Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

well with the spirit of the speech. *Stay* and *flaw*, in a careless hand, are not easily distinguished; and if the writing was obscure, *flaw* being a word less usual, was easily missed. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare seems to have taken the hint of this speech from the following in the *Famous History of Tho. Stukely*, 1606. bl. l.

Why here's a gallant, here's a king indeed!
He speaks all Mars:—tut, let me follow such
A lad as this:—This is pure fire:
Ev'ry look he casts, flasheth like lightning;
There's mettle in this boy.
He brings a breath that sets our sails on fire:
" *Why now I see we shall have cuffs indeed.*"

Perhaps the force of the word *stay* is not exactly known. I meet with it in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

" Not to prolong my lyfe thereby, for which I reckon not this,
" But to set my things in a *stay*."

Perhaps by a *stay*, in this instance, is meant a *steady posture*. Shakespeare's meaning may therefore be:—" Here's a *steady, resolute fellow*, who shakes &c." A *stay*, however, seems to have been meant for something *active*, in the following passage in the 6th canto of Drayton's *Barons Wars*:

" Oh could ambition apprehend a *stay*,
" The giddy course it wandreth in, to *guide*."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. ii. c. 10:

" Till riper years he raught, and stronger *stay*."

Perhaps the metaphor is from navigation. Thus, in Chapman's version of the tenth book of Homer's *Odyssey*:

" Our ship lay anchor'd close, nor needed we
" Feare harm on any *stays*."

A marginal note adds: " For being cast on the *staies*, as ships are by weather." STEEVENS.

Eli. Son, liſt to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou ſhalt ſo ſurely tie
Thy now unſur'd aſſurance to the crown,
That yon green boy ſhall have no ſun to ripe
The bloom that promiſeth a mighty fruit.
I ſee a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whiſper, urge them, while their ſouls
Are capable of this ambition;
Leſt zeal, now melted [3], by the windy breath
Of ſoft petitions, pity, and remorſe,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cit. Why anſwer not the double majeſties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phil. Speak England firſt, that hath been forward firſt
To ſpeak unto this city: What ſay you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely ſon,
Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
Her dowry ſhall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers [4],
And

[3] *Leſt zeal, now melted,*——] We have here a very unuſual, and, I think, not very juſt image of *zeal*, which, in its higheſt degree, is repreſented by others as a flame, but by Shakeſpeare, as a froſt. To *repreſs zeal*, in the language of others, is to *cool*, in Shakeſpeare's to *melt* it; when it exerts its utmoſt power it is commonly ſaid to *flame*, but by Shakeſpeare to be *congealed*. JOHNSON.

Sure the poet means to compare *zeal* to metal in a ſtate of fuſion, and not to diſſolving ice. STEEVENS.

[4] In old editions:

For Angiers and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this ſide the ſea,
Except this city *now by us* beſieg'd,
Find liable &c.]

What was the city *beſieged*, but Angiers? King John agrees to give up all he held in France, except the city of Angiers, which he now beſieged and laid claim to. But could he give up all except Angiers, and give up *that* too? *Anjou* was one of the provinces which the Engliſh held in France. THEOBALD.

And all that we upon this side the sea
(Except this city now by us besieg'd)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phil. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lewis. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
'Till now infixed I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with Blanch.*

Faulc. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—
And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine:
If he see ought in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or, if you will, (to speak more properly)
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,

Mr. Theobald found, or might have found, the reading which he would introduce as an emendation of his own, in the old quarto.
STEEVENS.

(Though

(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge)
That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?

Lewis. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John Then do I give Volquessen [5], Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phil. It likes us well;—Young princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for, I am well assur'd [6],
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.

K. Phil. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at saint Mary's chapel, presently,
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—
Is not the lady Constance in this troop?—
I know, she is not; for this match, made up,

[5] ——*Volquessen,*——] This is the ancient name for the country now called *the Vexin*, in Latin, *Pagus Velocassinus*. That part of it called the *Norman Vexin*, was in dispute between Philip and John. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*I am well* assur'd,
That I did so when I was first assur'd.]
Assur'd is here used both in its common sense, and in an uncommon one, where it signifies *affianced, contracted*. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*
"Called me Dromio, swore I was *assur'd* to her."
STEEVENS.

Her

Her presence would have interrupted much:—
Where is she and her son; tell me, who knows?
Lewis. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.
K. Phil. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,
Will give her sadness very little cure.—
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.
K. John. We will heal up all:
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity:—I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp.
[*Exeunt all but Faulconbridge.*
Faulc. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly [7] departed with a part:
And

[7] —departed *with a part.*] To *part* and to *depart* were formerly synonymous. So, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*:
"Faith, sir, I can hardly *depart* with ready money."
Again, in *The Sad Shepherd*.
"I have *departed* it 'mong my poor neighbours."
Again, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609.
"She'll serve under him 'till death us *depart.*"
Again, in *A merry Jest of a Man called Howleglas*, bl. l. no date:
"The neighbours went between them, and *departed* them."
Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. vi. c. 2.
"To weet the cause of so uncomely fray,
"And to *depart* them, if so be he may."

Again,

And France, (whose armour conscience buckled on;
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier) [8] rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
(Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that)
That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,—
Commodity, the bias of the world [9];
The world, who of itself is peised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
'Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapt on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a resolv'd and honourable war,

Again, in the *Downfal of Robert E. of Huntington*, 1601:
"The world shall not depart us 'till we die." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*rounded in the ear*] i. e. Whispered in the ear. The word is frequently used by Chaucer, as well as later writers. So, in *Lingua*, or *A Combat of the Tongue*, &c. 1607:
"I help'd Herodotus to pen some part of his Muses; lent Pliny ink to write his history, and *rounded* Rabelais *in the ear* when he historified Pantagruel."
Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*:
"Forthwith Revenge, *she rounded me i' th' ear*."
STEEVENS.

[9] Commodity, *the bias of the world*;] *Commodity* is interest. So, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:
"————for vertue's sake only,
"They would honour friendship, and not for *commoditie*."
Again:
"I will use his friendship to mine own *commoditie*."
STEEVENS.

To

To a moſt baſe and vile-concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for becauſe he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch [1] my hand,
When his fair angels would ſalute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And ſay,—there is no ſin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then ſhall be,
To ſay,—there is no vice, but beggary:
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord; for I will worſhip thee! [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The French king's pavilion.

Enter Conſtance, Arthur, and Saliſbury.

Conſt. Gone to be marry'd! gone to ſwear a peace!
Falſe blood to falſe blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch thoſe provinces?
It is not ſo; thou haſt miſ-ſpoke, miſ-heard;
Be well adviſ'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou doſt but ſay, 'tis ſo;
I truſt, I may not truſt thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.

[1] —clutch *my hand,*] To *clutch* my hand, is to claſp it cloſe. So, in *Antonio's Revenge,* 1602:
"The fiſt of ſtrenuous vengeance is *clutch'd.*" STEEVENS.

Thou ſhalt be puniſh'd for thus frighting me,
For I am ſick, and capable of fears;
Oppreſs'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, huſbandleſs, ſubject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears:
And though thou now confeſs, thou didſt but jeſt,
With my vext ſpirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What doſt thou mean by ſhaking of thy head?
Why doſt thou look ſo ſadly on my ſon?
What means that hand upon that breaſt of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be theſe ſad ſighs confirmers of thy words?
Then ſpeak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them falſe,
That give you cauſe to prove my ſaying true.

Conſt. Oh, if thou teach me to believe this ſorrow,
Teach thou this ſorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter ſo,
As doth the fury of two deſperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—
Lewis marry Blanch! Oh, boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy ſight;
This news hath made thee a moſt ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But ſpoke the harm that is by others done?

Conſt. Which harm within itſelf ſo heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that ſpeak of it.

Arth. I do beſeech you, madam, be content.

Conſt. If thou[z], that bidſt me be content, wert grim,
Ugly,

[z] *If thou, &c.*] Maſſinger appears to have copied this paſſage in *The Unnatural Combat*:

——"If thou hadſt been born
"Deform'd and crooked in the features...

"Thy

Ugly, and ſland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleaſing blots, and [3] ſightleſs ſtains,
Lame, fooliſh, crooked, ſwart, prodigious [4],
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I ſhould not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deſerve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'ſt with lilies boaſt,
And with the half-blown roſe: but fortune, oh!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair reſpect of ſovereignty,
And made his majeſty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;
That ſtrumpet fortune, that uſurping John:—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forſworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave thoſe woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

" Thy body, as the manners of thy mind,
" Moor-lip'd, flat-noſ'd, &c. &c.
" I had been bleſt." STEEVENS.

[3] —*ſightleſs*——] The poet uſes *ſightleſs* for that which we now expreſs by *unſightly*, diſagreeable to the eyes. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*prodigious*,] That is, *portentous*, ſo deformed as to be taken for a *foretoken of evil*. JOHNSON.

In this ſenſe it is uſed by Decker in the firſt part of the *Honeſt Whore*, 1635:

——" yon comet ſhews his head again;
" Twice hath he thus at croſs-turns thrown on us
" *Prodigious* looks."

Again, in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607:

" Over whoſe roof hangs this *prodigious* comet."

Again, in the *Engliſh Arcadia*, by Jarvis Markham, 1607: " O yes, I was *prodigious* to thy birth-right, and as a blazing ſtar at thine unlook'd for funeral." STEEVENS.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee:
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout[5].
To me, and to the state of my great grief[6],
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it[7].

[*Throws herself on the ground.*

Enter

[5] — *makes its owner* stout.] The old editions have:—*makes its owner* stoop: the emendation is Hanmer's. JOHNSON.

So, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, b. vi:

"Full with *stout grief* and with disdainful woe."

STEEVENS.

[6] *To me, and to the state of my great grief,*
Let kings assemble; ———]

In *Much ado about Nothing*, the father of Hero, depressed by her disgrace, declares himself so subdued by grief that *a thread may lead him*. How is it that grief in Leonato and lady Constance produces effects directly opposite, and yet both agreeable to nature? Sorrow softens the mind while it is yet warmed by hope, but hardens it when it is congealed by despair. Distress, while there remains any prospect of relief, is weak and flexible, but when no succour remains, is fearless and stubborn; angry alike at those that injure, and at those that do not help; careless to please where nothing can be gained, and fearless to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such was this writer's knowledge of the passions. JOHNSON.

[7] ———*bid kings come bow to it.*] I must here account for the liberty I have taken to make a change in the division of the 2d and 3d acts. In the old editions, the 2d act was made to end here; though it is evident, lady Constance here, in her despair, seats herself on the floor: and she must be supposed, as I formerly observed, immediately to rise again, only to go off and end the act decently; or the *flat scene* must shut her in from the sight of the audience, an absurdity I cannot accuse Shakespeare of. Mr. Gildon and some other criticks fancied, that a considerable part of the 2d act was lost; and that the chasm began here. I had joined in

this

Enter king John, king Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, Faulconbridge, and Austria.

K. Phil. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day [8], the glorious sun

this suspicion of a scene or two being lost; and unwittingly drew Mr. Pope into this error. "*It seems to be so*, says he, *and it were to be wish'd the* restorer (*meaning* me) *could supply it.*" To deserve this great man's thanks, I'll venture at the task; and hope to convince my readers, that nothing is lost; but that I have supplied the suspected chasm, only by rectifying the division of the acts. Upon looking a little more narrowly into the constitution of the play, I am satisfied that the 3d act ought to begin with that scene which has hitherto been accounted the last of the 2d act; and my reasons for it are these: the match being concluded, in the scene before that, betwixt the Dauphin and Blanch, a messenger is sent for lady Constance to king Philip's tent, for her to come to Saint Mary's church to the solemnity. The princes all go out, as to the marriage; and the bastard staying a little behind, to descant on interest and commodity, very properly ends the act. The next scene then, in the French king's tent, brings us Salisbury delivering his message to Constance, who, refusing to go to the solemnity, sets herself down on the floor. The whole train returning from the church to the French king's pavilion, Philip expresses such satisfaction on occasion of the happy solemnity of that day, that Constance rises from the floor, and joins in the scene by entering her protest against their joy, and cursing the business of the day. Thus, I conceive, the scenes are fairly continued; and there is no chasm in the action, but a proper interval made both for Salisbury's coming to lady Constance, and for the solemnization of the marriage. Besides, as Faulconbridge is evidently the poet's favourite character, it was very well judged to close the act with his soliloquy. THEOBALD.

This whole note seems judicious enough; but Mr. Theobald forgets that there were, in Shakespeare's time, no moveable scenes in common playhouses. JOHNSON.

It appears from many passages that the ancient theatres had the advantages of machinery as well as the more modern stages. See a note on the fourth scene of the fifth act of *Cymbeline*. STEEVENS.

[8] *To solemnize this day*, &c.] From this passage Rowe seems to have borrowed the first lines of his *Fair Penitent*. JOHNSON.

Stays in his courſe, and plays the alchymiſt[9];
Turning, with ſplendor of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly courſe, that brings this day about,
Shall never ſee it but a holy-day.

Conſt. A wicked day, and not a holy-day!——
[*Riſing.*
What hath this day deſerv'd? what hath it done;
That it in golden letters ſhould be ſet,
Among the high tides[1], in the kalendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of ſhame, oppreſſion, perjury:
Or, if it muſt ſtand ſtill, let wives with child
Pray, that their burthens may not fall this day,
Leſt that their hopes prodigiouſly be croſt[2]:
But on this day[3], let ſeamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made:

[9] ——*and plays the* alchymiſt;] Milton has borrowed this thought, *Paradiſe Loſt*, b. iii:
—— " when with one virtuous touch
" *Th' arch-chemic ſun*, &c." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*high tides*, ——] i. e. ſolemn ſeaſons, times to be obſerved above others. STEEVENS.

[2] prodigiouſly *be croſt*:] i. e. be diſappointed by the production of a prodigy, a monſter. So, in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*:
" Nor mark *prodigious*, ſuch as are
" Deſpiſed in nativity." STEEVENS.

[3] *But on this day*,——
No bargains break, &c.]
That is, *except* on this day. JOHNSON.

In the ancient almanacs (one of which I have in my poſſeſſion, dated 1562) the days ſuppoſed to be favourable or unfavourable to bargains, are diſtinguiſhed among a number of other particulars of the like importance. This circumſtance is alluded to in Webſter's *Dutcheſs of Malfy*, 1623:
" By the almanac, I think
" To chooſe good days and ſhun the critical."

Again, in *The Elder Brother* of Beaumont and Fletcher:
"——— an almanac
" Which thou art daily poring in, to pick out
" Days of iniquity to cozen fools in." STEEVENS.

This

This day, all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itſelf to hollow falſhood change!
K. Phil. By heaven, lady, you ſhall have no cauſe
To curſe the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majeſty?
Conſt. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Reſembling majeſty; which, being touch'd, and try'd,
Proves valueleſs: You are forſworn, forſworn;
[4] You came in arms to ſpill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you ſtrengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppreſſion hath made up this league:—
Arm, arm, you heavens, againſt theſe perjur'd kings!
A widow cries; be huſband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere ſun-ſet,
[5] Set armed diſcord 'twixt theſe perjur'd kings!
Hear me, oh, hear me!
Auſt. Lady Conſtance, peace.
Conſt. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
[6] O Lymoges! O Auſtria! thou doſt ſhame
That

[4] *You came in* arms *to ſpill mine enemies' blood,*
But now in arms *you ſtrengthen it with yours:*] I am afraid here is a clinch intended; *You came* in war *to deſtroy my enemies, but now you ſtrengthen them* in embraces. JOHNSON.

[5] *Set armed diſcord* &c.] Shakeſpeare makes this bitter curſe effectual. JOHNSON.

[6] *O Lymoges! O Auſtria!*—] The propriety or impropriety of theſe titles, which every editor has ſuffered to paſs unnoted, deſerves a little conſideration. Shakeſpeare has, on this occaſion, followed the old play, which at once furniſhed him with the character of Faulconbridge, and aſcribed the death of Richard I. to the duke of Auſtria. In the perſon of Auſtria, he has conjoined the two well-known enemies of Cœur-de-lion. Leopold, duke of Auſtria, threw him into priſon, in a former expedition; but the caſtle of Chalus, before which he fell, belonged to Vidomar, viſcount of Limoges; and the archer, who pierced his ſhoulder with an arrow (of which wound he died) was Bertrand de Gourdon.

That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch, thou
coward;
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humourous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame [7],
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs [8].

Aust.

don. The editors seem hitherto to have understood *Lymoges* as being an appendage to the title of Austria, and therefore enquired no further about it.

Holinshed says on this occasion: "The same yere, Phillip, bastard sonne to king Richard, to whome his father had given the castell and honor of Coinacke, killed the viscount of *Limoges*, in revenge of his father's death, &c." Austria, in the spurious play, is called *Lymoges the Austrich duke.*

With this note, I was favoured by a gentleman to whom I have yet more considerable obligations in regard to Shakespeare. His extensive knowledge of history and manners, has frequently supplied me with apt and necessary illustrations, at the same time that his judgment has corrected my errors; yet such has been his constant solicitude to remain concealed, that I know not but I may give offence while I indulge my own vanity in affixing to this note, the name of my friend HENRY BLAKE, esq. STEEVENS.

[7] doff *it for shame,*] To *doff* is to *do off*, to *put off*. So, in *Fuimus Troes*, 1603:

"Sorrow must *doff* her sable weeds." STEEVENS.

[8] *And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.*] When fools were kept for diversion in great families, they were distinguished by a *calf's-skin coat*, which had the buttons down the back; and this they wore that they might be known for fools, and escape the resentment of those whom they provoked with their waggeries.

In a little penny book, intitled *The Birth, Life, and Death of*

John

Aust. O, that a man would speak those words to me!

Faulc. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Faulc. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs [9].

K. John.

John Franks, with the Pranks he played though a meer Fool, mention is made in several places of a *calf's-skin.* In chap x. of this book, Jack is said to have made his appearance at his lord's table, having then a new *calf-skin* suit, red and white spotted. This fact will explain the sarcasm of Constance and Faulconbridge, who mean to call Austria a *fool.* SIR J. HAWKINS.

I may add, that the custom is still preserved in Ireland; and the fool, in any of the legends which the mummers act at Chrismas, always appears in a *calf's* or cow's *skin.* In the prologue to *Wily Beguiled,* are the two following passages:

"I'll make him do penance upon the stage in a *calf's skin.*"

Again:

"His *calf's skin* jests from hence are clean exil'd."

Again, in the play:

"I'll come wrapp'd in a *calf's skin,* and cry bo, bo."——

Again:——"I'll wrap me in a rousing *calf-skin* suit, and come like some Hobgoblin."——"I mean my *Christmas calf-skin* suit."

STEEVENS.

[9] Here Mr. Pope inserts the following speeches from the old play of *K. John,* printed in 1591, (before Shakespeare appears to have commenced a writer) with the following note upon them.

"*Aust.* Methinks, that Richard's pride, and Richard's fall,
"Should be a precedent to fright you all.
"*Faulc.* What words are these? how do my sinews shake!
My father's foe clad in my father's spoil!
How doth Alecto whisper in my ears,
Delay not, Richard, kill the villain strait;
Disrobe him of the matchless monument,
Thy father's triumph o'er the savages.——
Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,
Twice will I not review the morning's rise,
Till I have torn that trophy from thy back,
"And split thy heart, for wearing it so long."

"*Methinks, that Richard's pride,* &c.] What was the ground of this quarrel of the bastard to Austria is no where specified in the present play: nor is there in this place, or the scene where it is first hinted at (namely the second of act II.) the least mention of any

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter Pandulph.

K. Phil. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.
Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

any reason for it. But the story is, that Austria, who killed king Richard Cœur-de-lion, wore as the spoil of that prince, a lion's hide which had belonged to him. This circumstance renders the anger of the Bastard very natural, and ought not to have been omitted. In the first sketch of this play (which Shakespeare is said to have had a hand in, jointly with William Rowley) we accordingly find this insisted upon, and I have ventured to place a few of those verses here."——Here Dr. Johnson adds:—

"To the insertion of these lines I have nothing to object. There are many other passages in the old play of great value. The omission of this incident, in the second draught, was natural. Shakespeare, having familiarized the story to his own imagination, forgot that it was obscure to his audience; or, what is equally probable, the story was then so popular, that a hint was sufficient at that time to bring it to mind, and those plays were written with very little care for the approbation of posterity."

STEEVENS.

Aust. *Methinks*, &c.] I cannot by any means approve of the insertion of these lines from the other play. If they were necessary to *explain the ground of the Bastard's quarrel to Austria*, as Mr. Pope supposes, they should rather be inserted in the first scene of the second act, at the time of *the first altercation* between the Bastard and Austria. But indeed the ground of their quarrel seems to be as clearly expressed in that first scene as in these lines; so that they are unnecessary in either place; and therefore, I think, should be thrown out of the text, as well as the three other lines, which have been inserted with as little reason in act III. sc. ii. *Thus hath king Richard's* &c. TYRWHITT.

K. John.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories[1]
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,
To him, and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phil. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself:

[1] *What earthly name to interrogatories*] This must have been at the time when it was written, in our struggles with popery, a very captivating scene.

So many passages remain in which Shakespeare evidently takes his advantage of the facts then recent, and of the passions then in motion, that I cannot but suspect that time has obscured much of his art, and that many allusions yet remain undiscovered, which perhaps may be gradually retrieved by succeeding commentators. JOHNSON.

The speech stands thus in the old spurious play: "And what hast thou or the pope thy master to do to demand of me how I employ mine own? Know, sir priest, as I honour the church and holy churchmen, so I scorne to be subject to the greatest prelate in the world. Tell thy master so from me; and say John of England said it, that never an Italian priest of them all, shall either have tythe, toll or polling penny out of England; but as I am king, so will I reign next under God, supreme head both over spiritual and temporal: and he that contradicts me in this, I'll make him hop headless." STEEVENS.

Though

Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worship'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course [a]
Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse a while!
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curses; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law:
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil! lest that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

[a] *That takes away by any secret course* &c.] This may allude to the bull published against queen Elizabeth. Or we may suppose, since we have no proof that this play appeared in its present state before the reign of king James, that it was exhibited soon after the popish plot. I have seen a Spanish book in which Garnet, Faux, and their accomplices are registered as saints. JOHNSON.

Aust.

Aust. King Philip, liſten to the cardinal.

Faulc. And hang a calf's-ſkin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I muſt pocket up theſe wrongs,
Becauſe——

Faulc. Your breeches beſt may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what ſay'ſt thou to the cardinal?

Conſt. What ſhould he ſay, but as the cardinal?

Lewis. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchaſe of a heavy curſe from Rome [3],
Or the light loſs of England for a friend:
Forgo the eaſier.

Blanch. That's the curſe of Rome.

Conſt. O Lewis, ſtand faſt; the devil tempts thee here [4],
In likeneſs of a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch.

[3] *Is, purchaſe of a heavy curſe from Rome,*] It is a political maxim, that *kingdoms are never married.* Lewis, upon the wedding, is for making war upon his new relations. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*the devil tempts thee here*
In likeneſs of a new untrimmed *bride.*]
Though all the copies concur in this reading, yet as *untrimmed* cannot bear any ſignification to ſquare with the ſenſe required, I cannot help thinking it a corrupted reading. I have ventured to throw out the negative, and read:
In likeneſs of a new and trimmed bride.
i. e. of a new bride, and one decked and adorned as well by art as nature. THEOBALD.

——*a new* untrimmed *bride.*] Mr. Theobald ſays, "*that as* untrimmed *cannot bear any ſignification to ſquare with the ſenſe required,*" it muſt be corrupt; therefore he will caſhier it, and read, *and trimmed*; in which he is followed by the Oxford editor; but they are both too haſty. It ſquares very well with the ſenſe, and ſignifies *unſteady.* The term is taken from navigation. We ſay too, in a ſimilar way of ſpeaking, *not well manned.* WARBURTON.

I think Mr. Theobald's correction more plauſible than Dr. Warburton's explanation. A commentator ſhould be grave, and therefore I can read theſe notes with proper ſeverity of attention; but the idea of *trimming* a lady to *keep* her *ſteady*, would be too riſible for any common power of face. JOHNSON.

Trim is *dreſs.* An *untrimmed* bride is a bride *undreſt.* Could the tempter of mankind aſſume a ſemblance in which he was more likely

Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.
Const. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,——
That faith will live again by death of need:
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.
K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.
Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.
Aust. Do so, king Philip; hang no more in doubt.
Faulc. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.
K. Phil. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

likely to be successful? The devil (says Constance) raises to your imagination your bride disencumber'd of the forbidding forms of dress, and the memory of my wrongs is lost in the anticipation of future enjoyment.

Ben Jonson, in his *New Inn*, says:
" *Bur.* Here's a lady gay.
" *Tip.* A *well-trimm'd* lady!"
Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona:*
" And I was *trimm'd* in madam Julia's gown."
Again, in *K. Henry* VI. P. III. act II:
" *Trimm'd* like a younker prancing to his love."
Again, in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584:
" —a good huswife and also well *trimmed* up in apparel."

Mr. Collins inclines to a colder interpretation, and is willing to suppose that by an *untrimmed bride* is meant *a bride unadorned with the usual pomp and formality of a nuptial habit.* The propriety of this epithet he infers from the haste in which the match was made, and further justifies it from *K. John's* preceding words:
" Go we, as well *as haste will suffer us,*
" To this unlook'd for, *unprepared* pomp."

Mr. Tollet is of the same opinion, and offers two instances in which *untrimmed* indicates a deshabille or a frugal vesture. In *Minsheu's Dictionary*, it signifies one not finely drest or attired. Again, in *Vives's Instruction of a Christian Woman*, 1592, p. 98, and 99: " Let her [the mistress of the house] bee content with a maide not faire and wanton, that can sing a ballat with a clere voice, but sad, pale, and *untrimmed.*" STEEVENS.

Pand.

Pand. What can'ſt thou ſay, but will perplex thee more,
If thou ſtand excommunicate, and curſt?

K. Phil. Good reverend father, make my perſon yours,
And tell me, how you would beſtow yourſelf.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit;
And the conjunction of our inward ſouls
Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious ſtrength of ſacred vows;
The lateſt breath, that gave the ſound of words,
Was deep-ſworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms, and our royal ſelves;
And even before this truce, but new before,—
No longer than we well could waſh our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,——
Heaven knows, they were beſmear'd and over-ſtain'd
With ſlaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incenſed kings:
And ſhall theſe hands, ſo lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, ſo ſtrong in both [5],
Unyoke this ſeizure, and this kind regreet [6]?
Play faſt and looſe with faith? ſo jeſt with heaven,
Make ſuch unconſtant children of ourſelves,
As now again to ſnatch our palm from palm;
Unſwear faith ſworn; and on the marriage bed
Of ſmiling peace to march a bloody hoſt,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true ſincerity? O holy ſir,
My reverend father, let it not be ſo:
Out of your grace, deviſe, ordain, impoſe
Some gentle order; and then we ſhall be bleſt
To do your pleaſure, and continue friends.

[5] —*ſo ſtrong in both,*] I believe the meaning is, *love ſo ſtrong in both* parties. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*this kind* regreet?] A *regreet* is an exchange of ſalutation. So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:
"So bear our kind *regreets* to Hecuba." STEEVENS.

Pand.

Pand. All form is formleſs, order orderleſs,
Save what is oppoſite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curſe,
A mother's curſe, on her revolting ſon.
France, thou may'ſt hold a ſerpent by the tongue,
A caſed lion [7] by the mortal paw,
A faſting tyger ſafer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou doſt hold.

K. Phil. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'ſt thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, ſet'ſt oath to oath,
Thy tongue againſt thy tongue. O, let thy vow
Firſt made to heaven, firſt be to heaven perform'd;
That is, to be the champion of our church!
What ſince thou ſwor'ſt, is ſworn againſt thyſelf,
And may not be performed by thyſelf:
For that, which thou haſt ſworn to do amiſs,
[8] Is't not amiſs, when it is truly done?
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then moſt done not doing it:
The better act of purpoſes miſtook

[7] *A caſed lion*——] All the modern editors read, *a chaſed lion*. I ſee little reaſon for change. A *caſed* lion, is a lion irritated by confinement. So, in *K. Henry* VI. P. III. act I. ſc. iii:

"So looks the *pent-up* lion o'er the wretch
"That trembles under his devouring paws &c."

The author might, however, have written, a *chaſed* lion.
STEEVENS.

Caſed, I believe, is the true reading. So, in Rowley's *When you ſee Me you know Me*, 1632:

"The lyon in his *cage* is not ſo ſterne
"As royal Henry in his wrathful ſpleene." MALONE.

[8] *Is not amiſs, when it is truly done:*] This is the concluſion *de travers*. We ſhould read:

Is yet *amiſs*,——

The Oxford editor, according to his uſual cuſtom, will improve it further, and reads, *moſt amiſs*. WARBURTON.

I rather read:

Is't *not amiſs, when it is truly done?*

as the alteration is leſs, and the ſenſe which Dr. Warburton firſt diſcovered, is preſerved. JOHNSON.

Is,

Is, to miſtake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falſhood falſhood cures; as fire cools fire,
Within the ſcorched veins of one new burn'd.
It is religion, that doth make vows kept;
[9] But thou haſt ſworn againſt religion:
By

[9] *But thou haſt ſworn againſt religion:* &c.] In this long ſpeech, the legate is made to ſhew his ſkill in caſuiſtry; and the ſtrange heap of quibble and nonſenſe of which it conſiſts, was intended to ridicule that of the ſchools. For when he aſſumes the politician, at the concluſion of the third act, the author makes him talk at another rate. I mean in that beautiful paſſage where he ſpeaks of the miſchiefs following the king's loſs of his ſubjects hearts. This conduct is remarkable, and was intended, I ſuppoſe, to ſhew us how much better politicians the Roman courtiers are, than divines. WARBURTON.

I am not able to diſcover here any thing inconſequent or ridiculouſly ſubtle. The propoſitions, that the *voice of the church is the voice of heaven*, and that *the pope utters the voice of the church*, neither of which Pandulph's auditors would deny, being once granted, the argument here uſed is irreſiſtible; nor is it eaſy, notwithſtanding the gingle, to enforce it with greater brevity or propriety:

But thou haſt ſworn againſt religion:
By what *thou ſwear'ſt, againſt the thing thou ſwear'ſt:*
And mak'ſt an oath the ſurety for thy truth,
Againſt an oath the truth thou art unſure
To ſwear, ſwear only not to be forſworn.

By *what*. Sir T. Hanmer reads, by *that*. I think it ſhould be rather by *which*. That is, *thou ſwear'ſt againſt the thing, by* which *thou ſwear'ſt*; that is, *againſt religion*.

The moſt formidable difficulty is in theſe lines:

And mak'ſt an oath the ſurety for thy truth,
Againſt an oath the truth thou art unſure
To ſwear, &c.

This ſir T. Hanmer reforms thus:

And mak'ſt an oath the ſurety for thy truth,
Againſt an oath; this *truth thou art unſure*
To ſwear, &c.

Dr. Warburton writes it thus:

Againſt an oath the truth thou art unſure——

which leaves the paſſage to me as obſcure as before.

I know not whether there is any corruption beyond the omiſſion of a point. The ſenſe, after I had conſidered it, appeared to me only

By which thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st;
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure
To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:
And better conquest never canst thou make,
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them: but, if not, then know,
The peril of our curses light on thee;
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Faulc. Will't not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lewis. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,—
Clamours of hell,—be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me!—aye, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,
Which 'till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,

only this: *In swearing by religion against religion, to which thou hast already sworn, thou makest an oath the security for thy faith against an oath already taken.* I will give, *says he*, a rule for conscience in these cases. Thou mayst be in doubt about the matter of an oath; *when thou swearest thou mayst* not *be always* sure *to swear rightly*, but let this be thy settled principle, *swear only not to be forsworn*; let not the latter oaths be at variance with the former.

Truth, through this whole speech, means *rectitude* of conduct.
JOHNSON.

Upon

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Againſt mine uncle.

Conſt. Oh, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Fore-thought by heaven.

Blanch. Now ſhall I ſee thy love; What motive may
Be ſtronger with thee than the name of wife?

Conſt. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour: Oh, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

Lewis. I muſe, your majeſty doth ſeem ſo cold,
When ſuch profound reſpects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curſe upon his head.

K. Phil. Thou ſhalt not need:—England, I'll fall from thee.

Conſt. O fair return of baniſh'd majeſty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconſtancy!

K. John. France, thou ſhalt rue this hour within this hour.

Faulc. Old time the clock-ſetter, that bald ſexton time,
Is it as he will? well then, France ſhall rue.

Blanch. The ſun's o'ercaſt with blood: Fair day, adieu!
Which is the ſide that I muſt go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand;
And, in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl aſunder, and diſmember me.
Huſband, I cannot pray that thou may'ſt win;
Uncle, I needs muſt pray that thou may'ſt loſe;
Father, I may not wiſh the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wiſh thy wiſhes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that ſide ſhall I loſe;
Aſſured loſs, before the match be play'd.

Lewis. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Coufin, go draw our puiffance together.—
[*Exit Faulconbridge.*

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage, whofe heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and deareft-valu'd blood, of France.

K. Phil. Thy rage fhall burn thee up, and thou fhalt turn
To afhes, ere our blood fhall quench that fire:
Look to thyfelf, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats.—To arms, let's hie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A field of battle.

Alarums, excurfions: enter Faulconbridge, with Auftria's head.

Faulc. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
[1] Some airy devil hovers in the fky,
And

[1] *Some* airy *devil*——] We muft read: *Some* fiery *devil*, if we will have the *caufe* equal to the *effect*. WARBURTON.

There is no end of fuch alterations; every page of a vehement and negligent writer will afford opportunities for changes of terms, if mere propriety will juftify them. Not that of this change the propriety is out of controverfy. Dr. Warburton will have the devil *fiery*, becaufe he makes the day *hot*: the author makes him *airy*, becaufe *he hovers in the fky*, and the *heat* and *mifchief* are natural confequences of his malignity. JOHNSON.

Shakefpeare here probably alludes to the diftinctions and divifions of fome of the demonologifts, fo much read and regarded in his time. They diftributed the devils into different tribes and claffes, each of which had its peculiar properties, attributes, &c.

Thefe are defcribed at length in Burton's *Anatomie of Melancholy*, part. I. fect. ii. p. 45. 1632:

"Of thefe fublunary devils—Pfellus makes fix kinds; fiery, aeriall,

And pours down miſchief. Auſtria's head lie there;
While Philip breathes [2].

Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy:—Philip [3], make up;
My mother is aſſailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Faulc. My lord, I reſcu'd her;
Her highneſs is in ſafety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Alarums, excurſions, retreat. Re-enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, Faulconbridge, Hubert, and Lords.

K. John. So ſhall it be; your grace ſhall ſtay behind, [*To Elinor.*

aeriall, terreſtriall, watery, and ſubterranean devils, beſides thoſe fairies, ſatyres, nymphes, &c."

"Fiery ſpirits or divells are ſuch as commonly worke by blazing ſtarres, fire-drakes, and counterfeit ſunnes and moones, and ſit on ſhip's maſts, &c. &c."

"Aeriall ſpirits or divells are ſuch as keep quarter moſt part in the aire, cauſe many tempeſts, thunder and lightnings, teare oakes, fire ſteeples, houſes, ſtrike men and beaſts, make it raine ſtones, &c." PERCY.

[2] Here Mr. Pope, without authority, adds from the old play already mentioned:

"Thus hath king Richard's ſon perform'd his vow,
"And offer'd Auſtria's blood for ſacrifice
"Unto his father's ever-living ſoul." STEEVENS.

[3] —*Philip,*—] Here the king, who had knighted him by the name of Sir *Richard*, calls him by his former name. Mr. Tyrwhitt would read:

Hubert, keep [thou] *this boy;* &c. STEEVENS.

So ſtrongly guarded.—Couſin, look not ſad:
[*To Arthur.*
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Couſin, away for England; haſte before:
[*To Faulconbridge.*
And, ere our coming, ſee thou ſhake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; impriſoned angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace [4]
Muſt by the hungry now be fed upon:
Uſe our commiſſion in his utmoſt force.

Faulc. [5] Bell book and candle ſhall not drive me back,
When gold and ſilver becks me to come on.
I leave your highneſs:—Grandam, I will pray

[4] *—the fat ribs of peace*
Muſt by the hungry now, *be fed upon:*] This word *now* ſeems a very idle term here, and conveys no ſatiſfactory idea. An antitheſis, and oppoſition of terms, ſo perpetual with our author, requires:
Muſt by the hungry war *be fed upon.*
War, demanding a large expence, is very poetically ſaid to be *hungry*, and to prey on the wealth and *fat* of *peace*. WARBURTON.

This emendation is better than the former, but yet not neceſſary. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *hungry maw*, with leſs deviation from the common reading, but with not ſo much force or elegance as *war*. JOHNSON.

Either emendation is unneceſſary. The *hungry now* is *this hungry inſtant*. Shakeſpeare perhaps uſes the word *now* as a ſubſtantive, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*
"——till this very *now*,
"When men were fond, I ſmil'd and wonder'd how."
STEEVENS.

[5] *Bell book and candle*, &c.] In an account of the Romiſh curſe given by Dr. Gray, it appears that three candles were extinguiſhed, one by one, in different parts of the execration. JOHNSON.

I meet with the ſame expreſſion in *Ram-alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:
"I'll have a prieſt ſhall mumble up a marriage
"Without *bell, book* or *candle*." STEEVENS.

(If

(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewel, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewel. [*Exit Faulc.*

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.
[*Taking him to one side of the stage.*

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,——
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet:
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—But let it go:
The sun is in the heaven; and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds[6],
To give me audience:—If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
[7] Sound on unto the drowsy race of night;

If

[6] —*full of* gawds,] *Gawds* are any showy ornaments. So, in the *Dumb Knight*, 1633:
"To caper in his grave, and with vain *gawds*
"Trick up his coffin." STEEVENS.

[7] *Sound on unto the drowsy race of night*;] We should read: *Sound* one—— WARBURTON.

I should suppose *sound on* (which is the reading of the old copy) to be the true one. The meaning seems to be this; *if the midnight bell, by repeated strokes, was to hasten away the race of beings who are* busy

If this ſame were a church-yard where we ſtand,
And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand wrongs;
Or if that ſurly ſpirit, melanchòly,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;
(Which, elſe, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that ideot, laughter, keep mens' eyes,
And ſtrain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A paſſion hateful to my purpoſes)
Or if that thou could'ſt ſee me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, uſing conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful ſound of words;
Then, in deſpight of broad-ey'd [8] watchful day,
I would into thy boſom pour my thoughts:

buſy at that hour, or quicken night itſelf in its progreſs, the morning bell (that is, the bell that ſtrikes *one*) could not, with ſtrict propriety, be made the agent; for the bell has ceaſed to be in the ſervice of night, when it proclaims the arrival of day. *Sound on* has a peculiar propriety, becauſe by the repetition of the ſtrokes at *twelve*, it gives a much more forcible warning than when it only ſtrikes *one*.

Such was once my opinion concerning the old reading; but on re-conſideration, its propriety cannot appear more doubtful to any one than to myſelf.

It is too late to talk of haſtening the night when the arrival of the morning is announced; and I am afraid that the repeated ſtrokes have leſs of ſolemnity than the ſingle notice, as they take from the horror and awful ſilence here deſcribed as ſo propitious to the dreadful purpoſes of the king. Though the hour of *one* be not the natural midnight, it is yet the moſt ſolemn moment of the poetical one; and Shakeſpeare himſelf has choſen to introduce his Ghoſt in *Hamlet:*

"The bell then beating *one*."

Mr. Malone obſerves, "that *one* and *on*, are perpetually confounded in the old copies of our author." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*broad-ey'd*——] The old copy reads—*brooded*. Mr. Pope made the alteration, which, however elegant, may be unneceſſary. All animals while *brooded*, i. e. *with a brood of young ones under their protection*, are remarkably vigilant. The King ſays of Hamlet:

"——ſomething's in his ſoul
"O'er which his melancholy ſits at *brood*." STEEVENS.

But,

But, ah, I will not:—Yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'ſt me well.
Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.
K. John. Do not I know, thou would'ſt?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very ſerpent in my way;
And, whereſoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: Doſt thou underſtand me?
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And I'll keep him ſo,
That he ſhall not offend your majeſty.
K. John. Death.
Hub. My lord?
K. John. A grave.
Hub. He ſhall not live.
K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not ſay what I intend for thee:
[9] Remember.——Madam, fare you well:
I'll ſend thoſe powers o'er to your majeſty.
Eli. My bleſſing go with thee!
K. John. For England, couſin, go:
Hubert ſhall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho!
[*Exeunt.*

[9] This is one of the ſcenes to which may be promiſed a laſting commendation. Art could add little to its perfection, and time itſelf can take nothing from its beauties. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The French court.

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulph, and attendants.

K. Phil. So, by a roaring tempeſt on the flood,
A whole [1] armado of collected ſail [2]
Is ſcatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowſhip.
Pand. Courage and comfort! all ſhall yet go well.
K. Phil. What can go well, when we have run ſo ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers loſt?
Arthur ta'en priſoner? divers dear friends ſlain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, ſpite of France?
Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd:
So hot a ſpeed with ſuch advice diſpos'd,
Such temperate order [3] in ſo fierce a cauſe,

[1] *A whole armado* &c.] This ſimilitude, as little as it makes for the purpoſe in hand, was, I do not queſtion, a very taking one when the play was firſt repreſented; which was a winter or two at moſt after the Spaniſh invaſion in 1588. It was in reference likewiſe to that glorious period that Shakeſpeare concludes his play in that triumphant manner:

"Thus England never did, nor never ſhall,
"Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror, &c."

But the whole play abounds with touches relative to the then poſture of affairs. WARBURTON.

This play, ſo far as I can diſcover, was not played till a long time after the defeat of the *armado*. The old play, I think, wants this ſimile. The commentator ſhould not have affirmed what he can only gueſs. JOHNSON.

Armado is a Spaniſh word ſignifying a *fleet of war*. The *armado* in 1588 was called ſo by way of diſtinction. STEEVENS.

[2] —*of* collected *ſail*] Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads—*convicted*. STEEVENS.

[3] —*in ſo fierce a* cauſe,] We ſhould read *courſe*, i. e. *march*. The Oxford editor condeſcends to this emendation.

WARBURTON.

A *fierce cauſe* is a cauſe conducted with precipitation. "*Fierce* wretchedneſs," in Timon, is, *haſty, ſudden miſery*. STEEVENS.

Doth

Doth want example; Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phil. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath[4]:—
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

K. Phil. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

Const. No, I defy[5] all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death:—Oh amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy houshold worms;
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself;

4 ——— *a grave unto a soul,*
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath:]
I think we should read *earth.* The passage seems to have been copied from sir Thomas More: "If the body be to the *soule* a *prison*, how strait a prison maketh he the body, that stuffeth it with *riff-raff*, that the soule can have no room to stirre itself—but is, as it were, enclosed not in a prison, but in a *grave.*" FARMER.

Perhaps the old reading is justifiable. So, in *Measure for Measure:*
"To be *imprison'd* in the viewless *winds.*" STEEVENS.

5 *No, I* defy &c.] To *defy* anciently signified to *refuse.* So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"I do *defy* thy commiseration." STEEVENS.

Come,

Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife [6]! Misery's love,
Oh, come to me!

K. Phil. Oh fair affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—
Oh, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouze from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a [7] modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art unholy to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear, is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad;—I would to heaven, I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
Oh, if I could, what grief should I forget!—
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason

[6] *And* buss *thee as thy wife!*] Thus the old copy. The word *buss*, however, being now only used in vulgar language, our modern editors have exchanged it for *kiss*. The former is used by Drayton in the 3d canto of his *Barons' Wars*, where queen Isabel says:

"And we by signs sent many a secret *buss*."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 10:

"But every satyre first did give a *busse*
"To Hellenore; so *busses* did abound."

Again, Stanyhurst the translator of *Virgil*, 1582, renders

"———*oscula* libavit natæ———
"*Bust* his prittye parrat prating &c." STEEVENS.

[7] ———modern *invocation.*] It is hard to say what Shakespeare means by *modern*: it is not opposed to *ancient*. In *All's Well that ends Well*, speaking of a girl in contempt, he uses this word; "her *modern* grace." It apparently means something *slight* and *inconsiderable*. JOHNSON.

Modern, I believe, is *trite*, *common*. So, in *As you like It*:

"Full of wise saws and *modern* instances." STEEVENS.

How

How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son;
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phil. [8] Bind up those tresses: Oh, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends [9]
Do glew themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phil. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; And wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds; and cry'd aloud,
Oh that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.——
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male-child,

[8] *Bind up those tresses:*——] It was necessary that Constance should be interrupted, because a passion so violent cannot be borne long. I wish the following speeches had been equally happy; but they only serve to shew, how difficult it is to maintain the pathetic long. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*wiry* friends] The old copy reads, *wiry* fiends. *Wiery* is an adjective used by Heywood in his *Silver Age*, 1613:
"My vassal furies, with their *wiery* strings,
"Shall lash thee hence." STEEVENS.

To

To him that did but yesterday suspire [1],
There was not such a gracious creature born [2].
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phil. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child [3],
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;

[1] —— *but yesterday* suspire,] To *suspire* in Shakespeare, I believe, only means to *breathe*. So, in *K. Henry* IV. P. II:

"Did he *suspire*, that light and weightless down
"Perforce must move." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*a* gracious *creature born*.] *Gracious*, in this instance, as in some others, signifies *graceful*. So, in *Albion's Triumph*, a masque, 1631:

"—— on which (*the freeze*) were festoons of several fruits, in their natural colours, on which, in *gracious* postures, lay children sleeping."

Again, in the same piece:

"—— they stood about him, not in set ranks, but in several *gracious* postures."

Again, in the *Malecontent*, 1604:

"The most exquisite, &c. that ever made an old lady *gratious* by torch-light." STEEVENS.

[3] *Grief fills the room up of my absent child*,]

"Perfruitur lachrymis et amat pro conjuge luctum."
Lucan, lib. ix.

A French poet, Maynard, has the same thought:

"Mon dëuil me plaît et me doit toujours plaire,
"*Il me tient lieu de celle que je plains*." MALONE.

Then,

Then, have I reaſon to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: [4] had you ſuch a loſs as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[*Tearing off her head-dreſs.*
When there is ſuch diſorder in my wit.
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair ſon!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my ſorrows' cure! [*Exit.*

K. Phil. I fear ſome outrage, and I'll follow her. [*Exit.*

Lewis. [5] There's nothing in this world, can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowſy man;
And bitter ſhame hath ſpoil'd the ſweet world's taſte,
That it yields nought, but ſhame, and bitterneſs.

Pand. Before the curing of a ſtrong diſeaſe,
Even in the inſtant of repair and health,
The fit is ſtrongeſt; evils, that take leave,
On their departure moſt of all ſhew evil:
What have you loſt by loſing of this day?

Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happineſs.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no: when fortune means to men moſt good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis ſtrange, to think how much king John hath loſt
In this which he accounts ſo clearly won:
Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his priſoner?

Lewis. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

[4] ———*had you ſuch a loſs as I,*
I could give better comfort ———]
This is a ſentiment which great ſorrow always dictates. Whoever cannot help himſelf caſts his eyes on others for aſſiſtance, and often miſtakes their inability for coldneſs. JOHNSON.

[5] *There's nothing in this* &c.] The young prince feels his defeat with more ſenſibility than his father. Shame operates moſt ſtrongly in the earlier years; and when can diſgrace be leſs welcome than when a man is going to his bride? JOHNSON.

Pand.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me ſpeak, with a prophetic ſpirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to ſpeak
Shall blow each duſt, each ſtraw, each little rub,
Out of the path which ſhall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore, mark.
John hath ſeiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The miſplac'd John ſhould entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of reſt:
A ſcepter, ſnatch'd with an unruly hand,
Muſt be as boiſterouſly maintain'd as gain'd:
And he, that ſtands upon a ſlippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to ſtay him up:
That John may ſtand, then Arthur needs muſt fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but ſo.

Lewis. But what ſhall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lewis. And loſe it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are, and freſh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conſpire with you:
For he, that ſteeps his ſafety in [6] true blood,
Shall find but bloody ſafety, and untrue.
This act, ſo evilly born, ſhall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
That none ſo ſmall advantage ſhall ſtep forth,
To check his reign, but they will cheriſh it:
No natural exhalation in the ſky,
[7] No ſcape of nature, no diſtemper'd day,

[6] —— *true blood,*] The blood of him that has the *juſt* claim. JOHNSON.

[7] *No* ſcape *of nature,*—] The author very finely calls a *monſtrous birth,* an *eſcape of nature.* As if it were produced while ſhe was buſy elſewhere, or intent on ſome other thing. But the Oxford editor will have it, that Shakeſpeare wrote:

No ſhape *of nature.*———— WARBURTON.

The old copy reads:—*No* ſcope, &c. STEEVENS.

No

No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lewis. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot;
And, O, what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity: If but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side;
[8] Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king: 'Tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent:
Now that their souls are top-full of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the king.

Lewis. Strong reasons make strong actions [9]: Let us go;
If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [*Exeunt.*

[8] *Or, as a little snow,*—] Bacon, in his *History of Henry VII.* speaking of Simnel's march, observes, that "their *snow-ball* did not gather as it went." JOHNSON.

[9] —*strong actions:*—] The oldest copy reads:—strange *actions:* The folio 1632:——*strong.* STEEVENS.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

England.

Northampton. A room in the castle.

Enter Hubert, and executioners.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and, look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth;
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.
Exec. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't.—
[*Exeunt executioners.*
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, no body should be sad, but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
[1] Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only

[1] *Young gentlemen* &c.] It should seem that this affectation had found its way into England, as it is ridiculed by Ben Jonson in the character of Master Stephen in *Every Man in his Humour*. Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Queen of Corinth*, *Onos* says:
"Come let's be *melancholy*."
Again, in Lylly's *Midas*, 1592: "*Melancholy!* is *melancholy* a word for a barber's mouth? Thou should'st say, heavy, dull, and doltish;

Only for wantonneſs. By my chriſtendom,
So I were out of priſon, and kept ſheep,
I ſhould be as merry as the day is long;
And ſo I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practiſes more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's ſon?
No, indeed, is't not; And I would to heaven,
I were your ſon, ſo you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be ſudden, and diſpatch. [*Aſide.*

Arth. Are you ſick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In ſooth, I would you were a little ſick;
That I might ſit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take poſſeſſion of my boſom.—
Read here, young Arthur—— [*Shewing a paper.*
How now, fooliſh rheum! [*Aſide.*
[2] Turning diſpiteous torture out of door?
I muſt be brief; leſt reſolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womaniſh tears.——
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for ſo foul effect:
Muſt you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I muſt.

doltiſh: *melancholy* is the creſt of courtiers, and now every baſe companion, &c. ſays he is *melancholy*." Again, in the *Life and Death of the Lord Cromwell*, 1613:

"My nobility is wonderful *melancholy*.——
"Is it not *moſt gentleman like to be melancholy*?"

STEEVENS.

Lilly, in his *Mydas*, ridicules the affectation of *melancholy*: "Now every baſe companion, being in his *muble fubles*, ſays, he is *melancholy*.—Thou ſhould'ſt ſay thou art *lumpiſh*. If thou encroach on our *courtly* terms, weele trounce thee." FARMER.

[2] *Turning diſpiteous torture out of door?*] For *torture* ſir T. Hanmer reads *nature*, and is followed, I think, without neceſſity, by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me)
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon chear'd up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it, cunning: Do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench this fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
[3] I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but Hubert's. [*Hubert stamps, and the men enter.*

Hub.

3 *I would not have believ'd a tongue* but Hubert's.] Thus Mr. Pope found the line in the old editions. According to this reading

Hub. Come forth; do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, ſave me, Hubert, ſave me! my eyes are
out,
Even with the fierce looks of theſe bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I ſay, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be ſo boiſtrous-rough?
I will not ſtruggle, I will ſtand ſtone-ſtill.
For heaven's ſake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive theſe men away,
And I will ſit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not ſtir, nor wince, nor ſpeak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thruſt but theſe men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, ſtand within; let me alone with him.

it is ſuppoſed that Hubert had told him, he would *not* put out his eyes; for the angel who ſays *he would*, is brought in as contradicting Hubert. Mr. Theobald, by what authority I don't know, reads:

I would not have believ'd him: no tongue, but Hubert's.

which is ſpoiling the meaſure, without much mending the ſenſe. Shakeſpeare, I am perſuaded, wrote:

I would not have believ'd a tongue bate Hubert;

i.e. abate, diſparage. The blunder ſeems to have ariſen thus: *bate* ſignifies except, ſaving; ſo the tranſcribers, taking it in this ſenſe, ſubſtituted the more uſual word *but* in its place. My alteration greatly improves the ſenſe, as implying a tenderneſs of affection for Hubert; the common reading, only an opinion of Hubert's veracity; whereas the point here was to win upon Hubert's paſſions, which could not be better done than by ſhewing affection towards him. WARBURTON.

I do not ſee why the old reading may not ſtand. Mr. Theobald's alteration, as we find, injures the meaſure, and Dr. Warburton's corrupts the language, and neither can be ſaid much to mend the ſenſe. JOHNSON.

Mr. Theobald's reading is the reading of the old copy. I have therefore reſtored it.

—— *rixatur de lana ſæpe caprina.*

Shakeſpeare very probably meant the laſt line to have been broken off imperfectly; thus:

I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but Hubert's—

The old reading is, however, ſenſe. STEEVENS.

Exec. I am beſt pleas'd to be from ſuch a deed.
[*Exeunt.*

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a ſtern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compaſſion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourſelf.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to loſe your eyes.

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a duſt, a gnat, a wandring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious ſenſe!
Then, feeling what ſmall things are boiſtrous there,
Your vile intent muſt needs ſeem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promiſe? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Muſt needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
[4] Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; O, ſpare mine eyes;
Though to no uſe, but ſtill to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the inſtrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. [5] No, in good ſooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeſerv'd extremes: See elſe yourſelf;

[4] *Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,*] This is according to nature. We imagine no evil ſo great as that which is near us.
JOHNSON.

[5] *No, in good ſooth;* &c.] The ſenſe is: *the fire*, being *created* not to hurt, but *to comfort*, *is dead with grief for* finding itſelf *uſed* in acts of cruelty, which, being innocent, I have *not deſerved*.
JOHNSON.

There

[6] There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his ſpirit out,
And ſtrew'd repentant aſhes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it bluſh,
And glow with ſhame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will ſparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his maſter that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you ſhould uſe to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uſes.

Hub. Well, ſee to live; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treaſure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I ſworn, and I did purpoſe, boy,
With this ſame very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were diſguiſed.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu;
Your uncle muſt not know but you are dead:
I'll fill theſe dogged ſpies with falſe reports.
And, pretty child, ſleep doubtleſs, and ſecure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: Go cloſely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

[6] *There is no malice in this burning coal;*] Dr. Gray ſays, "that *no malice in a burning coal* is certainly abſurd, and that we ſhould read:

"*There is no malice burning in this coal.*" STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

The court of England.

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other lords.

K. John. Here once again we ſit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful eyes.
Pemb. [7] This once again, but that your highneſs pleas'd,
Was once ſuperfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er ſtained with revolt;
Freſh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better ſtate.
Sal. Therefore, to be poſſeſs'd with double pomp,
[8] To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To ſmooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To ſeek the beauteous eye of heaven to garniſh,
Is waſteful, and ridiculous exceſs.
Pemb. But that your royal pleaſure muſt be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told;
And, in the laſt repeating, troubleſome,
Being urged at a time unſeaſonable.
Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured:
And, like a ſhifted wind unto a ſail,
It makes the courſe of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights conſideration;

[7] *This once again,——was once ſuperfluous:*] *This one time more was one time more than enough.* JOHNSON.
It ſhould be remembered that king John was at preſent crowned for the *fourth time.* STEEVENS.
[8] *To guard a title that was rich before,*] To *guard*, is to *fringe.* JOHNSON.

Makes

Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pemb. When workmen strive to do better than well,
[1] They do confound their skill in covetousness:
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more [2] in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your highness
To over-bear it; and we are all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Must make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. [3] Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong (when lesser is my fear) [4]

[1] *They do confound their skill in* covetousness:] i. e. Not by their avarice, but in an eager emulation, an intense desire of excelling; as in *Henry* V:

"But if it be a sin to *covet honour*,
"I am the most offending soul alive." THEOBALD.

[2] ———*in hiding of the* fault,
Than did the fault———]
We should read *flaw* in both places. WARBURTON.

The old reading is the true one. *Fault* means *blemish*.
STEEVENS.

[3] *Some reasons of this double coronation*
I have possest you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong (the lesser is my fear)
I shall endue you with:———]
I have told you some reasons, in my opinion *strong*, and shall tell more *yet stronger*; for the stronger my reasons are, the *less is my fear* of your disapprobation. This seems to be the meaning. JOHNSON.

[4] *And more, more strong*, (the *lesser is my fear)*
I shall endue you with:———]
The first folio reads:
———(then *lesser is my fear)*
The present text is given according to Theobald, whose reading I cannot understand, though the true one is obvious enough:
———(when *lesser is my fear)* TYRWHITT.

I have done this reading the justice to place it in the text.
STEEVENS.

I shall

I ſhall endue you with: Mean time, but aſk
What you would have reform'd, that is not well;
And well ſhall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requeſts.

Pemb. Then I, (as one that am the tongue of theſe,
[5] To ſound the purpoſes of all their hearts)
Both for myſelf and them (but, chief of all,
Your ſafety, for the which myſelf and them
Bend their beſt ſtudies) heartily requeſt
The enfranchiſement of Arthur; whoſe reſtraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of diſcontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If, what in reſt you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears (which, as they ſay, attend
The ſteps of wrong) ſhould move you to mew up
Your tender kinſman, and to choak his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exerciſe[6]:
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occaſions, let it be our ſuit,
That you have bid us aſk his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further aſk,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be ſo; I do commit his youth

Enter Hubert.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?

Pemb. This is the man ſhould do the bloody deed;

[5] *To ſound the purpoſes*——] To *declare*, to *publiſh* the deſires of all thoſe. JOHNSON.

[6] ———*good exerciſe*:] In the middle ages the whole education of princes and noble youths conſiſted in martial exerciſes, &c. Theſe could not be eaſily had in a priſon, where mental improvements might have been afforded as well as any where elſe; but this ſort of education never entered into the thoughts of our active, warlike, but illiterate nobility. PERCY.

He

He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much-troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience [7],
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set [8]:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pemb. And, when it breaks [9], I fear, will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:—
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead;
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.

Pemb. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it:—

[7] *Between his purpose and his conscience,*] Between his *consciousness* of guilt, and his *design* to conceal it by fair professions. JOHNSON.

[8] *Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles* set:] But heralds are not planted, I presume, in the midst betwixt two lines of battle; though they, and trumpets, are often sent over from party to party, to propose terms, demand a parley, &c. I have therefore ventur'd to read, *sent.* THEOBALD.

This Dr. Warburton has followed without much advantage; *set* is not *fixed*, but only *placed*; heralds must be *set* between battles in order to be *sent* between them. JOHNSON.

[9] *And, when it breaks,* ———] This is but an indelicate metaphor, taken from an impostumated tumour. JOHNSON.

So

So thrive it in your game! and so farewel.

Pemb. Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold; Bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt.*

K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood;
No certain life atchiev'd by others' death.——

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast; Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather:—How goes all in France?

Mes. From France to England [1].—Never such a power
For any foreign preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a land!
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care;
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mes. My liege, her ear
Is stopt with dust; the first of April, dy'd
Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy dy'd
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

[1] *From France to England.*——] The king asks *how all goes in France*, the messenger catches the word *goes*, and answers, that *whatever* is in France *goes* now *into* England. JOHNSON.

K. John.

K. John. Withhold thy ſpeed, dreadful occaſion!
O, make a league with me, 'till I have pleas'd
My diſcontented peers!—What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my eſtate in France?—
Under whoſe conduct came thoſe powers of France,
That, thou for truth giv'ſt out, are landed here?

Meſ. Under the Dauphin.

Enter Faulconbridge and Peter of Pomfret.

K. John. Thou haſt made me giddy
With theſe ill tidings.—Now, what ſays the world
To your proceedings? do not ſeek to ſtuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Faulc. But, if you be afeard to hear the worſt,
Then let the worſt, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, couſin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, ſpeak it of what it will.

Faulc. How I have ſped among the clergymen,
The ſums I have collected ſhall expreſs.
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people ſtrangely fantaſy'd;
Poſſeſs'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the ſtreets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he ſung, in rude harſh-ſounding rhimes,
That, ere the next Aſcenſion-day at noon,
Your highneſs ſhould deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'ſt thou ſay ſo?

Peter. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out ſo.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; impriſon him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he ſays,
I ſhall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd:

De-

Deliver him to safety [2], and return,
For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,
[*Exit Hubert, with Peter.*
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Faulc. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire)
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

Faulc. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.——
O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!—
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Faulc. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.
[*Exit.*

K. John. Spoke like a sprightful noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they say, [3] five moons were seen to-night:

Four

[2] *Deliver him to safety,*——] That is, *Give him into safe custody.* JOHNSON.

[3] ——*five moons were seen to-night,* &c.] This incident is men-

Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wond'rous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a taylor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste [4]
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet)

Told

mentioned by few of our historians: I have met with it no where, but in *Matthew of Westminster* and *Polydore Virgil*, with a small alteration. These kind of appearances were more common about that time, than either before or since. GRAY.

This incident is likewise mentioned in the spurious copy of the play. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*slippers (which his nimble haste*
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet)]
I know not how the commentators understand this important passage, which in Dr. Warburton's edition is marked as eminently beautiful, and, on the whole, not without justice. But Shakespeare seems to have confounded the man's shoes with his gloves. He that is frighted or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either shoe will equally admit either foot. The author seems to be disturbed by the disorder which he describes.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson forgets that ancient *slippers* might possibly be very different from modern ones. Scott in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft* tells us, "He that receiveth a mischance, will consider, whether he put not on his shirt the wrong side outwards, or his *left shoe* on his *right foot*." One of the jests of Scogan by Andrew Borde, is how he defrauded two shoemakers, one of a *right foot* boot, and the other of a *left foot* one. And Davies in one of his epigrams, compares a man to "a soft-knit *hose that serves each leg*."

FARMER.

In

Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embatteled and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord! why, did not you provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings [5], to be attended

In the *Fleire*, 1615, is the following passage: "——This fellow is like your *upright shoe*, he will serve either foot." From this we may infer that some shoes could only be worn on that foot for which they were made. And Barrett in his *Alvearie*, 1580, as an instance of the word *wrong*, says: "—to put on his *shooes wrong*." Again, in *A merye Jest of a Man that was called Howleglas*, bl. l. no date: "Howleglas had cut all the lether for the *lefte foote*. Then when his master sawe all his lether cut for the *lefte foote*, then asked he Howleglas if there belonged not to the *lefte foote* a *right foote*. Then sayd Howleglas to his maister, If that he had tolde that to me before, I would have cut them, but an it please you I shall cut as mani *right shoone* unto them." STEEVENS.

See Martin's *Description of the Western Islands of Scotland*, 1703, p. 207: "The generality now only wear shoes having one thin sole only, and *shaped after the right and left foot*, so that what is for one foot will not serve the other." The meaning seems to be, that the extremities of the shoes were not round or square, but were cut in an oblique angle, or aslant from the great toe to the little one. See likewise, the *Philosophical Transactions abridged*, vol. III. p. 432, and vol. VII. p. 23, where are exhibited shoes and sandals shaped to the feet, spreading more to the outside than the inside. TOLLET.

[5] *It is the curse of kings*, &c.] This plainly hints at Davison's case, in the affair of Mary queen of Scots, and so must have been inserted long after the first representation. WARBURTON.

That the allusion mentioned by Dr. Warburton, was intended by Shakespeare, is highly probable.—But why need we suppose this passage added after the piece was finished? The queen of Scots was beheaded in 1587, some years, according to the best account, before our author had produced any play on the stage. MALONE.

By

By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life:
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. Oh, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done? Hadest not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted [6], and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Mad'st it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,——

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head [7], or made a pause,

When

[6] *Quoted,*—] i. e. observed, distinguish'd. So, in *Hamlet:*
"I am sorry, that with better heed and judgment
"I had not *quoted* him." STEEVENS.

[7] *Hadst thou but shook thy head,* &c.] There are many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. These reproaches vented against Hubert are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind swelling with consciousness of a crime, and desirous of discharging its misery on another.

This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn *ab ipsis recessibus mentis,* from the intimate knowledge of mankind, particularly that line in which he says, that *to have bid him tell his tale* in *express* words, would have *struck him dumb*; nothing is more certain, than

When I ſpake darkly what I purpoſed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face;
Or bid me tell my tale in expreſs words;
Deep ſhame had ſtruck me dumb, made me break off,
And thoſe thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didſt underſtand me by my ſigns,
And didſt in ſigns again parley with ſin;
Yea, without ſtop, didſt let thy heart conſent,
And, conſequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
Out of my ſight, and never ſee me more!
My nobles leave me; and my ſtate is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleſhly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hoſtility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conſcience, and my couſin's death.

Hub. Arm you againſt your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your ſoul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimſon ſpots of blood.
Within this boſom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought [8],

And

than that bad men uſe all the arts of fallacy upon themſelves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themſelves from their own detection in ambiguities and ſubterfuges.
JOHNSON.

[8] *The dreadful motion of a* murd'rous *thought,*] Nothing can be falſer than what Hubert here ſays in his own vindication; and yet it was the poet's purpoſe that he ſhould ſpeak truth: for we find, from a preceding ſcene, *the motion of a murd'rous thought had entered into him*, and that very deeply: and it was with difficulty that the tears, the intreaties, and the innocence of Arthur had diverted and ſuppreſſed it. Nor is the expreſſion, in this reading, at all exact, it not being the neceſſary quality of *a murd'rous thought* to be *dreadful*, affrighting, or terrible: for it being commonly excited by the flattering views of intereſt, pleaſure, or revenge, the mind is often too much taken up with thoſe ideas to at-
tend

And you have ſlander'd nature in my form;
Which, howſoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haſte thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incenſed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my paſſion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Preſented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, anſwer not; but to my cloſet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haſte:
I conjure thee but ſlowly; run more faſt[9]. [*Exeunt.*

tend, ſteadily, to the conſequences. We muſt conclude therefore that Shakeſpeare wrote:

——— a murderer'*s thought.*

And this makes Hubert ſpeak truth, as the poet intended he ſhould. He had not committed the murder, and conſequently the *motion of a murderer's thought had never entered his boſom.* And in this reading, the epithet *dreadful* is admirably juſt, and in nature. For after the perpetration of the fact, the appetites, that hurried their owner to it, loſe their force; and nothing ſucceeds to take poſſeſſion of the mind, but a dreadful conſciouſneſs, that torments the murderer without reſpite or intermiſſion. WARBURTON.

I do not ſee any thing in this change worth the vehemence with which it is recommended. Read the line either way, the ſenſe is nearly the ſame, nor does Hubert tell truth in either reading when he charges John with *ſlandering his form.* He that could once intend to burn out the eyes of a captive prince, had a *mind* not too *fair* for the *rudeſt form.* JOHNSON.

[9] The ſpurious play is divided into two parts, the firſt of which concludes with the king's diſpatch of Hubert on this meſſage; the ſecond begins with "Enter Arthur, &c." as in the following ſcene. STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

A street before a prison.

Enter Arthur on the walls.

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down:—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!——
There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.

[*Leaps down.*

Oh me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!

[*Dies.*

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at saint Edmund's-bury;
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pemb. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France;
[1] Whose private with me, of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.

Bigot. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or, rather, then set forward: for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet [2].

Enter

[1] *Whose private* &c.] i. e. whose private account of the Dauphin's affection to our cause, is much more ample than the letter. POPE.

[2] ——or e'er *we meet.*] This phrase, so frequent in our old writers, is not well understood. *Or* is here the same as *ere*, i. e. *before*, and should be written (as it is still pronounced in Shropshire) *ore.* There the common people use it often. Thus, they say,

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Once more to-day well met, diſtemper'd lords!
The king, by me, requeſts your preſence ſtraight.
Sal. The king hath diſpoſſeſs'd himſelf of us;
We will not line his thin beſtained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks:
Return, and tell him ſo; we know the worſt.
Faulc. What e'er you think, good words, I think, were beſt.
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reaſon now [3].
Faulc. But there is little reaſon in your grief;
Therefore, 'twere reaſon, you had manners now.

ſay, *Ore to-morrow*, for *ere* or *before to-morrow*. The addition of *ever*, or *e'er*, is merely augmentative.

That *or* has the full ſenſe of *before*; and that *e'er* when joined with it is merely augmentative, is proved from innumerable paſſages in our ancient writers, wherein *or* occurs ſimply without *e'er*, and muſt bear that ſignification. Thus, in the old tragedy of *Maſter Arden of Feverſham*, 1599, quarto, (attributed by ſome, though falſely, to Shakeſpeare) the wife ſays:

"He ſhall be murdered *or* the gueſts come in."
Sig. H. B. III. PERCY.

So, in *All for Money*, an old *Morality*, 1574:

"I would ſit in the cold a good while I ſwear,
"*Or* I would be weary ſuch ſuitors to hear."

Again, in *Every Man*, another *Morality*, no date:

"—— As, *or* we departe, thou ſhalt know."

Again, in the interlude of the *Diſobedient Child*, black letter, no date:

"To ſend for victuals *or* I came away."

That *or* ſhould be written *ore*, I am by no means convinced. The vulgar pronounciation of a particular county, ought not to be received as a general guide. *Ere* is nearer the Saxon primitive, ær.
STEEVENS.

3 ——*reaſon now.*] To *reaſon*, in Shakeſpeare, is not ſo often to *argue*, as to *talk*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Coriolanus*:

"——*reaſon* with the fellow,
"Before you puniſh him." STEEVENS.

Pemb. Sir, ſir, impatience hath its privilege.
Faulc. 'Tis true; to hurt his maſter, no man elſe.
Sal. This is the priſon: What is he lies here?
[*Seeing Arthur.*
Pemb. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murder, as hating what himſelf hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.
Bigot. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to the grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.
Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almoſt think, although you ſee,
That you do ſee? could thought, without this object,
Form ſuch another? This is the very top,
The height, the creſt, or creſt unto the creſt,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodieſt ſhame,
The wildeſt ſavag'ry, the vileſt ſtroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or ſtaring rage,
Preſented to the tears of ſoft remorſe.
Pemb. All murders paſt do ſtand excus'd in this:
And this, ſo ſole, and ſo unmatchable,
Shall give a holineſs, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten ſins of time;
And prove a deadly bloodſhed but a jeſt,
Exampled by this heinous ſpectacle.
Faulc. It is a damned and a bloody work,
The graceleſs action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light, what would enſue:
It is the ſhameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpoſe, of the king:—
From whoſe obedience I forbid my ſoul,
Kneeling before this ruin of ſweet life,
And breathing to this breathleſs excellence

The

The incense of a vow, a holy vow[4];
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
'Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge[5].

Pemb. Bigot. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. Oh, he is bold, and blushes not at death:—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

4 ——— *a holy vow;*
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,]
This is a copy of the vows made in the ages of superstition and chivalry. JOHNSON.

5 ——— *the worship of revenge.*] The *worship* is the *dignity*, the *honour*. We still say *worshipful* of *magistrates*. JOHNSON.

'Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.]
I think it should be—*a glory to this head*— Pointing to the dead prince, and using the word *worship* in its common acceptation. *A glory* is a frequent term:

"Round a quaker's beaver cast a *glory*,"

says Mr. Pope: the solemn confirmation of the other lords seems to require this sense. The late Mr. Gray was much pleased with this correction. FARMER.

The old reading seems right to me, and means,—*'till I have famed and renowned my own hand by giving it the honour of revenge for so foul a deed. Glory* means *splendor* and magnificence in saint Matthew, vi. 29. So, in Markham's *Husbandry*, 1631, p. 353: "But if it be where the tide is scant, and doth no more but bring the river to a *glory*," i. e. fills the banks without overflowing. So, in act II. sc. ii. of this play:

"Oh, two such silver currents, when they join,
"Do *glorify* the banks that bound them in."

A thought almost similar to the present, occurs in Ben Jonson's *Catiline*, who, act IV. sc. iv. says, to Cethegus: "When we meet again we'll sacrifice to liberty. *Cet.* And revenge. That we may praise our hands once!"

i. e. Oh! that we may set a *glory*, or procure honour and praise, to our *hands*, which are the instruments of action. TOLLET.

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law? [*Drawing his sword.*

Faulc. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

Sal. Not 'till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;
By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence [6];
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Bigot. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so [7];
Yet, I am none: Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pemb. Cut him to pieces.

Falc. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you, Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Thou wert better gaul the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron [8],
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Bigot. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

[6] —*true defence*;] *Honest* defence; defence in a *good cause*.
JOHNSON.

[7] *Do not prove me so;*
Yet, I am none ————]
Do not make me a murderer by compelling me to kill you; I am *hitherto* not a murderer. JOHNSON.

[8] —*your toasting-iron*,] The same thought is found in *K. Hen. V*: "I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine *iron*. It is a simple one, but what though? it will *toast cheese*."
STEEVENS.

Bigot.

Bigot. Who kill'd this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Bigot. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

Pemb. There, tell the king, he may enquire us out.

[*Exeunt lords.*

Faulc. Here's a good world!—Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Faulc. Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou art damn'd so black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer:
[9] There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul,——

Faulc. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam

[9] *There is not yet* &c.] I remember once to have met with a book printed in the time of Henry VIII. (which Shakespeare possibly might have seen) where we are told that the deformity of the condemned in the other world is exactly proportioned to the degrees of their guilt. The author of it observes how difficult it would be, on this account, to distinguish between Belzebub and Judas Iscariot. STEEVENS.

To

To hang thee on: or, would'ſt thou drown thyſelf,
Put but a little water in a ſpoon,
And it ſhall be as all the ocean,
Enough to ſtifle ſuch a villain up.—
I do ſuſpect thee very grievouſly.

Hub. If I in act, conſent, or ſin of thought,
Be guilty of the ſtealing that ſweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Faulc. Go, bear him in thine arms.——
I am amaz'd, methinks; and loſe my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
How eaſy doſt thou take all England up!
From forth this morſel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug, and ſcamble, and to part by the teeth
The un-owed intereſt [1] of proud-ſwelling ſtate.
Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majeſty,
Doth dogged war briſtle his angry creſt,
And ſnarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home, and diſcontents at home,
Meet in one line; and vaſt confuſion waits
(As doth a raven on a ſick-fallen beaſt)
The imminent decay of wreſted pomp [2].
Now happy he, whoſe cloak and cincture [3] can
Hold out this tempeſt. Bear away that child,
And follow me with ſpeed; I'll to the king:
A thouſand buſineſſes are brief in hand,
And heaven itſelf doth frown upon the land. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *The un-owed intereſt*—] i. e. the intereſt which has no proper owner to claim it. STEEVENS.

[2] *The imminent decay of wreſted pomp.*] *Wreſted pomp* is *greatneſs obtained by violence.* JOHNSON.

[3] —*and* cincture—] . The old copy reads—*center*, probably *for ceinture.* FR. STEEVENS.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

The court of England.

Enter King John, Pandulph, and attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory. [*Giving up the crown.*
Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatneſs and authority.
K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French;
And from his holineſs uſe all your power
To ſtop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our diſcontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of ſoul,
To ſtranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of miſtemper'd humour
Reſts by you only to be qualify'd.
Then pauſe not; for the preſent time's ſo ſick,
That preſent medicine muſt be miniſtred,
Or overthrow incurable enſues.
Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempeſt up,
Upon your ſtubborn uſage of the pope:
But, ſince you are a gentle convertite[4],
My tongue ſhall huſh again this ſtorm of war,
And make fair weather in your bluſtering land.
On this Aſcenſion-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of ſervice to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit.*

[4] ——*a gentle* convertite,] A *convertite* is a *convert.* So, in Marlow's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:
"No, governour, I'll be no *convertite.*" STEEVENS.

K. John.

K. John. Is this Aſcenſion-day? Did not the prophet
Say, that, before Aſcenſion-day at noon,
My crown I ſhould give off? Even ſo I have:
I did ſuppoſe, it ſhould be on conſtraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out,
But Dover caſtle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind hoſt, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer ſervice to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Faulc. They found him dead, and caſt into the ſtreets;
An empty caſket, where the jewel of life,
By ſome damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me, he did live.

Faulc. So, on my ſoul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you ſad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world ſee fear, and ſad diſtruſt,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be ſtirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: ſo ſhall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntleſs ſpirit of reſolution.
Away; and gliſter like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Shew boldneſs, and aſpiring confidence.
What, ſhall they ſeek the lion in his den?
And fright him there; and make him tremble there?

Oh,

Oh, let it not be said!—Forage, and run [5]
To meet displeasure farther from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Faulc. Oh inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread [6],
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Faulc. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know [7],
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

[5] ——*Forage, and run*] To *forage* is here used in its original sense, for to *range abroad.* JOHNSON.

[6] *Mocking the air with colours*——] He has the same image in *Macbeth*:

"*Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky,*
"*And fan our people cold.*" JOHNSON.

[7] *Away then, with good courage; yet I know,*
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.]
Let us then away with courage; yet I so well *know* the faintness of *our party*, that I think *it may easily happen that they shall encounter enemies who have more spirit than themselves.* JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is, I believe, mistaken. Faulconbridge means; for all their boasting I know very well that our party is able to cope with one yet prouder and more confident of its strength than theirs. Faulconbridge would otherwise dispirit the king, whom he means to animate. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The Dauphin's camp at St. Edmund's-bury[8].

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, and Soldiers.

Lewis. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent [9] to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and an unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaister by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many: Oh, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker; oh, and there,

[8] —— *at St. Edmund's-bury.*] I have ventured to fix the place of the scene here, which is specified by none of the editors, on the following authorities. In the preceding act, where Salisbury has fixed to go over to the Dauphin; he says:

Lords, I will meet him at St. Edmund's-bury.

And count Melun, in this last act, says:

——— *and many more with me,*
Upon the altar at St. Edmund's-bury;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity, and everlasting love.

And it appears likewise from *The Troublesome Reign of King John, in two parts,* (the first rough model of this play) that the interchange of vows betwixt the Dauphin and the English barons, was at *St. Edmund's-bury.* THEOBALD.

[9] —— *the* precedent, &c.] i. e. the original treaty between the Dauphin and the English lords. STEEVENS.

Where

Where honourable reſcue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Saliſbury:
But ſuch is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and phyſic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of ſtern injuſtice and confuſed wrong.—
And is't not pity, oh my grieved friends!
That we, the ſons and children of this iſle,
Were born to ſee ſo ſad an hour as this;
Wherein we ſtep after a ſtranger march
Upon her gentle boſom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks, (I muſt withdraw and weep
Upon the ſpot of this enforced cauſe)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou could'ſt remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyſelf,
[1] And grapple thee unto a pagan ſhore;
Where theſe two Chriſtian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to ſpend it ſo unneighbourly!

Lewis. A noble temper doſt thou ſhew in this;
And great affections, wreſtling in thy boſom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
Oh, what a noble combat haſt thou fought,
Between compulſion, and a brave reſpect [2]!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,

[1] *And grapple thee* &c.] The old copy reads: *And cripple thee*, &c. Perhaps our author wrote *gripple*, a word uſed by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, ſong 1:

"That thruſts his *gripple* hand into her golden maw."

STEEVENS.

[2] *Between* compulſion, *and a brave reſpect!*] This *compulſion* was the neceſſity of a reformation in the ſtate; which, according to Saliſbury's opinion (who, in his ſpeech preceding, calls it an *enforced cauſe*) could only be procured by foreign arms: and the *brave reſpect* was the love of his country. Yet the Oxford editor, for *compulſion*, reads *compaſſion*. WARBURTON.

That

That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
That never saw the giant world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandulph, attended.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake [3]:
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;
And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this,—king John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,

[3] ——*an angel spake:*] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton read here: —*an angel* speeds. I think unnecessarily. The Dauphin does not yet hear the legate indeed, nor pretend to hear him; but seeing him advance, and concluding that he comes to animate and authorize him with the power of the church, he cries out, *at the sight of this holy man, I am encouraged as* by the voice of an angel. JOHNSON.

And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in shew.

Lewis. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;
I am too high-born to be property'd,
To be a secondary at controul,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? is't not I,
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns[4]?

Have

[4] —*as I have bank'd their towns?*] *Bank'd their towns* may mean, thrown up entrenchments before their towns.

The spurious play of *K. John*, however, leaves this interpretation extremely disputable. It appears from thence that these salutations were given to the Dauphin as he *sailed along the banks* of the river. This I suppose Shakespeare calls *banking* the towns.

"—from

Have I not here the beſt cards for the game,
To win this eaſy match play'd for a crown?
And ſhall I now give o'er the yielded ſet?
No, no, on my ſoul, it never ſhall be ſaid.

Pand. You look but on the outſide of this work.

Lewis. Outſide or inſide, I will not return
'Till my attempt ſo much be glorify'd
As to my ample hope was promiſed
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd theſe fiery ſpirits from the world,
To out-look conqueſt, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[*Trumpet ſounds.*

What luſty trumpet thus doth ſummon us?

Enter Faulconbridge, attended.

Faulc. According to the fair-play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am ſent to ſpeak:——
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you anſwer, I do know the ſcope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-oppoſite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly ſays, he'll not lay down his arms.

Faulc. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth ſays well:—Now hear our Engliſh king;
For thus his royalty doth ſpeak in me.
He is prepar'd; and reaſon too, he ſhould:
This apiſh and unmannerly approach,
This harneſs'd maſque, and unadviſed revel,

" —— from the hollow holes of Thameſis
" Echo apace replied, *Vive le roy!*
" From thence along the wanton rolling glade,
" To Troynovant, your fair metropolis."

We ſtill ſay to *coaſt* and to *flank*; and to *bank* has no leſs of propriety, though it is not reconciled to us by modern uſage.
STEEVENS.

This

[5] This unhair'd ſawcineſs, and boyiſh troops,
The king doth ſmile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfiſh war, theſe pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the ſtrength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch [6];
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your ſtable planks;
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in cheſts and trunks;
To hug with ſwine; to ſeek ſweet ſafety out
In vaults and priſons; and to thrill, and ſhake,
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking this voice an armed Engliſhman;—
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chaſtiſement?
No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And like an eagle o'er his aiery towers [7],
To ſouſe annoyance that comes near his neſt.—

[5] *This* unheard *ſawcineſs, and boyiſh troops,*] Thus the printed copies in general; but *unheard* is an epithet of very little force or meaning here; beſides, let us obſerve how it is coupled. Faulconbridge is ſneering at the Dauphin's invaſion, as an unadviſed enterprize, ſavouring of youth and indiſcretion; the reſult of childiſhneſs, and unthinking raſhneſs; and he ſeems altogether to dwell on this character of it, by calling his preparation *boyiſh troops*, *dwarfiſh war*, *pigmy arms*, &c. which, according to my emendation, ſort very well with *unhair'd*, i. e. *unbearded* ſawcineſs. THEOBALD.

Yet another reading might be recommended:

This unair'd *ſawcineſs*,———

i. e. *untravelled* rudeneſs. In this ſenſe the word is uſed in the *Queen of Corinth*, by B. and Fletcher:

"———'tis a main poſture,
"And to all *unair'd* gentlemen will betray you."

Again, in the *Winter's Tale*: "——though I have been, for the moſt part, *aired* abroad, I deſire to lay my bones, &c." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*take the hatch*;] To *take the hatch*, is to *leap the hatch*. To *take a hedge* or a *ditch* is the hunter's phraſe. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*like an eagle o'er his* aiery *towers*,] An *aiery* is the neſt of an eagle. So, in *K. Richard* III:

"Our *aiery* buildeth in the cedar's top." STEEVENS.

 And

And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:
For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gantlets change,
Their neelds to lances [8], and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lewis. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant, thou canst out-scold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Faulc. No, I will speak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither:—
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Faulc. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lewis. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

[8] *Their* needles *to lances*,——] Here we should read *neelds*, as in the *Midsummer Night's Dream:*
"Have with our *neelds* created both one flower."
Fairfax has the same contraction of the word. STEEVENS.

Faulc.

Faulc. And thou ſhalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A field of battle.

Alarums. Enter king John, and Hubert.

K. John. How goes the day with us? oh, tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear: How fares your majeſty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me ſo long,
Lies heavy on me; Oh, my heart is ſick!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My lord, your valiant kinſman, Faulconbridge,
Deſires your majeſty to leave the field;
And ſend him word by me, which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinſtead, to the abbey there.

Meſ. Be of good comfort; for the great ſupply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin ſands.
This news was brought to Richard [9] but even now:
The French fight coldly; and retire themſelves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.——
Set on toward Swinſtead: to my litter ſtraight;
Weakneſs poſſeſſeth me, and I am faint. *Exeunt.*

[9] ——*Richard*——] *Sir Richard Faulconbridge*;—and yet the king a little before (act III. ſc. ii.) calls him by his original name of *Philip.* STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

The French camp.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.
Pemb. Up once again; put spirit in the French;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.
Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spight of spight, alone upholds the day.
Pemb. They say, king John, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter Melun wounded, and led by soldiers.

Melun. Lead me to the revolts of England here.
Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.
Pemb. It is the count Melun.
Sal. Wounded to death.
Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;
[1] Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompence the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,

[1] Unthread *the rude* eye *of rebellion,*] Though all the copies concur in this reading, how poor is the metaphor of *unthreading* the *eye* of a *needle?* And besides, as there is no mention made of a needle, how remote and obscure is the allusion without it? The text, as I have restored it, is easy and natural; and it is the mode of expression which our author is every where fond of, to *tread* and *untread*, the *way*, *path*, *steps*, &c. THEOBALD.

The metaphor is certainly harsh, but I do not think the passage corrupted. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare elsewhere uses the same expression, *threading dark ey'd night.* STEEVENS.

Upon

Upon the altar at saint Edmund's-bury;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible! may this be true!

Melun. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life;
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax[2]
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false; since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night,—whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;
Paying the fine of[3] rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts

[2] ——— *even as a form of wax*] This is said in allusion to the images made by witches. Holinshed observes that it was alledged against dame Eleanor Cobham and her confederates, "that they had devised *an image of wax*, representing the king, which by their forcerie by little and little consumed, intending thereby in conclusion to waste and destroy the king's person." STEEVENS.

[3] ———*rated treachery*,] It were easy to change *rated* to *hated* for an easier meaning, but *rated* suits better with *fine*. The Dauphin has *rated* your treachery, and set upon it a *fine* which your lives must pay. JOHNSON.

In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee,—And beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-look'd,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.——
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye [4].—Away, my friends! New flight;
And [5] happy newness, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off Melun.*

SCENE V.

A different part of the French camp.

Enter Lewis, and his train.

Lewis. The sun of heaven, methought, was loth to set;
But staid, and made the western welkin blush,
When the English measur'd backward their own ground
In faint retire: Oh, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;

[4] *Right in thine eye.*——] This is the old reading. *Right* signifies *immediate.* It is now obsolete. Some of the modern editors read, *pight,* i. e. pitched as a tent is; others, *fight in thine eye.* STEEVENS.

[5] ——*happy newness,* &c.] Happy innovation, that purposed the restoration of the ancient rightful government. JOHNSON.

And

And wound our [6] tatter'd colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!—

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
Lewis. Here:—What news?
Mes. The count Melun is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fallen off:
And your supplies, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.
Lewis. Ah foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?
Mes. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.
Lewis. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

[6] —*tatter'd*——] For *tatter'd*, the folio reads *tottering.* JOHNSON.

It is remarkable through such old copies of our author as I have hitherto seen, that wherever the modern editors read *tatter'd*, the old editions give us *totter'd* in its room. Perhaps the present broad pronunciation, almost particular to the Scots, was at that time common to both nations.

So, in Marlow's *K. Edward* II. 1622:
"This *tottered* ensign of my ancestors."
Again:
"As doth this water from my *totter'd* robes."
So, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:
"I will not bid my ensign-bearer wave
"My *totter'd* colours in this worthless air." STEEVENS.
So, in the *Alarum for London*, 1602:
——lug'd and torn
"By lowzie *totter'd* rogues."
So, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, 1657:
"———— a tomb hung round
"With *totter'd* colours." MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead abbey.

Enter Faulconbridge, and Hubert, severally.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Faulc. A friend:—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Faulc. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may I not demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Falc. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
Who art thou?

Faulc. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! [7] thou, and eyeless night,
Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Faulc. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

[7] ——*thou, and* endless *night*,] We should read, *eyeless*. So, Pindar calls the moon, the *eye of night*. WARBURTON.

This epithet I find in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607:
"O *eyeless* night, the portraiture of death!"
Again, in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. v. fol. 102. b:
"The daie made ende, and *loste his sight*,
"And comen was the darke night,
"The whiche all the daies *eie blent*." STEEVENS.

Faulc.

Faulc. Brief, then; and what's the news?
Hub. O my ſweet ſir, news fitted to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortleſs, and horrible.
Faulc. Shew me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not ſwoon at it.
Hub. The king, I fear, is poiſon'd by a monk:
I left him almoſt ſpeechleſs, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the ſudden time,
Than if you had at leiſure known of this.
Faulc. How did he take it? who did taſte to him?
Hub. A monk, I tell you; a reſolved villain,
Whoſe bowels ſuddenly burſt out: the king
Yet ſpeaks, and, peradventure, may recover.
Faulc. Who didſt thou leave to tend his majeſty?
Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company;
At whoſe requeſt the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majeſty.
Faulc. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!—
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Paſſing theſe flats, are taken by the tide,
Theſe Lincoln waſhes have devoured them;
Myſelf, well-mounted, hardly have eſcap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The orchard in Swinſtead-abbey.

Enter prince Henry, Saliſbury, and Bigot.

Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which ſome ſuppoſe the ſoul's frail dwelling-houſe)
Doth,

Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pemb. His highneſs yet doth ſpeak; and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poiſon which aſſaileth him.

Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
Doth he ſtill rage?

Pemb. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he ſung.

Hen. O vanity of ſickneſs! fierce extremes,
In their continuance, will not feel themſelves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them: inviſible [8] his ſiege is now,
Againſt the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of ſtrange fantaſies;
Which, [9] in their throng and preſs to that laſt hold,
Confound themſelves. 'Tis ſtrange, that death ſhould ſing.—
I am the cygnet to this pale faint ſwan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, ſings
His ſoul and body to their laſting reſt.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To ſet a form upon that indigeſt
Which he hath left ſo ſhapeleſs and ſo rude.

King John brought in.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my ſoul hath elbow-room;

[8] *Leaves them: inviſible his ſiege is now,*
Againſt the mind,—]
Thus the old copy, except that it reads:—inviſible *and* &c. Modern editors read, without authority, *Leaves them* inſenſible:— STEEVENS.

[9] —*in their throng and preſs*—] In their tumult and hurry of reſorting to the laſt tenable part. JOHNSON.

It

It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare;—dead, forsook, cast off:
[1] And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw [2];
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor intreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

Hen. Oh, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt of them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

[1] This scene has been imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Wife for a Month*, act IV. STEEVENS.

[2] *To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;*] Deckar, in the *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609, has the same thought: "—the morning waxing cold, *thrust his frosty fingers* into thy bosome." STEEVENS.

There is so strong a resemblance not only in the thought, but in the expression, between these lines and a passage in Marlow's *Lust's Dominion*, that we may fairly suppose an imitation; but which of the two poets borrowed from the other, it is not easy to determine:

"Oh I am dull, and the cold hand of sleep
"*Hath thrust his icy fingers in my breast*,
"And made a frost within me."

Lust's Dominion, like many of the plays of that time, remained unpublished for a great number of years, and was first printed in 1657, by one Kirkman. MALONE.

Enter

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.
K. John. Oh cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt;
And all the shrowds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but 'till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.
Faulc. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward;
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him:
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The king dies.*
Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus.
Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay!
Faulc. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.——
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? Shew now your mended faiths;
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.
Sal. It seems, you know not then so much as we:
The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin;
And brings from him such offers of our peace

As

As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.
Faulc. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.
Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.
Faulc. Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.
Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.
Faulc. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.
Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.
Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.
Faulc. Oh, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lye at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true[3]. [*Exeunt omnes.*

[3] *If England to itself do rest but true.*] This sentiment is borrowed from the conclusion of the old spurious play:
"If England's peers and people join in one,
"Nor pope, nor France, nor Spain, can do them wrong."
STEEVENS.

The tragedy of *King John*, though not written with the utmost power of Shakespeare, is varied with a very pleasing interchange of incidents and characters. The lady's grief is very affecting; and the character of the bastard contains that mixture of greatness and levity which this author delighted to exhibit. JOHNSON.

There is extant another play of [illegible] Shakespeare has preserved the greatest part of the conduct of it, as well as some of the lines. A few of these I have pointed out in the notes, and others I have omi[illegible]d as undeserving notice. What most inclines me to believe it w[illegible] the work of some contemporary writer, is the number of quot[illegible]ions from Horace, and similar scraps of learning scattered over it. There is likewise a quantity of rhiming Latin, and ballad-metre, in a scene where the Bastard is represented as plundering a monastery; and some strokes of humour, which seem, from their particular turn, to have been most evidently produced by another hand than that of Shakespeare.

Of this historical drama there is said to have been an edition in 1591 for Sampson Clarke, but I have never seen it; and the copy in 1611, which is the oldest I could find, was printed for John Helme, whose name appears before no other of the pieces of Shakespeare. I admitted this play some years ago as our author's own, among the twenty which I published from the old editions; but a more careful perusal of it, and a further conviction of his custom of borrowing plots, sentiments, &c. disposes me to recede from that opinion. STEEVENS.

KING

KING RICHARD II.

Perſons Repreſented.

King Richard the Second.
Edmund of Langley, *duke of York*, } *uncles to the king.*
John of Gaunt, *duke of Lancaſter*, }
Henry, ſurnamed Bolingbroke, *duke of Hereford, afterwards king Henry the Fourth, ſon to John of Gaunt.*
Duke of Aumerle [1], *ſon to the duke of York.*
Mowbray, *duke of Norfolk.*
Duke of Surrey.
Earl of Saliſbury.
Earl Berkley [2].
Buſhy, }
Bagot, } *creatures to king Richard.*
Green, }
Earl of Northumberland.
Percy, *ſon to Northumberland.*
Lord Roſs [3].
Lord Willoughby.
Lord Fitzwater.
Biſhop of Carliſle.
Sir Stephen Scroop.
Lord Marſhal; and another lord.
Abbot of Weſtminſter.
Sir Pierce of Exton.
Captain of a band of Welchmen.

Queen to king Richard.
Dutcheſs of Gloſter.
Dutcheſs of York.
Ladies, attending on the Queen.

Heralds, two gardiners, keeper, meſſenger, groom and other attendants.

SCENE, *diſperſedly, in England and Wales.*

[1] *Duke of* Aumerle,——] *Aumerle*, or *Aumale*, is the French for what we now call *Albemarle*, which is a town in Normandy. The old hiſtorians generally uſe the French title. STEEVENS.

[2] Earl *Berkley*.] It ought to be *Lord* Berkley. There was no *Earl* Berkley 'till ſome ages after. STEEVENS.

[3] *Lord* Roſs.] Now ſpelt *Roos*, one of the duke of Rutland's titles. STEEVENS.

^4^ THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

KING RICHARD II.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The court.

Enter king Richard, John of Gaunt, with other nobles and attendants.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,

Hast

[4] *The Life and Death of King Richard II.*] But this history comprises little more than the two last years of this prince. The action of the drama begins with Bolingbroke's appealing the duke of Norfolk, on an accusation of high treason, which fell out in the year 1398; and it closes with the murder of king Richard at Pomfret-castle towards the end of the year 1400, or the beginning of the ensuing year. THEOBALD.

It is evident from a passage in *Camden's Annals*, that there was an old play on the subject of Richard the Second; but I know not in what language. Sir Gelley Merick, who was concerned in the hare-brained business of the earl of Essex, and was hanged for it, with the ingenious Cuffe, in 1601, is accused, amongst other things, "quod exoletam tragœdiam de tragicâ abdicatione regis Ricardi Secundi in publico theatro coram conjuratis datâ pecuniâ agi curasset."

I have since met with a passage in my lord Bacon, which proves this play to have been in English. It is in the arraignments of *Cuffe and Merick*, vol. IV. p. 412. of Mallet's edition: "The afternoon before the rebellion, Merick, with a great company of others, that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them the play of deposing king *Richard the Second*;

Haſt thou, according to thy oath and band [5],
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold ſon;
Here to make good the boiſterous late appeal,
Which then our leiſure would not let us hear,
Againſt the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, haſt thou ſounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good ſubject ſhould,
On ſome known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could ſift him on that argument,—
On ſome apparent danger ſeen in him,
Aim'd at your highneſs, no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our preſence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourſelves will hear
The accuſer, and the accuſed, freely ſpeak.—
High-ſtomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the ſea, haſty as fire.

cond;——when it was told him by one of the players, that the play was *old*, and they ſhould have leſs in playing it, becauſe few would come to it, there was forty ſhillings extraordinary given to play, and ſo thereupon played it was."

It may be worth enquiry, whether ſome of the *rhyming* parts of the preſent play, which Mr. Pope thought of a different hand, might not be borrowed from the old one. Certainly however, the general tendency of it muſt have been very different; ſince, as Dr. Johnſon obſerves, there are ſome expreſſions in this of Shakeſpeare, which ſtrongly inculcate the doctrine of *indefeaſible right*. FARMER.

This play of Shakeſpeare was firſt entered at Stationers' Hall by Andrew Wiſe, Aug. 29, 1597. STEEVENS.

5 ——*thy oath and band*,] When theſe public challenges were accepted, each combatant found a pledge for his appearance at the time and place appointed. So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. iv. c. 3. ſt. 3:

"The day was ſet, that all might underſtand,
"And *pledges* pawn'd the ſame to keep aright."

The old copies read *band* inſtead of *bond*. The former is right. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"My maſter is arreſted on a *band*." STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Bolingbroke and Mowbray.

Boling. Many years of happy days befal
My gracious ſovereign, my moſt loving liege!

Mowb. Each day ſtill better other's happineſs;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treaſon.—
Couſin of Hereford, what doſt thou object
Againſt the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. Firſt (heaven be the record to my ſpeech!)
In the devotion of a ſubject's love,
Tendering the precious ſafety of my prince,
And free from other miſbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely preſence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I ſpeak,
My body ſhall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine ſoul anſwer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor, and a miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and cryſtal is the ſky,
The uglier ſeem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name ſtuff I thy throat;
And wiſh, (ſo pleaſe my ſovereign) ere I move,
What my tongue ſpeaks, my [6] right-drawn ſword may prove.

Mowb. Let not my cold words here accuſe my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt us twain;

[6] ——*right-drawn*——] Drawn in a right or juſt cauſe. JOHNSON.

The blood is hot, that muſt be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſh'd, and nought at all to ſay:
Firſt, the fair reverence of your highneſs curbs me,
From giving reins and ſpurs to my free ſpeech;
Which elſe would poſt, until it had return'd
Theſe terms of treaſon doubled down his throat.
Setting aſide his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinſman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I ſpit at him;
Call him—a ſlanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground [7] inhabitable
Where ever Engliſhman durſt ſet his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, moſt falſely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Diſclaiming here the kindred of a king;
And lay aſide my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
If guilty dread hath left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then ſtoop;
By that, and all the rites of knighthood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee, arm to arm,
What I have ſpoke, or thou canſt worſe deviſe.

Mowb. I take it up; and, by that ſword I ſwear,
Which gently lay'd my knighthood on my ſhoulder,
I'll anſwer thee in any fair degree,

[7] ——*inhabitable,*] That is, *not habitable, uninhabitable.* JOHNSON.

Ben Jonſon uſes the word in the ſame ſenſe in his *Catiline:*
"And pour'd on ſome *inhabitable* place." STEEVENS.

So, in Brathwaite's *Survey of Hiſtories,* 1614: "Others, in imitation of ſome valiant knights, have frequented *deſarts and inhabited* provinces, echoing in every place their own vanities, engraſing their names on the barkes of trees." MALONE.

Or

Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And, when I mount, alive may I not light[8],
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great, that can inherit us[9]
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I said, my life shall prove it true;——
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers;
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
Besides I say, and will in battle prove,——
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries;
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me, for justice, and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

[8] *And when I mount*, alive *may I not light*,] The quartos 1608, and 1615, read:
And when I mount alive, alive *may I not light.* STEEVENS.

[9] ——*that can* inherit *us* &c.] To *inherit* is no more than to *possess*, though such a use of the word may be peculiar to Shakespeare. Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, act I. sc. ii:
" ——— such delight
" Among fresh female buds shall you this night
" *Inherit* at my house." STEEVENS.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Mowb. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
'Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
(As he is but my father's brother's son)
Now by [1] my scepter's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul:
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Disburs'd I to his highness' soldiers;
The other part reserv'd I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:
Now swallow down that lie.——For Gloster's
death,——
I slew him not; but, to mine own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,—
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul:
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it; and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault: As for the rest appeal'd,

[1] ——*my scepter's awe*——] The reverence due to my scepter.
JOHNSON.

It

It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor:
Which in myself I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this over-weening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom:
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
[2] This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision:
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.—
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age:—
Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

[2] *This we prescribe, though no physician;* &c.] I must make one remark, in general, on the *rhymes* throughout this whole play; they are so much inferior to the rest of the writing, that they appear to me of a different hand. What confirms this, is, that the context does every where exactly (and frequently much better) connect without the inserted rhymes, except in a very few places; and just there too, the rhyming verses are of a much better taste than all the others, which rather strengthens my conjecture. POPE.

"This observation of Mr. Pope's," says Mr. Edwards, "happens to be very unluckily placed here, because the context, without the inserted rhimes, will not *connect* at all. Read this passage as it would stand corrected by this rule, and we shall find, when the rhiming part of the dialogue is left out, king Richard begins with dissuading them from the duel, and, in the very next sentence, appoints the time and place of their combat."

Mr. Edwards's censure is rather hasty; for in the note, to which it refers, it is allowed that some rhimes must be retained to make out the connection. STEEVENS.

Gaunt. When, Harry[3]? when?
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there is no boot[4].

Mowb. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot:
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame;
The one, my duty owes; but[5] my fair name,
(Despight of death, that lives upon my grave)
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here[6];
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;
The

[3] *When, Harry?*——] This obsolete exclamation of impatience, is likewise found in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:
"Fly into Affrick; from the mountains there,
"Chuse me two venomous serpents: thou shalt know them
"By their fell poison and their fierce aspect.
"*When, Iris?*
"*Iris.* I am gone."
Again, in *Look about you*, 1600:
"——I'll cut off thy legs,
"If thou delay thy duty. *When*, proud John?"
STEEVENS.

[4] ——*no boot.*] That is, *no advantage*, *no use*, in delay or refusal. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*my fair name*, &c.] That is, *my name that lives on my grave in despight of death.* This easy passage most of the editors seem to have mistaken. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*and* baffled *here*;] *Baffled* in this place means treated with the greatest ignominy imaginable. So, Holinshed, vol. III. p. 827, and 1218, or annis 1513, and 1570, explains it: "*Bafulling*, says he, is a great disgrace among the Scots, and it is used when a man is openlie perjured, and then they make of him an image painted, reversed, with his heels upward, with his name, woondering, crieing, and blowing out of him with horns." Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. v. c. 3. st. 37; and b. vi. c. 7. st. 27. has the word in the same signification. TOLLET.

The same expression occurs again in *Twelfth Night*, sc. *ult.*
"Alas, poor fool! how have they *baffled* thee?"
Again, in *K. Hen.* IV. P. I. act I. sc. ii:
"——an I do not, call me villain, and *baffle* me."
Again,

The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poifon.

K. Rich. Rage muft be withftood:
Give me his gage:—Lions make leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea, but not change their fpots: take but my fhame,
And I refign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The pureft treafure mortal times afford,
Is—fpotlefs reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up cheft
Is—a bold fpirit in a loyal breaft.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Coufin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

Boling. Oh, heaven defend my foul from fuch foul fin!
Shall I feem creft-fallen in my father's fight?
[7] Or with pale beggar face impeach my height
Before this out-dar'd daftard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with fuch feeble wrong,
Or found fo bafe a parle, my teeth fhall tear
[8] The flavifh motive of recanting fear;

Again, in *The London Prodigal*, 1605: "——chil be *abaffelled* up and down the town, for a *meffel*." i.e. for a *beggar*, or rather a *leper*. STEEVENS.

[7] *Or with pale beggar face* —] i. e. with a face of fupplication. But this will not fatisfy the Oxford editor, he turns it to *baggard fear*. WARBURTON.

——beggar *fear* is the reading of the firft folio and one of the quartos. STEEVENS.

[8] *The flavifh motive* —] *Motive*, for inftrument.

WARBURTON.

Rather that which fear puts in motion. JOHNSON.

And

And ſpit it bleeding, in his high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.
[*Exit Gaunt.*

K. Rich. We were not born to ſue, but to command;
Which ſince we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives ſhall anſwer it,
At Coventry, upon ſaint Lambert's day;
There ſhall your ſwords and lances arbitrate
The ſwelling difference of your ſettled hate;
Since we cannot atone you, you ſhall ſee
Juſtice decide[9] the victor's chivalry.—
Lord marſhal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct theſe home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

The duke of Lancaſter's palace.

Enter Gaunt, and dutcheſs of Gloſter.

Gaunt. Alas! [1] the part I had [2] in Gloſter's blood
Doth more ſolicit me, than your exclaims,
To ſtir againſt the butchers of his life.
But, ſince correction lieth in thoſe hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who, when they ſee the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Dutch. Finds brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?

[9] *Juſtice* decide——], The old copies concur in reading—*Juſtice* deſign. Mr. Pope made the alteration, which may be unneceſſary. *Deſigno*, Lat. ſignifies *to mark out*, to point out: "Notat *deſignat*que oculis ad cædem unumquemque noſtrum." *Cicero in Catilinam.* STEEVENS.

[1] ——*the part I had*——] That is, my relation of conſanguinity to Gloſter. HANMER.

[2] ——*in Gloſter's blood*] The three elder quartos read:——*in* Woodſtock's *blood.* STEEVENS.

Edward's

Edward's feven fons, whereof thyfelf art one,
Were as feven phials of his facred blood,
Or feven fair branches, fpringing from one root:
Some of thofe feven are dry'd by nature's courfe,
Some of thofe branches by the deftinies cut:
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Glofter,—
One phial full[3] of Edward's facred blood,
One flourifhing branch of his moft royal root,—
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor fpilt;
Is hack'd down, and his fummer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That metal, that felf-mould, that fafhion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'ft, and breath'ft,
Yet art thou flain in him: thou doft confent
In fome large meafure to thy father's death,
In that thou feeft thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is defpair:
In fuffering thus thy brother to be flaughter'd,
Thou fhew'ft the naked path-way to thy life,
Teaching ftern murder how to butcher thee:
That which in mean men we entitle—patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breafts.
What fhall I fay? to fafeguard thine own life,
The beft way is—to 'venge my Glofter's death.

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel; for heaven's fubftitute,
His deputy anointed in his fight,

[3] *One phial* &c.] Though all the old copies concur in the prefent regulation of the following lines, I would rather read:

One phial full of Edward's facred blood
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor fpill'd;
One flourifhing branch of his moft royal root
Is hack'd down, and his fummer leaves all faded.

Some of the old copies in this inftance, as in many others, read *vaded*, a mode of fpelling practifed by feveral of our ancient writers. After all, I believe the tranfpofition to be needlefs.
STEEVENS.

Hath

Hath caus'd his death: the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.

Dutch. Where then, alas! may I complain myself[4]?

Gaunt. To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

Dutch. Why then, I will. Farewel, old Gaunt.
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
Or if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
[5] A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!
Farewel, old Gaunt; thy sometime brother's wife,
With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewel: I must to Coventry:
As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

Dutch. Yet one word more;—Grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun;
For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.

[4] ——*may I* complain *myself?*] To *complain* is commonly a verb neuter, but it is here used as a verb active. Dryden employs the word in the same sense in his Fables:

" Gaufride, who couldst so well in rhime *complain*.
" The death of Richard with an arrow slain." STEEVENS.

[5] *A caitiff recreant*——] *Caitiff* originally signified a *prisoner*; next *a slave*, from the condition of prisoners; then a *scoundrel*, from the qualities of a slave.

Ἥμισυ τῆς ἀρετῆς ἀποαίνυται δούλιον ἦμαρ.

In this passage it partakes of all these significations. JOHNSON.

I do not believe that *caitiff* in our language ever signified *a prisoner*. I take it to be derived, not from *captif*, but from *chetif*, Fr. poor, miserable. TYRWHITT.

Lo, this is all:—Nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—Oh, what?—
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walls[6],
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow, that dwells every where:
Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die;
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The lists, at Coventry.

Enter the lord Marshal and Aumerle.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?
Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.
Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.
Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing, but his majesty's approach. [*Flourish.*

The trumpets sound, and the king enters with Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, and others: when they are set, enter the duke of Norfolk in armour.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:

6 ——*unfurnish'd walls,*] In our ancient castles the naked stone walls were only covered with tapestry, or arras, hung upon tenter hooks, from which it was easily taken down on every removal of the family. See the Preface to the *Household Book of the Fifth Earl of Northumberland, begun in* 1512. STEEVENS.

Ask

Aſk him his name; and orderly proceed
To ſwear him in the juſtice of his cauſe.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, ſay who thou art, [*To Mowbray.*
And why thou com'ſt, thus knightly clad in arms;
Againſt what man thou com'ſt, and what thy quarrel:
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oath,
And ſo [7] defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

[8] *Mowb.* My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which, heaven defend, a knight ſhould violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and his ſucceeding iſſue [9],
Againſt the duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myſelf,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Trumpets ſound. Enter Bolingbroke, appellant, in armour.

K. Rich. Marſhal, aſk yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally according to our law

[7] And *ſo* ——] The old copies read: As *ſo* —— STEEVENS.

[8] *Mowbray.* ——] Mr. Edwards, in his MS. notes, obſerves, both from Matthew Paris and Holinſhed, that the duke of Hereford, appellant, entered the liſts firſt; and this indeed muſt have been the regular method of the combat; for the natural order of things requires, that the accuſer or challenger ſhould be at the place of appointment firſt. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*his ſucceeding iſſue,*] Such is the reading of the firſt folio; the later editions read *my* iſſue. Mowbray's iſſue, was by this accuſation, in danger of an attainder, and therefore he might come, among other reaſons, for their ſake: but the old reading is more juſt and grammatical. JOHNSON.

The three oldeſt quartos read *my*. STEEVENS.

De-

Depose him in the juſtice of his cauſe.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'ſt thou hither,
Before king Richard, in his royal liſts? [*To Boling.*
Againſt whom comeſt thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, ſo defend thee heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do ſtand in arms,
To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,
In liſts, on Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Mar. On pain of death, no perſon be ſo bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the liſts;
Except the marſhal, and ſuch officers
Appointed to direct theſe fair deſigns.

Boling. Lord marſhal, let me kiſs my ſovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majeſty:
For Mowbray, and myſelf, are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewel, of our ſeveral friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highneſs, [*To K. Rich.*
And craves to kiſs your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will deſcend and fold him in our arms.
Couſin of Hereford, as thy cauſe is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewel, my blood; which if to-day thou ſhed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. Oh, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's ſpear:
As confident, as is the faulcon's flight
Againſt a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.——
My loving lord, I take my leave of you;—
Of you, my noble couſin, lord Aumerle;—

Not ſick, although I have to do with death;
But luſty, young, and chearly drawing breath.——
Lo, as at Engliſh feaſts, ſo I regreet
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweet:
Oh thou, the earthly author of my blood,—
[*To Gaunt.*
Whoſe youthful ſpirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy bleſſings ſteel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat [1],
And furbiſh [2] new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the luſty 'haviour of his ſon.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cauſe make thee proſperous!
Be ſwift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the caſque
Of thy adverſe pernicious enemy:
Rouze up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocency, and ſaint George to thrive!

Mowb. However heaven, or fortune, caſt my lot,
There lives, or dies, true to king Richard's throne,
A loyal, juſt, and upright gentleman:
Never did captive with a freer heart
Caſt off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroul'd enfranchiſement,

[1] ——waxen *coat,*] *Waxen* may mean either *ſoft*, and conſequently *penetrable*, or *flexible*. The brigandines or coats of mail, then in uſe, were compoſed of ſmall pieces of ſteel quilted over one another, and yet ſo flexible as to accommodate the dreſs they form, to every motion of the body. Of theſe many are to be ſeen in the Tower of London. STEEVENS.

[2] *And* furbiſh——] Thus the quarto 1615. The folio reads: ——*furniſh.* Either word will do, as to *furniſh* in the time of Shakeſpeare ſignified to *dreſs*. So, twice in *As you like it:*—"*furniſhed* like a huntſman." "——*furniſhed* like a beggar." STEEVENS.

More

More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle [3] with mine adversary.—
Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle, and as jocund, as to jest [4],
Go I to fight; Truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewel, my lord: securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.——
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and heaven defend the right!

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance to Thomas duke of Norfolk.

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,

[3] *This feast of battle*——] "War is death's *feast*," is a proverbial saying. See Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

[4] *As gentle and as jocund, as to* jest,] Not so neither. We should read, to *just*; i. e. to tilt or tourney, which was a kind of sport too. WARBURTON.

The sense would perhaps have been better if the author had written what his commentator substitutes; but the rhyme, to which sense is too often enslaved, obliged Shakespeare to write *jest*, and obliges us to read it. JOHNSON.

The commentators forget that *to jest* sometimes signifies in old language *to play a part in a mask*. Thus, in *Hieronymo*:

"He promised us in honour of our guest,
"To grace our banquet with some pompous *jest*."

and accordingly a mask is performed. FARMER.

Mr. Farmer has well explained the force of this word. So, in the third part of *K. Henry* VI:

"————as if the tragedy
"Were play'd in *jest* by counterfeited actors." TOLLET.

On pain to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelf, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,
To God, his ſovereign, and to him, diſloyal;
Courageouſly, and with a free deſire,
Attending but the ſignal to begin. [*A charge ſounded.*

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and ſet forward, combatants.
Stay, the king has thrown his warder down [5].

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets, and their ſpears,
And both return back to their chairs again:——
Withdraw with us;—and let the trumpets ſound,
While we return theſe dukes what we decree.—
[*A long flouriſh; after which, the king ſpeaks to the combatants.*
Draw near,
And liſt, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth ſhould not be ſoil'd
With that dear blood which it hath foſtered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aſpect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour's ſwords;
[[6] And for we think, the eagle-winged pride
Of ſky-aſpiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, ſet you on
To wake our peace [7], which in our country's cradle
Draws

[5] ——*hath thrown his* warder *down.*] A *warder* appears to have been a kind of truncheon carried by the perſon who preſided at theſe ſingle combats. So, in Daniel's *Civil Wars* &c. b. i:

"When lo, the king ſuddenly chang'd his mind
"Caſts down his *warder* to arreſt them there." STEEVENS.

[6] *And for we think, the eagle-winged pride* &c.] Theſe five verſes are omitted in the other editions, and reſtored from the firſt of 1598. POPE.

[7] *To wake our peace,*——
Which thus rouz'd up——
Might fright fair peace,]
Thus the ſentence ſtands in the common reading, abſurdly enough;

Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;]
Which so rouz'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
And harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood,—

enough; which made the Oxford editor, instead of *fright fair peace*, read, *be affrighted*; as if these latter words could ever, possibly, have been blundered into the former by transcribers. But his business is to alter as his fancy leads him, not to reform errors, as the text and rules of criticism direct. In a word then, the true original of the blunder was this; the editors before Mr. Pope had taken their editions from the folios, in which the text stood thus:

——— ———*the dire aspect*
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour swords;
Which thus rouz'd up——— ———
——— ———*fright fair peace.*

This is sense. But Mr. Pope, who carefully examined the first printed plays in quarto (very much to the advantage of his edition) coming to this place, found five lines, in the first edition of this play printed in 1598, omitted in the first general collection of the poet's works; and, not enough attending to their agreement with the common text, put them into their place. Whereas, in truth, the five lines were omitted by Shakespeare himself, as not agreeing to the rest of the context; which, on revise, he thought fit to alter. On this account I have put them into hooks, not as spurious, but as rejected on the author's revise; and, indeed, with great judgment; for,

To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep,

as pretty as it is in the image, is absurd in the sense: for peace awake is still peace, as well as when asleep. The difference is, that peace asleep gives one the notion of a happy people sunk in sloth and luxury, which is not the idea the speaker would raise, and from which state the sooner it was awaked the better. WARBURTON.

To this note, written with such an appearance of taste and judgment, I am afraid every reader will not subscribe. It is true, that *peace awake is still peace, as well as when asleep*; but peace awakened by the tumults of these jarring nobles, and peace indulging in profound tranquillity, convey images sufficiently opposed to each other for the poet's purpose. *To wake peace* is *to introduce discord. Peace asleep*, is peace exerting its natural influence, from which it would be frighted by the clamours of war. STEEVENS.

Therefore, we banish you our territories.——
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,
'Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done: This must my comfort be,——
That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The fly-slow hours [8] shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile;—
The hopeless word of—never to return,
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Mowb. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim [9]
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hand.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engoal'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth, and lips;

[8] *The fly-slow hours*——] The old copies read: *The fly slow hours.* Mr. Pope made the change; whether it was necessary or not, let the poetical reader determine. STEEVENS.

[9] *A dearer merit, not so deep a maim*
Have I deserved——]
To *deserve a merit* is a phrase of which I know not any example. I wish some copy would exhibit:

A dearer mede, *and not so deep a maim.*

To deserve a mede or reward, is regular and easy. JOHNSON.

And

And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate[1];
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

Mowb. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,
[2] (Our part therein we banish with yourselves)
To keep the oath that we administer:—
You never shall, (so help you truth and heaven!)
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor ever look upon each other's face;
Nor ever write, regreet, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advised purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Mowb. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. [3] Norfolk,—so far as to mine enemy;—
By

[1] ——*compassionate*;] for *plaintive*. WARBURTON.

[2] *(Our part* &c.] It is a question much debated amongst the writers of the law of nations, whether a banish'd man may be still tied in allegiance to the state which sent him into exile. Tully and lord chancellor Clarendon declare for the affirmative: Hobbes and Puffendorf hold the negative. Our author, by this line, seems to be of the same opinion. WARBURTON.

[3] *Norfolk—so far,* &c.] I do not clearly see what is the sense of this abrupt line; but suppose the meaning to be this. Hereford immediately after his oath of perpetual enmity addresses Norfolk, and, fearing some misconstruction, turns to the king and says

By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulcher of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly this realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.

Mowb. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence!
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
Farewel, my liege:—Now no way can I stray;
Save back to England, all the world's my way [4].

[*Exit.*

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away;—Six frozen winters spent,

[*To Boling.*

Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word; Such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,

says—*so far as to mine enemy*—that is, *I should say nothing to him but what enemies may say to each other.*

Reviewing this passage, I rather think it should be understood thus. *Norfolk, so far* I have addressed myself to thee *as to mine enemy*, I now utter my last words with kindness and tenderness, *Confess thy treasons.* JOHNSON.

All the old copies read so *fare.* STEEVENS.

——*so fare, as to mine enemy*;—] i. e. he only wishes him to *fare* like his enemy, and he disdains to say *fare* well as Aumerle does in the next scene. TOLLET.

[4] —— *all the world's my way.*] Perhaps Milton had this in his mind when he wrote these lines:

" The world was all before them, where to chuse
" Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

JOHNSON.

He

He ſhortens four years of my ſon's exile:
But little vantage ſhall I reap thereby;
For, ere the ſix years, that he hath to ſpend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dry'd lamp, and time-bewaſted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endleſs night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me ſee my ſon.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou haſt many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou can'ſt give:
Shorten my days thou canſt with ſullen ſorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow [5]:
Thou canſt help time to furrow me with age,
But ſtop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death;
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy ſon is baniſh'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;
Why at our juſtice ſeem'ſt thou then to lour?

Gaunt. Things ſweet to taſte, prove in digeſtion ſour.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father:—
O, had it been a ſtranger [6], not my child,
To ſmooth his fault I would have been more mild:
Alas, I look'd, when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict, to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Againſt my will, to do myſelf this wrong:
A partial ſlander [7] ſought I to avoid,
And in the ſentence my own life deſtroy'd.

K. Rich.

[5] *And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:*] It is matter of very melancholy conſideration, that all human advantages confer more power of doing evil than good. JOHNSON.

[6] *O, had it been a ſtranger,*——] This couplet is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

[7] *A partial ſlander*——] That is, the *reproach* of *partiality*. This

K. Rich. Couſin, farewel:—and, uncle, bid him ſo;
Six years we baniſh him, and he ſhall go. [*Flouriſh.*
[*Exit.*

Aum. Couſin, farewel: what preſence muſt not know,
From where you do remain, let paper ſhow.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your ſide.

Gaunt. Oh, to what purpoſe doſt thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'ſt no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office ſhould be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy abſence for a time.

Boling. Joy abſent, grief is preſent for that time.

Gaunt. What is ſix winters? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'ſt for pleaſure.

Boling. My heart will ſigh, when I miſcall it ſo,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The ſullen paſſage of thy weary ſteps
Eſteem a foil, wherein thou art to ſet
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

[8] *Boling.* Nay, rather, every tedious ſtride I make

This is a juſt picture of the ſtruggle between principle and affection. JOHNSON.

This couplet, which is wanting in the folio edition, is arbitrarily placed by the modern editors at the concluſion of Gaunt's ſpeech. In the three oldeſt quartos it follows the fifth line of it. In the fourth quarto, which ſeems copied from the folio, the paſſage is omitted. STEEVENS.

[8] Boling. *Nay, rather, every tedious ſtride I make*] This, and the ſix verſes which follow, I have ventured to ſupply from the old quarto. The alluſion, it is true, to an *apprenticehood*, and becoming a *journeyman*, is not in the ſublime taſte; nor, as Horace has expreſſed it, "*ſpirat tragicum ſatis*:" however, as there is no doubt of the paſſage being genuine, the lines are not ſo deſpicable as to deſerve being quite loſt. THEOBALD.

Will

Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,
But that I was a journeyman to grief [9]?

Gaunt. [1] All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not, the king did banish thee;
But thou the king: Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not—the king exil'd thee: or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st:
Suppose the singing birds, musicians;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strow'd;
The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more,
Than a delightful measure or a dance:

[9] ——*journeyman to grief?*] I am afraid our author in this place designed a very poor quibble, as *journey* signifies both *travel* and a *day's work*. However, he is not to be censured for what he himself rejected. JOHNSON.

The quarto, in which these lines are found, is said in its title-page to have been corrected by the author; and the play is indeed more accurately printed than most of the other single copies. There is now however no certain method of knowing by whom the rejection was made. STEEVENS.

[1] *All places that the eye of heaven visits,* &c.] The fourteen verses that follow are found in the first edition. POPE.

I am inclined to believe, that what Mr. Theobald and Mr. Pope have restored were expunged in the revision by the author: if these lines are omitted, the sense is more coherent. Nothing is more frequent among dramatic writers, than to shorten their dialogues for the stage. JOHNSON.

For

For gnarling ſorrow hath leſs power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and ſets it light.

Boling. [2] Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the froſty Caucaſus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in December ſnow,
By thinking on fantaſtic ſummer's heat?
Oh, no! the apprehenſion of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worſe:
Fell ſorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the ſore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my ſon, I'll bring thee on thy way:
Had I thy youth, and cauſe, I would not ſtay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewel; ſweet ſoil, adieu;
My mother, and my nurſe, that bears me yet!
Where-e'er I wander, boaſt of this I can,——
Though baniſh'd, yet a true-born Engliſhman [3]. [*Exeunt.*

[2] *Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand, &c.*] It has been remarked, that there is a paſſage reſembling this in *Tully's Fifth Book of Tuſculan Queſtions.* Speaking of Epicurus, he ſays:—— "Sed unâ ſe dicit recordatione acquieſcere præteritarum voluptatum: ut ſi quis æſtuans, cum vim caloris non facile patiatur, recordari velit ſe aliquando in Arpinati noſtro gelidis fluminibus circumfuſum fuiſſe. Non enim video, quomodo ſedare poſſint mala præſentia præteritæ voluptates" The *Tuſculan Queſtions of Cicero* had been tranſlated early enough for Shakeſpeare to have ſeen them. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*yet a true-born Engliſhman.*] Here the firſt act ought to end, that between the firſt and ſecond acts there may be time for John of Gaunt to accompany his ſon, return, and fall ſick. Then the firſt ſcene of the ſecond act begins with a natural converſation, interrupted by a meſſage from John of Gaunt, by which the king is called to viſit him, which viſit is paid in the following ſcene. As the play is now divided, more time paſſes between the two laſt ſcenes of the firſt act, than between the firſt act and the ſecond. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The court.

Enter king Richard, and Bagot, &c. at one door, and the lord Aumerle at the other.

K. Rich. We did obſerve.—Couſin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?
Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him ſo,
But to the next high-way, and there I left him.
K. Rich. And, ſay, what ſtore of parting tears were ſhed?
Aum. 'Faith, none by me: except the north-eaſt wind,
Which then blew bitterly againſt our faces,
Awak'd the ſleepy rheum; and ſo, by chance,
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.
K. Rich. What ſaid our couſin, when you parted with him?
Aum. Farewel:
And for my heart diſdained that my tongue
Should ſo prophane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppreſſion of ſuch grief,
That words ſeem'd buried in my ſorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word farewel have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his ſhort baniſhment,
He ſhould have had a volume of farewels;
But, ſince it would not, he had none of me.
K. Rich. He is our couſin, couſin; but 'tis doubt,
When time ſhall call him home from baniſhment,
Whether our kinſman come to ſee his friends.
Ourſelf, and Buſhy, Bagot here, and Green,
Obſerv'd his courtſhip to the common people:—
How he did ſeem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courteſy;
What reverence he did throw away on ſlaves;

Wooing

Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere, to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of dray-men bid—God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends*;—
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland;—
Expedient [4] manage must be made, my liege;
Ere further leisure yield them further means,
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war.
And, for our coffers—with too great a court,
And liberal largess,—are grown somewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand: If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Bushy.

K. Rich. Bushy, what news?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord;
Suddenly taken; and hath sent post-haste,
To intreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely-house.

K. Rich. Now put it, heaven, in his physician's mind,

[4] *Expedient*——] Is *expeditious*. STEEVENS.

To

To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.——
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray heaven, we may make haste, and come too late[5]!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

London.

A room in Ely-house.

Gaunt brought in, sick: with the duke of York.

Gaunt. Will the king come? that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstay'd youth.
York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.
Gaunt. Oh, but, they say, the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention, like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He, that no more must say, is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before:
The setting sun, and music at the close[6],

[5] Here the three elder quartos add—*Amen.* STEEVENS.

[6] —— *at the* close,] This I suppose to be a musical term. So, in *Lingua*, 1607:
"I dare engage my ears, the *close* will jar." STEEVENS.

As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past:
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stop'd with other flattering sounds,
As, praises of his state: then, there are found
Lascivious meeters [7]; to whose venom'd sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen:
Report of fashions in proud Italy [8];
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard [9].
Direct not him, whose way himself will chuse [1];
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd;
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:—
His [2] rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves:
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;

[7] *Lascivious* meeters;——] I believe we should read *metres* for *verses*. Thus the folio spells the word *metre* in the first part of *K. Henry* IV:

"——one of these same *meeter* ballad-mongers."

Venom'd sound agrees well with *lascivious ditties*; but not so commodiously with *one who meets another*; in which sense the word appears to have been generally received. STEEVENS.

[8] *Report of fashions in proud Italy*;] Our author, who gives to all nations the customs of England, and to all ages the manners of his own, has charged the times of Richard with a folly not perhaps known then, but very frequent in Shakespeare's time, and much lamented by the wisest and best of our ancestors. JOHNSON.

[9] *Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.*] Where the will rebels against the notices of the understanding. JOHNSON.

[1] ———*whose way himself will chuse*;] Do not attempt to *guide him who*, whatever thou shalt say, *will take his own course*. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*rash*——] That is, *hasty, violent*. JOHNSON.

He

He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choak the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demy paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection [3], and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands [4];
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
[5] Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth,
Re-

[3] *Against infection,*——] I once suspected that for *infection* we might read *invasion*; but the copies all agree, and I suppose Shakespeare meant to say, that islanders are secured by their situation both from *war* and *pestilence*. JOHNSON.

Against infection, *and the hand of war*;]
In Allot's *England's Parnassus*, 1600, this passage is quoted. "Against *infestion*, &c." perhaps the word might be *infestion*, if such a word was in use. FARMER.

[4] —*less happier lands*;] So read all the editions, except Hanmer's, which has *less happy*. I believe Shakespeare, from the habit of saying *more happier* according to the custom of his time, inadvertently writ *less happier*. JOHNSON.

[5] *Fear'd* for *their breed, and famous* by *their birth,*] The first edition in quarto, 1598, reads:

Fear'd by *their breed, and famous* for *their birth.*

The second quarto, in 1615:

Fear'd by *their breed, and famous* by *their birth.*

The first folio, though printed from the second quarto, reads as the first. The particles in this author seem often to have been printed by chance. Perhaps the passage, which appears a little disordered, may be regulated thus:

——————*royal kings,*
Fear'd for their breed, and famous for their birth,
For Christian service, and true chivalry;

 Re-

Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service, and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son;
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds [6];
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself:
Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter King Richard, Queen, Aumerle, Bushy, Green, Bagot, Ross, and Willoughby.

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is't with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. Oh, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:

Renowned for their deeds as far from home
As is the sepulchre. JOHNSON.

The first folio could not have been printed from the second quarto, on account of many variations as well as omissions. The quarto 1608 has the same reading with that immediately preceding it. STEEVENS.

6 ——— *rotten parchment bonds;*] Alluding to the great sums raised by loans and other exactions, in this reign, upon the English subjects. GRAY.

The

The pleaſure, that ſome fathers feed upon,
Is my ſtrict faſt, I mean—my children's looks;
And, therein faſting, thou haſt made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whoſe hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can ſick men play ſo nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, miſery makes ſport to mock itſelf:
Since thou doſt ſeek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with thoſe that live?

Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter thoſe that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, ſay'ſt—thou flatter'ſt me.

Gaunt. Oh! no; thou dy'ſt, though I the ſicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, I ſee thee ill.

Gaunt. Now, He that made me, knows I ſee thee ill;
Ill in myſelf to ſee, and in thee ſeeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no leſſer than the land,
Wherein thou lieſt in reputation ſick;
And thou, too careleſs patient as thou art,
Giv'ſt thy anointed body to the cure
Of thoſe phyſicians that firſt wounded thee:
A thouſand flatterers ſit within thy crown,
Whoſe compaſs is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incaged in ſo ſmall a verge,
The waſte is no whit leſſer than thy land.
Oh, had thy grandſire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his ſon's ſon ſhould deſtroy his ſons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy ſhame;
Depoſing thee before thou wert poſſeſs'd,
Who art poſſeſs'd now to depoſe thyſelf.
Why, couſin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a ſhame, to let this land by leaſe:
But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than ſhame, to ſhame it ſo?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king:

[7] Thy ſtate of law is bond-ſlave to the law;
And——

K. Rich. —Thou, a lunatic lean-witted fool,
Preſuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'ſt with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek; chaſing the royal blood,
With fury, from his native reſidence.
Now by my ſeat's right royal majeſty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's ſon,
This tongue, that runs ſo roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend ſhoulders.

Gaunt. Oh, ſpare me not, my brother Edward's ſon,
For that I was his father Edward's ſon;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Haſt thou tap'd out, and drunkenly carows'd:
My brother Gloſter, plain well-meaning ſoul,
(Whom fair befal in heaven 'mongſt happy ſouls!)
May be a precedent and witneſs good,
That thou reſpect'ſt not ſpilling Edward's blood:
Join with the preſent ſickneſs that I have;

[7] *Thy ſtate of law is bond-ſlave to the law;*] *State of law*, i. e. *legal ſov'reignty*. But the Oxford editor alters it to *ſtate o'er law*, i. e. *abſolute ſov'reignty*. A doctrine, which, if our poet ever learnt at all, he learnt not in the reign when this play was written, queen Elizabeth's, but in the reign after it, king James's. By *bond-ſlave to the law*, the poet means his being inſlaved to his *favourite* ſubjects. WARBURTON.

This ſentiment, whatever it be, is obſcurely expreſſed. I underſtand it differently from the learned commentator, being perhaps not quite ſo zealous for Shakeſpeare's political reputation. The reaſoning of Gaunt, I think, is this: *By ſetting the royalties to farm thou haſt reduced thyſelf to a ſtate below ſovereignty, thou art now no longer king but landlord of England, ſubject to the ſame reſtraint and limitations as other landlords; by making thy condition a ſtate of law, a condition upon which the common rules of law can operate*, thou art become a bond-ſlave to the law; *thou haſt made thyſelf amenable to laws from which thou wert originally exempt.*

Whether this interpretation be true or no, it is plain that Dr. Warburton's explanation of *bond-ſlave to the law*, is not true.

JOHNSON.

[8] And thy unkindneſs be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
Live in thy ſhame, but die not ſhame with thee!
Theſe words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:—
[9] Love they to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out.*

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and ſullens have;
For both haſt thou, and both become the grave.

York. 'Beſeech your majeſty, impute his words
To wayward ſickleneſs and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

[8] *And thy unkindneſs be like* crooked *age,*
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.]
Thus ſtand theſe lines in all the copies, but I think there is an error. Why ſhould Gaunt, already *old*, call on any thing *like age* to end him? How can age be ſaid to *crop at once?* How is the idea of *crookedneſs* connected with that of *cropping?* I ſuppoſe the poet dictated thus:

And thy unkindneſs be time's *crooked* edge
To crop at once——

That is, *let thy unkindneſs* be time's ſcythe *to crop.*

Edge was eaſily confounded by the ear with *age*, and one miſtake once admitted made way for another. JOHNSON.

Shakeſpeare, I believe, took this idea from the figure of Time, who was repreſented as carrying a *ſickle* as well as a *ſcythe.* A *ſickle* was anciently called a *crook*, and ſometimes, as in the following inſtances, *crooked* may mean armed with a *crook.* So, in the 100th ſonnet of Shakeſpeare:

"Give me, my love, fame, faſter than time waſtes life,
"So thou prevent'ſt his ſcythe and *crooked knife.*"

Again, in the 119th:

"Love's not Time's fool, though roſy lips and cheeks
"Within his *bending ſickle's* compaſs come."

It may be mentioned, however, that *crooked* is an epithet beſtowed on age in the *Tragedy of Locrine*, 1595:—

"Now yield to death o'erlaid by *crooked age.*"

Locrine has been attributed to Shakeſpeare; and in this paſſage quoted from it, no alluſion to a *ſcythe* can be ſuppoſed. Our poet's expreſſions are ſometimes abortive. STEEVENS.

[9] *Love they*——] That is, *let them love.* JOHNSON.

K. Rich. Right; you ſay true: as Hereford's love, ſo his;
As theirs, ſo mine; and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majeſty.
K. Rich. What ſays he?
North. Nay, nothing; all is ſaid:
His tongue is now a ſtringleſs inſtrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaſter hath ſpent.
York. Be York the next that muſt be bankrupt ſo!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.
K. Rich. The ripeſt fruit firſt falls, and ſo doth he;
His time is ſpent, our pilgrimage muſt be:
So much for that.——Now for our Iriſh wars:
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough rug-headed kerns;
Which live like venom, where no venom elſe[1],
But only they, hath privilege to live.
And, for theſe great affairs do aſk ſome charge,—
Towards our aſſiſtance, we do ſeize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did ſtand poſſeſs'd.
York. How long ſhall I be patient? Oh, how long
Shall tender duty make me ſuffer wrong?
Not Gloſter's death, nor Hereford's baniſhment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
[2] Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About

[1] ——*where no venom elſe,*] This alludes to a tradition that St. Patrick freed the kingdom of Ireland from venomous reptiles of every kind. So, in Dekker's *Honeſt Whore*, P. II. 1630:
"————that Iriſh Judas,
"Bred in a country where *no venom* proſpers,
"But in his [illegible]."
Again, in *Fuimus Troes*, 1603:
"As Iriſh earth doth *poiſon poiſonous* beaſts." STEEVENS.

[2] *Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage,* &c.]
When the duke of Hereford, after his baniſhment, went into France,

About his marriage, nor my own diſgrace,
Have ever made me ſour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my ſovereign's face.—
I am the laſt of noble Edward's ſons,
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was firſt;
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman:
His face thou haſt, for even ſo look'd he,
Accompliſh'd with the number of thy hours;
But, when he frown'd, it was againſt the French,
And not againſt his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did ſpend, and ſpent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
Oh, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or elſe he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O, my liege,
Pardon me, if you pleaſe; if not, I pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to ſeize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of baniſh'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt juſt? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deſerve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deſerving ſon?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters, and his cuſtomary rights;
Let not to-morrow then enſue to-day;
Be not thyſelf, for how art thou a king,
But by fair ſequence and ſucceſſion?
Now, afore God (God forbid, I ſay true!)

France, he was honourably entertained at that court, and would have obtained in marriage the only daughter of the duke of Berry, uncle to the French king, had not Richard prevented the match. STEEVENS.

If you do wrongfully ſeize Hereford's rights,
Call in his letters patents that he hath
By his attornies-general to ſue
His livery, and [3] deny his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thouſand dangers on your head,
You loſe a thouſand well-diſpoſed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to thoſe thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will; we ſeize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be, by the while: My liege, farewel:
What will enſue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courſes may be underſtood,
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Go, Buſhy, to the earl of Wiltſhire ſtraight;
Bid him repair to us to Ely-houſe,
To ſee this buſineſs: To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;
And we create, in abſence of ourſelf,
Our uncle York lord-governor of England,
For he is juſt, and always lov'd us well.—
Come on, our queen: to-morrow muſt we part;
Be merry, for our time of ſtay is ſhort. [*Flouriſh.*
[*Exeunt king, queen, &c.*

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaſter is dead.

Roſs. And living too; for now his ſon is duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if juſtice had her right.

Roſs. My heart is great; but it muſt break with ſilence,
Ere't be diſburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, ſpeak thy mind; and let him ne'er ſpeak more,
That ſpeaks thy words again, to do thee harm!

[3] —*deny his offer'd homage,*] That is, *refuſe* to admit the *homage*, by which he is to hold his lands. JOHNSON.

Willo.

Willo. Tends that thou'dſt ſpeak, to the duke of Hereford?
If it be ſo, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear, to hear of good towards him.

Roſs. No good at all, that I can do for him;
Unleſs you call it good, to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore heaven, 'tis ſhame, ſuch wrongs are borne,
In him a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himſelf, but baſely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainſt any of us all,
That will the king ſeverely proſecute
'Gainſt us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Roſs. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And quite loſt their hearts: the nobles he hath fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite loſt their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are deviſ'd;
As—blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

North. War hath not waſted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But baſely yielded upon compromiſe
That which his anceſtors atchiev'd with blows:
More hath he ſpent in peace, than they in wars.

Roſs. The earl of Wiltſhire hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach, and diſſolution, hangeth over him.

Roſs. He hath not money for theſe Iriſh wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithſtanding,
But by the robbing of the baniſh'd duke.

North. His noble kinſman:—Moſt degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempeſt ſing,

Yet

Yet ſeek no ſhelter to avoid the ſtorm:
We ſee the wind ſit ſore upon our ſails,
[4] And yet we ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.
Roſs. We ſee the very wreck that we muſt ſuffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For ſuffering ſo the cauſes of our wreck.
North. Not ſo; even through the hollow eyes of death,
I ſpy life peering: but I dare not ſay,
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
Willo. Nay, let us ſhare thy thoughts, as thou doſt ours.
Roſs. Be confident to ſpeak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyſelf; and, ſpeaking ſo,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.
North. Then thus:—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Britany, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,
That late broke from the duke of Exeter[5];

His

[4] *And yet we* ſtrike *not*, &c.] To *ſtrike* the *ſails*, is, to *contract* them when there is too much wind. JOHNSON.

[5] —— *duke of Exeter*;] I ſuſpect that ſome of theſe lines are tranſpoſed, as well as that the poet had made a blunder in his enumeration of perſons. No copy that I have ſeen, will authorize me to make an alteration, though, according to Holinſhed, whom Shakeſpeare followed in great meaſure, more than one is neceſſary.

All the perſons enumerated in Holinſhed's account of thoſe embark'd with Bolingbroke, are here mentioned with great exactneſs, except "Thomas Arundell, ſonne and heire to the late earle of Arundell, beheaded at the Tower-hill." See Holinſhed. And yet this nobleman, who appears to have been thus omitted by the poet, is the perſon to whom alone that circumſtance relates of having *broke from the duke of Exeter*, and to whom alone, of all mentioned in the liſt, the archbiſhop was related, he being *uncle* to the young lord, though Shakeſpeare by miſtake calls him his *brother*. See Holinſhed, p. 496.

From theſe circumſtances here taken notice of, which are applicable only to this lord in particular, and from the improbability that Shakeſpeare would omit ſo principal a perſonage in his hiſtorian's

His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury [6],
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis
Quoint,——
All these, well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out [7] our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurg:
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

rian's list, I think it can scarce be doubted but that a line is lost in which the name of this Thomas Arundel had originally a place.
STEEVENS.

[6] ——*archbishop* late *of Canterbury*,] Thomas Arundel, archbishop of Canterbury, brother to the earl of Arundel who was beheaded in this reign, had been banished by the Parliament, and was afterwards deprived by the pope of his see, at the request of the king; whence he is here called, *late* of Canterbury.
STEEVENS.

[7] *Imp out*——] As this expression frequently occurs in our author, it may not be amiss to explain the original meaning of it. When the wing-feathers of a hawk were dropped, or forced out by any accident, it was usual to supply as many as were deficient. This operation was called, *to imp a hawk*.

So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:
"His plumes only *imp* the muse's wings."
So, in *Albumazar*, 1615:
"——when we desire
"Time's haste, he seems to lose a match with lobsters;
"And when we wish him stay, he *imps his wings*
"With feathers plum'd with thought."
Turbervile has a whole chapter on *The Way and Manner howe to* ympe *a Hawke's Feather, how-soever it be broken or broosed.*
STEEVENS.

Ross

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The court.

Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bagot.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is much too sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness [8],
And entertain a chearful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did; to please myself,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewel to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard: Yet again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming toward me; and my inward soul
[9] With nothing trembles: at something it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,

[8] —life-harming *heaviness*,] Thus the quarto, 1599. The quartos 1608, and 1615—*halfe*-harming; the folio—*self*-harming. STEEVENS.

[9] *With* nothing *trembles*; *yet at something grieves*,] The following line requires that this should be read just the contrary way:
With something *trembles*, *yet at* nothing *grieves*. WARBURTON.

All the old editions read:
————*my inward soul*
With nothing trembles: at something it grieves.

The reading, which Dr. Warburton corrects, is itself an innovation. His conjectures give indeed a better sense than that of any copy, but copies must not be needlessly forsaken. JOHNSON.

I suppose it is the *unborn sorrow* which she calls *nothing*, because it is not yet brought into existence. STEEVENS.

Which

Which shew like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
[1] Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Shew nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not; more's not
seen:
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me, it is otherwise: Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,

[1] *Like perspectives, which,* rightly *gaz'd upon,*
Shew nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form: ——]
This is a fine similitude, and the thing meant is this; amongst *mathematical* recreations, there is one in *optics*, in which a figure is drawn, wherein all the rules of *perspective* are *inverted:* so that, if held in the same position with those pictures which are drawn according to the rules of *perspective*, it can present nothing but confusion: and to be seen in form, and under a regular appearance, it must be looked upon from a contrary station; or, as Shakespeare says, *ey'd awry.* WARBURTON.

Like perspectives, &c.] Dr. Plot's *History of Staffordshire*, p. 391, explains this perspective or odd kind of "pictures upon an indented board, which if beheld directly, you only perceive a confused piece of work; but if obliquely, you see the intended person's picture, which, he was told, was made thus. The board being indented [or furrowed with a plough-plane] the print or painting was cut into parallel pieces equal to the depth and number of the indentures on the board, and they were pasted on the flats that strike the eye beholding it obliquely; so that the edges of the parallel pieces of the print or painting exactly joining on the edges of the indentures, the work was done." TOLLET.

[2] As, though, in thinking, on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and ſhrink.

Buſhy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing leſs: conceit is ſtill deriv'd
From ſome fore-father grief; mine is not ſo;
[3] For nothing hath begot my ſomething grief;
Or ſomething hath, the nothing that I grieve:
[4] 'Tis in reverſion that I do poſſeſs;

But

[2] *As, though, on thinking, on no thought I think,*] We ſhould read: *As though in thinking*; that is, *though muſing I have no diſtinct idea of calamity.* The involuntary and unaccountable depreſſion of the mind, which every one has ſome time felt, is here very forcibly deſcribed. JOHNSON.

[3] *For nothing hath begot my ſomething grief;*
Or ſomething hath, the nothing that I grieve:]
With theſe lines I know not well what can be done. The queen's reaſoning, as it now ſtands, is this: my *trouble* is not *conceit*, for *conceit is ſtill derived from* ſome antecedent cauſe, *ſome fore-father grief*; but with me the caſe is, that *either my real grief hath no real cauſe, or ſome real cauſe has produced a fancied grief.* That is, *my grief is not conceit, becauſe it either has not a cauſe like conceit, or it has a cauſe like conceit.* This can hardly ſtand. Let us try again, and read thus:
For nothing hath begot my ſomething grief;
Not *ſomething hath the nothing which I grieve*:
That is; *my grief is not conceit*; *conceit is an imaginary uneaſineſs from ſome paſt occurrence.* But, on the contrary, here is *real grief without a real cauſe*; not *a real cauſe with a fanciful ſorrow.* This, I think, muſt be the meaning; harſh at the beſt, yet better than contradiction or abſurdity. JOHNSON.

[4] *'Tis in reverſion that I do poſſeſs;*
But what it is, that is not yet known; &c.]
I am about to propoſe an interpretation which many will think harſh, and which I do not offer for certain. To *poſſeſs a man*, is, in Shakeſpeare, to *inform him fully, to make him comprehend.* To *be poſſeſſed*, is, *to be fully informed.* Of this ſenſe the examples are numerous:
"I have *poſſeſt* him my moſt ſtay can be but ſhort."
Meaſure for Meaſure.
"He is *poſſeſt* what ſum you need." *Merchant of Venice.*
I therefore imagine the queen ſays thus:
'Tis in reverſion—that I do poſſeſs.—
The event is yet in futurity—that I know with full conviction—
but

But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter Green.

Green. Heaven save your majesty!—and well met, gentlemen:—
I hope, the king is not yet ship'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope, he is;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;
Then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not ship'd?

Green. That he, our hope, [5] might have retir'd his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurg.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!

Green. O, madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse,—
The lord Northumberland, his young son Henry Percy,
The lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,
And the rest of the revolted faction, traitors?

Green. We have: whereupon the earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the houshold servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife of my woe,

but what it is, that is not yet known. In any other interpretation she must say that *she possesses* what is not yet come, which, though it may be allowed to be poetical and figurative language, is yet, I think, less natural than my explanation. JOHNSON.

[5] —*might have* retir'd *his power,*] Might have *drawn it back.* A French sense. JOHNSON.

And

And Bolingbroke [6] my sorrow's dismal heir:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Bushy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck;
Oh, full of careful business are his looks!——
Uncle, for heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should bely my thoughts [7]:
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives, but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land;
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:——
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was?—Why, so!—go all which way it will!——
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,

[6] ——*my sorrow's dismal heir*:] The author seems to have used *heir* in an improper sense, an *heir* being one that *inherits by succession*, is here put for one that *succeeds*, though he succeeds but in order of time, not in order of descent. JOHNSON.

[7] *Should I do so, I should bely my thoughts*:] This line is found in three of the quartos, but is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

And

And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's ſide.—
Sirrah,
Get thee to Plaſhy [8], to my ſiſter Gloſter;
Bid her ſend me preſently a thouſand pound:—
Hold, take my ring.

Ser. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordſhip:
To-day, I came by, and call'd there;—but I
Shall grieve you to report the reſt.

York. What is it, knave?

Ser. An hour before I came, the dutcheſs dy'd.

York. Heaven for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes ruſhing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do:—I would to heaven,
(So my [9] untruth hath not provok'd him to it)
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.—
What, are there poſts diſpatch'd for Ireland?—
How ſhall we do for money for theſe wars?—
Come, ſiſter,—couſin, I would ſay [1]; pray, pardon me.—
Go, fellow, get thee home, provide ſome carts,
[*To the ſervant.*
And bring away the armour that is there.—
Gentlemen, will you go muſter men? if I know
How, or which way, to order theſe affairs,
Thus diſorderly thruſt into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinſmen;—
The one's my ſovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again,
Is my kinſman, whom the king hath wrong'd;
Whom conſcience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, ſomewhat we muſt do.—Come, couſin, I'll

[8] *Get thee to Plaſhy,*—] The lordſhip of Plaſhy was a town of the dutcheſs of Gloſter's in Eſſex. See *Hall's Chronicle*, p. 13. THEOBALD.

[9] —*untruth*—] That is, *diſloyalty, treachery.* JOHNSON.

[1] *Come, ſiſter, couſin, I would ſay;*—] This is one of Shakeſpeare's touches of nature. York is talking to the queen his couſin, but the recent death of his ſiſter is uppermoſt in his mind. STEEVENS.

Difpofe of you:—Go, mufter up your men,
And meet me prefently at Berkley, gentlemen.
I fhould to Plafhy too;——
But time will not permit:—All is uneven,
And every thing is left at fix and feven.
[*Exeunt York and Queen.*

Bufhy. The wind fits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all unpoffible.

Green. Befides, our nearnefs to the king in love,
Is near the hate of thofe love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for their love
Lies in their purfes; and whofo empties them,
By fo much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bufhy. Wherein the king ftands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then fo do we,
Becaufe we have been ever near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge ftraight to Briftol-caftle;
The earl of Wiltfhire is already there.

Bufhy. Thither will I with you: for little office
The hateful commons will perform for us;
Except, like curs, to tear us all in pieces.—
Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No; I'll to Ireland to his majefty.
Farewel: if heart's prefages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er fhall meet again.

Bufhy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the tafk he undertakes
Is—numb'ring fands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his fide fights, thoufands will fly.

Bufhy. Farewel at once; for once, for all, and ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

The wilds in Gloſterſhire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?
North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a ſtranger here in Gloſterſhire.
Theſe high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them weariſome:
And yet your fair diſcourſe hath been as ſugar,
Making the hard way ſweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way,
From Ravenſpurg to Cotſwold, will be found
In Roſs, and Willoughby, wanting your company;
Which, I proteſt, hath very much beguil'd
The tedиouſneſs and proceſs of my travel:
But theirs is ſweeten'd with the hope to have
The preſent benefit that I poſſeſs:
And hope to joy, is little leſs in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd: by this, the weary lords
Shall make their way ſeem ſhort; as mine hath done
By ſight of what I have, your noble company.
Boling. Of much leſs value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Harry Percy.

North. It is my ſon, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worceſter, whenceſoever.—
Harry, how fares your uncle?
Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.
North. Why, is he not with the queen?
Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forſook the court,
Broken his ſtaff of office, and diſpers'd
The houſhold of the king.
North. What was his reaſon?

He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake together.
Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;
And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover
What power the duke of York had levy'd there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.
North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?
Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.
North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.
Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.
Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy: and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembring my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompence:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.
North. How far is it to Berkley? And what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?
Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour;
None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter Ross and Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.
Boling. Welcome, my lords: I wot, your love pursues
A banish'd traitor; all my treasury

Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompence.

Roſs. Your preſence makes us rich, moſt noble lord.

Willo. And far ſurmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, 'till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?—

Enter Berkley.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I gueſs.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my meſſage is to you.

Boling. My lord, my anſwer is to Lancaſter;
And I am come to ſeek that name in England:
And I muſt find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you ſay.

Berk. Miſtake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning,
To raze one title of your honour out:—
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will)
From the moſt glorious of this land,
The duke of York; to know, what pricks you on
To take advantage of the abſent time [2],
And fright our native peace with ſelf-born arms.

Enter York, attended.

Boling. I ſhall not need tranſport my words by you;
Here comes his grace in perſon.—My noble uncle!
[*Kneels.*

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whoſe duty is deceivable and falſe.

Boling. My gracious uncle!—

York. Tut, tut!

[2] ——*the* abſent *time,*] For *unprepared.* Not an inelegant ſynecdoche. WARBURTON.
He means nothing more than, *time of the king's abſence.* JOHNSON.

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word—grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But more than why [3],—Why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
[4] And ostentation of despised arms?
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
Rescu'd the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French;
Oh, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
[5] On what condition stands it, and wherein?

[3] *But more than why,—*] This seems to be wrong. We might read:

But more than this; *why*, &c. TYRWHITT.

[4] *And ostentation of* despised *arms?*] But sure the ostentation of despised arms would not *fright* any one. We should read:

——— disposed *arms*, i. e. forces in battle array. WARBURTON.

This alteration is harsh. Sir T. Hanmer reads *despightful*. Mr. Upton gives this passage as a proof that our author uses the passive participle in an active sense. The copies all agree. Perhaps the old duke means to treat him with contempt as well as with severity, and to insinuate that he despises his power, as being able to master it. In this sense all is right. JOHNSON.

So, in this play:

"We'll make foul weather with *despised* tears."

STEEVENS.

[5] On *what condition*—] It should be, *in what condition*, i. e. *in what degree of guilt*. The particles in the old editions are of little credit. JOHNSON.

York. Even in condition of the worſt degree,—
In groſs rebellion, and deteſted treaſon:
Thou art a baniſh'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms againſt thy ſovereign.

Boling. As I was baniſh'd, I was baniſh'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaſter.
And, noble uncle, I beſeech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I ſee old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father!
Will you permit that I ſhall ſtand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upſtart unthrifts? [6] Wherefore was I born?
If that my couſin king be king of England,
It muſt be granted, I am duke of Lancaſter.
You have a ſon, Aumerle, my noble kinſman;
Had you firſt dy'd, and he been thus trod down,
He ſhould have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouſe his wrongs, and chaſe them to the bay.
I am deny'd to ſue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patents give me leave:
My father's goods are all diſtrain'd, and ſold;
And theſe, and all, are all amiſs employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a ſubject,
And challenge law: Attornies are deny'd me;
And therefore perſonally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free deſcent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

Roſs. It ſtands your grace upon, to do him right.

Willo. Baſe men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this,—
I have had feeling of my couſin's wrongs,

[6] ——*Wherefore was I born?*] To what purpoſe ſerves birth and lineal ſucceſſion? I am duke of Lancaſter by the ſame right of birth as the king is king of England. JOHNSON.

And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is
But for his own: and, for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left:
But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win your grace, to go with us
To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go with you:—but yet I'll pause;
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress, are now with me past care.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.[7]

In Wales.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captain.

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewel.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman;
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought, the king is dead; we will not stay.
[8] The bay-trees in our country all are wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,

[7] Here is a scene so unartfully and irregularly thrust into an improper place, that I cannot but suspect it accidentally transposed; which, when the scenes were written on single pages, might easily happen in the wildness of Shakespeare's drama. This dialogue was, in the author's draught, probably the second scene in the ensuing act, and there I would advise the reader to insert it, though I have not ventured on so bold a change. My conjecture is not so presumptuous as may be thought. The play was not, in Shakespeare's time, broken into acts, the two editions published before his death, exhibit only a sequence of scenes from the beginning to the end, without any hint of a pause of action. In a drama so desultory and erratic, left in such a state, transpositions might easily be made. JOHNSON.

[8] *The bay-trees* &c.] This enumeration of prodigies is in the highest degree poetical and striking. JOHNSON.

Some of these prodigies are found in T. Hayward's *Life and Raigne of Henry* IV. 1599: "This yeare the laurel trees withered almost throughout the realm, &c."

So again, in Holinshed: "In this yeare in a manner throughout all the realme of England, old baie trees withered, &c."
STEEVENS.

The

The other, to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death of kings [9]—
Farewel; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd, Richard their king is dead. [*Exit.*

Sal. Ah, Richard! with eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bolingbroke's camp at Bristol.

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Ross, Percy, Willoughby, with Bushy and Green, prisoners.

Boling. Bring forth these men.—
Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity: yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your death.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappy'd and disfigur'd clean.
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;

[9] —*the death of kings*—] The modern editors have added two words to complete the measure: —*death* or fall *of kings.* STEEVENS.

Broke

Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth;
Near to the king in blood; and near in love,
'Till you did make him misinterpret me,——
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment:
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks [1], and fell'd my forest woods;
[2] From mine own windows torn my houshold coat,
[3] Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign,—
Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
To shew the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death:—See them deliver'd over
To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewel.

Green. My comfort is,—that heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.——
Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house;
For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated:
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;

[1] Dispark'd *my parks,*——] To *dispark* is to throw down the hedges of an enclosure. *Dissepio.* I meet with the word in Barret's *Alvearie or Quadruple Dictionary,* 1580. STEEVENS.

[2] *From mine own windows torn my houshold coat,*] It was the practice, when coloured glass was in use, of which there are still some remains in old seats and churches, to anneal the arms of the family in the windows of the house. JOHNSON.

[3] *Raz'd out my impress,* &c.] The *impress* was a device or motto. Ferne, in his *Blazon of Gentry,* 1585, observes, "that the arms, &c. of traitors and rebels may be defaced and removed, wheresoever they are fixed, or set." STEEVENS.

Take

Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. [4] Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away;
[To fight with Glendower and his complices;]
A while to work, and, after, holiday. [*Exeunt.*

[5] SCENE II.

The coast of Wales. A castle in view.

Flourish: drums and trumpets.

Enter king Richard, Aumerle, bishop of Carlisle, and soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call you this at hand?

[4] *Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, my lords, away;*
To fight with Glendower and his complices;
A while to work, and, after, holiday.]
Though the intermediate line has taken possession of all the old copies, I have great suspicion of its being an interpolation; and have therefore ventured to throw it out. The first and third lines rhime to each other; nor do I imagine this was casual, but intended by the poet. Were we to acknowledge the line genuine, it must argue the poet of forgetfulness and inattention to history. Bolingbroke is, as it were, but just arrived, he is now at Bristol, weak in his numbers; has had no meeting with a parliament; nor is so far assured of the succession, as to think of going to suppress insurrections before he is planted in the throne. Besides, we find the opposition of Glendower begins *The First Part of K. Henry* IV. and Mortimer's defeat by that hardy Welshman is the tidings of the first scene of that play. Again, though Glendower, in the very first year of K. Henry IV. began to be troublesome, put in for the supremacy of Wales, and imprisoned Mortimer; yet it was not till the succeeding year that the king employed any force against him. THEOBALD.

This emendation, which I think is just, has been followed by sir T. Hanmer, but is neglected by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

[5] Here may be properly inserted the last scene of the second act. JOHNSON.

Aum.

Aum. Yea, my lord: How brooks your grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy,
To stand upon my kingdom once again.——
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting[6];
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'nous sense:
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.——
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall faulter under foul rebellious arms.

Bishop. [7] Fear not, my lord; that Power, that made you king,
Hath power to keep you king, in spight of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,

[6] *smiles in meeting;*] It has been proposed to me to read:—in *weeping*; and this change the repetition in the next line seems plainly to point out. STEEVENS.

[7] *Fear not, my lord;* &c.] Of this speech the four last lines were restored from the first edition by Mr. Pope. They were, I suppose, omitted by the players only to shorten the scenes, for they are worthy of the author and suitable to the personage. JOHNSON.

And

And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we would not heaven's offer, we refuse
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not,
That, when the searching eye of heaven is hid
[8] Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,—
Shall see us rising in our throne the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;
[9] The breath of worldly men cannot depose

[8] *Behind the globe*, &c.] I should read:
—*the searching eye of heaven is hid*
Behind the globe, and *lights the lower world.* JOHNSON.
In our former edition I had said, that one of the old copies confirmed Dr. Johnson's conjecture; but I have since observed that it was only a correction very neatly made with a pen by some former possessor of the quarto, 1599. STEEVENS.

[9] *The breath of worldly men*—] Here is the doctrine of indefeasible right expressed in the strongest terms; but our poet did not learn it in the reign of K. James, to which it is now the practice of all writers, whose opinions are regulated by fashion or interest, to impute the original of every tenet which they have been taught to think false or foolish. JOHNSON.

The deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that Bolingbroke hath preſt,
To lift ſhrewd ſteel againſt our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men muſt fall; for heaven ſtill guards the right.

Enter Saliſbury.

Welcome, my lord; How far off lies your power?
Sal. Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: Diſcomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me ſpeak of nothing but deſpair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
Oh, call back yeſterday, bid time return,
And thou ſhalt have twelve thouſand fighting men!
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy ſtate;
For all the Welſhmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, diſpers'd, and fled.
Aum. Comfort, my liege; Why looks your grace ſo pale?
K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thouſand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, 'till ſo much blood thither come again,
Have I not reaſon to look pale, and dead?
All ſouls that will be ſafe, fly from my ſide;
For time hath ſet a blot upon my pride.
Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.
K. Rich. I had forgot myſelf: Am I not king?
Awake, thou coward majeſty! thou ſleepeſt.
Is not the king's name forty thouſand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny ſubject ſtrikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king; Are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York
Hath

Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
Comes here?

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. [1] Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd;
The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it, to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so:
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us:
Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swell the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clasp their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:
[2] Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows

Of

[1] *Mine ear is open, &c.*] It seems to be the design of the poet to raise Richard to esteem in his fall, and consequently to interest the reader in his favour. He gives him only passive fortitude, the virtue of a confessor rather than of a king. In his prosperity we saw him imperious and oppressive; but in his distress he is wise, patient, and pious. JOHNSON.

[2] *Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows*] Such is the reading of all the copies, yet I doubt whether *beadsmen* be right, for the

[3] Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.

[4] Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What

the *bow* seems to be mentioned here as the proper weapon of a *beadsman*. The king's *beadsmen* were his chaplains. Trevisa calls himself the *beadsman* of his patron. *Beadsman* might likewise be any man maintained by charity to pray for his benefactor. Hanmer reads *the* very *beadsmen*, but *thy* is better. JOHNSON.

The reading of the text is right enough: "As boys strive to speak big, and clasp their effeminate joints in stiff unwieldy arms, &c." "so his very *beadsmen* learn to bend their bows against him." *Their* does not absolutely denote that *the bow* was their usual or proper weapon; but only taken up and appropriated by them on this occasion. PERCY.

[3] *Of double-fatal yew*——] Called so, because the leaves of the yew are poison, and the wood is employed for instruments of death; therefore *double fatal* should be with an hyphen. WARBURTON.

From some of the ancient statutes it appears that every Englishman, while archery was practised, was obliged to keep in his house either a bow of *yew* or some other wood. It should seem therefore that *yews* were not only planted in church-yards to defend the churches from the wind, but on account of their use in making *bows*; while by the benefit of being secured in enclosed places, their poisonous quality was kept from doing mischief to cattle. STEEVENS.

[4] *Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?*
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?]

Here are *four* of them named; and, within a very few lines, the king, hearing they had made their peace with Bolingbroke, calls them *three* Judasses. But how was their peace made? Why, with the loss of their heads. This being explained, Aumerle says: *Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire dead?* So that Bagot ought to be left out of the question: and, indeed, he had made the best of his way for Chester, and from thence had escaped into Ireland. And so we find him, in the second act, determining to do:

Bagot. *No: I'll to Ireland, to his majesty.*

The poet could not be guilty of so much forgetfulness and absurdity. The transcribers must have blundered. It seems probable to me that he wrote, as I have conjecturally altered the text:

 Where

What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant, they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
Three Judasses, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.—
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse,
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lie full low, grav'd [5] in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the duke my father with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speak:

Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is he got? i. e. into what corner of my dominions is he *slunk* and *absconded?* THEOBALD.

This emendation Dr. Warburton adopts. Hanmer leaves a blank after Wiltshire. I believe the author, rather than transcriber, made a mistake. *Where is he got* does not sound in my ear like an expression of Shakespeare. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*grav'd* &c.] The verb, *to grave*, is not peculiar to Shakespeare. So, in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. iii. fol. 58:

"Unto the hound, unto the raven,
"She was none otherwise *graven*." STEEVENS.

Let's

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make duſt our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write ſorrow on the boſom of the earth.
Let's chuſe executors, and talk of wills;——
And yet not ſo,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our depoſed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
[6] And that ſmall model of the barren earth,
[7] Which ſerves as paſte and cover to our bones.
For heaven's ſake, let us ſit upon the ground,
And tell ſad ſtories of the death of kings:—
How ſome have been depos'd, ſome ſlain in war;
Some haunted by the ghoſts they have depos'd [8];
Some poiſon'd by their wives, ſome ſleeping kill'd;
All murder'd:—For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court: and [9] there the antic ſits,
Scoffing his ſtate, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little ſcene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infuſing him with ſelf and vain conceit,—
As if this fleſh, which walls about our life,
Were braſs impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin
Bores through his caſtle wall, and—farewel king!

[6] *And that ſmall model of the barren earth,*] He uſes *model* here, as he frequently does elſewhere, for *part*, *portion*. WARBURTON.

He uſes *model* for *mould*. That earth, which cloſing upon the body, takes its form. This interpretation the next line ſeems to authorize. JOHNSON.

[7] *Which ſerves as paſte* &c.] A metaphor, not of the moſt ſublime kind, taken from a *pie*. JOHNSON.

[8] —— *the ghoſts they have* depos'd;] Such is the reading of all the old copies. The modern editors, in the room of *have depos'd*, ſubſtituted *diſpoſſeſs'd*. STEEVENS.

[9] —*there the antic ſits*,] Here is an alluſion to the *antic* or *fool* of old farces, whoſe chief part is to deride and diſturb the graver and more ſplendid perſonages. JOHNSON.

Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
[1] Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live on bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends;—Subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king?

Carl. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes [2],
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come, to fight:
And fight and die, is [3] death destroying death;
Where fearing dying, pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, enquire of him;
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well:—Proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An easy task it is, to win our own.——
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small,

[1] *Tradition,*——] This word seems here used for *traditional practices:* that is, *established* or *customary homage.* JOHNSON.

[2] *My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,*] Thus the folio. The quartos 1598, 1608, and 1615, read

My lord, wise men ne'er sit and *wail their woes.* STEEVENS.

[3] ——*death destroying death;*] That is, to *die fighting*, is to return the evil that we suffer, to destroy the destroyers. I once read *death* defying *death*, but *destroying* is as well. JOHNSON.

To

To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:—
Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.——
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth [*To Aumerle.*
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? What comfort have we now?
By heaven, ⁴ I'll hate him everlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go, to Flint castle; there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear the land * that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none:—Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers, let them hence;—Away,
From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day.
[*Exeunt.*

⁴ *I'll hate him everlastingly,*
That bids me be of comfort——]
This sentiment is drawn from nature. Nothing is more offensive to a mind convinced that its distress is without a remedy, and preparing to submit quietly to irresistible calamity, than these petty and conjectured comforts which unskilful officiousness thinks it virtue to administer. JOHNSON.

* *To* ear *the land*——] i. e. to *plough* it. Examples of this use of the word are given in *Antony and Cleopatra.* STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

The camp of Bolingbroke, before Flint castle [5].

Enter with drum and colours, Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, and attendants.

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With some few private friends, upon this coast.
North. The news is very fair and good, my lord;
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.
York. It would beseem the lord Northumberland,
To say—king Richard:—Alack the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head!
North. Your grace mistakes; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.
York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
[6] For taking so the head, the whole head's length.
Boling. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.
York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you should,
Lest you mis-take: The heavens are o'er your head.
Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not
Myself against their will.—But who comes here?

[5] —*Flint castle.*] In our former edition I had called this scene *the same* with the preceding. That was at Barkloughly castle on the coast where Richard landed; but Bolingbroke never marched further in Wales than to Flint. The interview between him and Richard was at the castle of Flint, where this scene should be said to lie, or rather in the camp of Bolingbroke before that castle. —"Go to Flint castle." See above. STEEVENS.

[6] *For taking so the head,*—] To *take* the *head* is, to act without restraint; to take undue liberties. We now say, *we give* the horse *his head*, when we relax the reins. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter Percy.

Welcome, Harry; what, will not this castle yield?
Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.
Boling. Royally! Why, it contains no king?
Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king; king Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone:
And with him lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.
North. Belike, it is the bishop of Carlisle.
Boling. Noble lord, [*To North.*
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.
Harry of Bolingbroke, on both his knees,
Doth kiss king Richard's hand;
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his most royal person: hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted;
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall shew.
Go, signify as much; while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—
Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from this castle's totter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements

Of fire and water, when their thund'ring ſhock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

A parle ſounded, and anſwered by another trumpet within. Flouriſh. Enter on the walls king Richard, the biſhop of Carliſle, Aumerle, Scroop, and Saliſbury.

York. [7] See, ſee, king Richard doth himſelf appear,
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented ſun
From out the fiery portal of the eaſt;
When he perceives, the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to ſtain the tract
Of his bright paſſage to the occident.
Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majeſty: Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm ſhould ſtain ſo fair a ſhow!

K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have we ſtood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [*To North.*
Becauſe we thought ourſelf thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our preſence?
If we be not, ſhew us the hand of God
That hath diſmiſs'd us from our ſtewardſhip;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the ſacred handle of our ſcepter,
Unleſs he do prophane, ſteal, or uſurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,

[7] *See, ſee, king Richard doth himſelf appear,*] The following ſix lines are abſurdly given to Bolingbroke, who is made to condemn his own conduct and diſculp the king's. It is plain theſe ſix and the four following all belong to York. WARBURTON.

It ſhould be obſerved that the four laſt of theſe lines are in all the copies given to York. STEEVENS.

Have

Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;——
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
Is must'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke (for yond', methinks, he is)
That every stride he makes upon my land,
Is dangerous treason: He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;
[8] But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,

Ten

[8] *But e'er the crown he looks for,* live *in peace,*
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower *of England's face;*]
Though I have not disturbed the text here, I cannot but think it liable to suspicion. A crown living in peace, as Dr. Warburton justly observed to me, is a very odd phrase. He supposes:
But e'er the crown, he looks for, light *in peace,*
i. e. descend and settle upon Bolingbroke's head in peace.——Again, I have a small quarrel to the third line quoted. Would the poet say, that bloody crowns should disfigure the *flowers* that spring on the ground, and bedew the grass with blood? Surely the two images are too familiar. I have suspected.
Shall ill become the floor *of England's face,*
i. e. shall make a dismal spectacle on the surface of the kingdom's earth. THEOBALD.

By *the flower of England's face,* is meant the choicest youths of England, who shall be slaughtered in this quarrel, or have *bloody crowns. The flower of England's face,* to design her choicest youth, is a fine and noble expression. Pericles, by a similar thought, said "that the destruction of the Athenian youth was a fatality like cutting off the spring from the year." Yet the Oxford editor, who did not apprehend the figure, alters the line thus:
Shall misbecome *the* flow'ry *England's* face.
Which means——I know not what. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has inserted *light in peace* in the text of his own edition, but *live in peace* is more suitable to Richard's intention, which is to tell him, that though he should get the crown by rebellion, it will be long before it will live in peace, be so settled as to be firm. *The flower of England's face,* is very happily explained, and any alteration is therefore needless. JOHNSON.

The

Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The King of heaven forbid, our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand,
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon thy royal grandsire's bones;
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head;
[9] And by the bury'd hand of warlike Gaunt;
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—
His coming hither hath no farther scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

The flower of England's face, I believe, means *England's flowery face*, the *flowery surface of England's soil*. The same kind of expression is used in Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 2: "—opening the cherry of her lips," i. e. her cherry lips. Again, p. 240, edit. 1633: "— the sweet and beautiful *flower of her face*."

Again, Drayton, in Mortimer's *Epistle to Queen Isabell*:
"And in the field advance our plumy crest,
"And march upon fair England's *flow'ry breast*."
STEEVENS.

[9] *And by the* bury'd *hand of* warlike *Gaunt*;] It should be read just the other way:
And by the warlike *hand of* bury'd *Gaunt*. WARBURTON.
I see no great difference. JOHNSON.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king returns;——
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not, [*To Aum.*
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle words,
'Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. Oh God! oh God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
* With words of sooth! Oh, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented: Must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads;

* *With words of sooth!*——] *Sooth* is *sweet* as well as *true*. In this place *sooth* means *sweetness* or softness, a signification yet retained in the verb to *sooth*. JOHNSON.

My

My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel [2], for an alms-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood;
My scepter, for a palmer's walking staff;
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;
And my large kingdom, for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave:—
[3] Or I'll be bury'd in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample [4] on their sovereign's head:

[2] *My gay apparel,* &c.] Dr. Gray observes, "that king Richard's expence in regard to dress, was very extraordinary." Holinshed has the same remark; and adds, that "he had one cote which he caused to be made for him of gold and stone, valued at 30,000 marks." STEEVENS.

[3] *Or I'll be buried in the king's high way,*
Some way of common trade,——]

As specious as this reading appears, Dr. Warburton, Mr. Bishop, and I, all concurred in suspecting it, and in the amendment which now possesses the text:

Some way of common tread,——

i. e. a high road. He subjoins immediately:

For on my heart they tread *now, while I live*;

and we know how much it is Shakespeare's way to diversify the image with the same word. THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton has put *tread* in his own text, but *trade* will serve very well in the sense either of commerce or custom.

JOHNSON.

Trade is right. So, in lord Surrey's Translation of the second book of *Virgil's Æneid:*

"A postern with a blind wicket there was,
"A *common trade*, to pass through Priam's house."

"Limen erat, cæcæque fores, et *pervius usus*,
"Tectorum inter se Priami"——

The phrase is still used by common people. When they speak of a road much frequented, they say, "it is a road of much *traffic*." Shakespeare uses the word in the same sense in *K. Hen.* VIII:

"Stand in the gap and *trade* of more preferments."

STEEVENS.

[4] *——on their sovereign's head,*] Shakespeare is very apt to deviate from the pathetic to the ridiculous. Had the speech of Richard ended at this line, it had exhibited the natural language of submissive misery, conforming its intention to the present fortune, and calmly ending its purposes in death. JOHNSON.

For

For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;
And, bury'd once, why not upon my head?——
Aumerle, thou weep'st; My tender-hearted cousin!—
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus;—To drop them still upon one place,
'Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—*There lies*
Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?
Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me[5].

[*North. advances.*

Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live 'till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay[6].

North. My lord, in the base court[7] he doth attend
To speak with you; may't please you to come down.

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glist'ring Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[*North. retires to Bol.*

In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.

[5] ——*you mock at me.*] The quartos read—*laugh.* STEEVENS.

[6] ——*Bolingbroke says—ay.*] Here is another instance of injury done to the poet's metre by changing his orthography. *I*, which was Shakespeare's word, rimed very well with *to die*, but *ay* has quite a different sound. See a note on the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act V. TYRWHITT.

[7] ——*base court*——] *Bas cour.* Fr. So, in Hinde's *Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606: "——they were, for a public observation, brought into the *base court* of the palace." Again, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: "—— began, at the entrance into the *base court*, to use these words." STEEVENS.

In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!
For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing. [*Exeunt, from above.*

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come. [*Enter Richard, &c. below.*

Boling. Stand all apart,
And shew fair duty to his majesty.—
My gracious lord,— [*Kneels.*

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.
[*Touching his own head.*

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve:—They well deserve to have,
That know the strongest and surest way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears shew their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must, what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London:—Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say, no. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Langley.

The duke of York's garden.

Enter the Queen, and two ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?
Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.
Queen. 'Twill make me think, the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.
Lady. Madam, we'll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.
Lady. Madam, we will tell tales.
Queen. [8] Of sorrow, or of joy?
Lady. Of either, madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl:
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.
Lady. Madam, I'll sing.
Queen. 'Tis well, that thou hast cause;
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weep.
Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

[8] *Of sorrow, or of joy?*] All the old copies concur in reading: *Of sorrow, or of grief.* Mr. Pope made the necessary alteration. STEEVENS.

Queen.

Queen. [9] And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here come the gardiners:
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,

Enter a gardiner, and two servants.

They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
[1] Against a change; Woe is fore-run with woe.
[*Queen, and ladies, retire.*

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight;
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—

[9] *And I could weep,*—] The old copies read: *And I could sing.* STEEVENS.

[1] *Against a change: woe is fore-run with woe.*] But what was there in the gardiner's talking of state, for matter of so much *woe?* Besides this is intended for a sentence, but proves a very simple one. I suppose Shakespeare wrote:

——*woe is fore-run with* mocks,

which has some meaning in it; and signifies, that when great men are on the decline, their inferiors take advantage of their condition, and treat them without ceremony. And this we find to be the case in the following scene. But the editors were seeking for a rhime. Though had they not been so impatient, they would have found it gingled to what followed, though it did not to what went before. WARBURTON.

There is no need of any emendation. The poet, according to the common doctrine of prognostication, supposes dejection to fore-run calamity, and a kingdom to be filled with rumours of sorrow when any great disaster is impending. The sense is, that public evils are always presignified by public pensiveness, and plaintive conversation. The conceit of rhyming *mocks* with *apricocks,* which I hope Shakespeare knew better how to spell, shews that the commentator was resolved not to let his conjecture fall for want of any support that he could give it. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton's correction may not be right: but there is no room to criticise the orthography. Dr. Donne says; "The Jesuits are like *apricocks,* heretofore here and there one in a great man's house; now you may have them in every cottage." Even the accurate Swift spells the word in the same manner. FARMER.

Go

Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-faſt-growing ſprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All muſt be even in our government.——
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noiſome weeds, that without profit ſuck
The ſoil's fertility from wholeſome flowers.

Serv. Why ſhould we, in the compaſs of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Shewing, as in a model, [a] our firm ſtate?
When our ſea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her faireſt flowers choak'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots diſorder'd, and her wholeſome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace:—
He that hath ſuffer'd this diſorder'd ſpring,
Hath now himſelf met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad ſpreading leaves did ſhelter,
That ſeem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pull'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean, the earl of Wiltſhire, Buſhy, Green.

Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath ſeiz'd the waſteful king.—What pity is it,
That he had not ſo trimm'd and dreſs'd his land,
As we this garden! who at time of year
Do wound the bark, the ſkin of our fruit-trees;

[a] ——our *firm ſtate*;] How could he ſay *ours* when he immediately ſubjoins, that it was infirm? We ſhould read:
——a *firm ſtate*. WARBURTON.

The ſervant ſays *our*, meaning the ſtate of the garden in which they are at work. The ſtate of the metaphorical garden was indeed *unfirm*, and therefore his reaſoning is very naturally induced. Why (ſays he) ſhould we be careful to preſerve order in the narrow cincture of this *our ſtate*, when the *great ſtate of the kingdom* is in diſorder? I have replaced the old reading which Dr. Warburton would have diſcontinued in favour of his own conjecture.
STEEVENS.

 Left,

Left, being over-proud with ſap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itſelf:
Had he done ſo to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taſte
Their fruits of duty. All ſuperfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done ſo, himſelf had borne the crown,
Which waſte and idle hours hath quite thrown down.

Serv. What, think you then, the king ſhall be depos'd?

Gard. Depreſs'd he is already; and depos'd,
'Tis doubt, he will be: Letters came laſt night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. Oh, I am preſs'd to death, through want of ſpeaking!— [*Coming from her concealment.*
Thou old Adam's likeneſs, ſet to dreſs this garden,
How dares thy harſh tongue ſound this unpleaſing news?
What Eve, what ſerpent hath ſuggeſted thee
To make a ſecond fall of curſed man?
Why doſt thou ſay, king Richard is depos'd?
Dar'ſt thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfal? Say, where, when, and how,
Cam'ſt thou by theſe ill tidings? ſpeak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,
To breathe theſe news, yet, what I ſay, is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's ſcale is nothing but himſelf,
And ſome few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Beſides himſelf, are all the Engliſh peers,
And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.—
Poſt you to London, and you'll find it ſo;
I ſpeak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble miſchance, that art ſo light of foot,
Doth not thy embaſſage belong to me,

And

And am I last that knows it? oh, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.—
What, was I born to this! that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke!—
Gardiner, for telling me these news of woe,
I would, the plants [2], thou graft'st, may never grow.

[Exeunt Queen, and ladies.

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[Exeunt Gard. and serv.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

London. The parliament-house.

Enter Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surry, bishop of Carlisle, abbot of Westminster, herald, officers, and Bagot.

Boling. Call forth Bagot:
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;

[2] *I would the plants*, &c.] This execration of the queen is somewhat ludicrous, and unsuitable to her condition, the gardiner's reflection is better adapted to the state both of his mind and his fortune. Mr. Pope, who has been throughout this play very diligent to reject what he did not like, has yet, I know not why, spared the last lines of this act. JOHNSON.

Who

Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of [4] his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know, your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say,—*Is not my arm of length,*
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, *You rather had refuse*
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be,
In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour [5] my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his sland'rous lips.——
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: Thou liest, and
I will maintain what thou hast said, is false,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

[4] ——*his* timeless *end.*] *Timeless* for *untimely*. WARBURTON.

[5] ——*my fair* stars,] I rather think it should be *stem*, being of the royal blood. WARBURTON.

I think the present reading unexceptionable. The *birth* is supposed to be influenced by the *stars*, therefore our author, with his usual licence, takes *stars* for *birth*. JOHNSON.

We learn from Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* that the vulgar error assigned the bright and fair stars to the rich and great. "*Sidera singulis attributa nobis, et clara divitibus, minora pauperibus,* &c." Lib. i. cap. 8. ANONYMOUS.

Aum.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

Fitzw. [6] If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun that shews me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falshood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point [7].

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see the day.

Fitzw. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:
And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

[6] *If that thy valour stand on sympathies,*] Here is a translated sense much harsher than that of stars explained in the foregoing note. Aumerle has challenged Bagot with some hesitation, as not being his equal, and therefore one whom, according to the rules of chivalry, he was not obliged to fight, as a nobler life was not to be staked in a duel against a baser. Fitzwater then throws down his *gage*, a pledge of battle; and tells him that if he stands upon *sympathies*, that is, upon equality of blood, the combat is now offered him by a man of rank not inferior to his own. *Sympathy* is an affection incident at once to two subjects. This community of affection implies a likeness or equality of nature, and thence our poet transferred the term to equality of blood.

JOHNSON.

[7] ——*my rapier's point.*] Shakespeare deserts the manners of the age in which his drama is placed, very often without necessity or advantage. The edge of a sword had served his purpose as well as the *point of a rapier*, and he had then escaped the impropriety of giving the English nobles a weapon which was not seen in England till two centuries afterwards. JOHNSON.

Another Lord. [8] I take the earth to the like, forſworn
Aumerle;
And ſpur thee on with full as many lies
As may be hollow'd in thy treacherous ear
[9] From ſin to ſin: there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'ſt.

Aum. Who ſets me elſe? by heaven, I'll throw at all:
I have a thouſand ſpirits in one breaſt,
To anſwer twenty thouſand ſuch as you.

Surry. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitzw. 'Tis very true: you were in preſence
then;
And you can witneſs with me, this is true.

Surry. As falſe, by heaven, as heaven itſelf is true.

[8] *I take* the earth *to the like*, &c.] This ſpeech I have reſtored from the firſt edition in humble imitation of former editors, though, I believe, againſt the mind of the author. For *the earth* I ſuppoſe we ſhould read, *thy oath*. JOHNSON.

—— *take the earth* ——] To *take the earth* is, at preſent, a fox-hunter's phraſe. So, in the *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598:

"I'll follow him until he *take the earth*."

But I know not how it can be applied here. It ſhould ſeem, however, from the following paſſage in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, b. iii. c. 16. that the expreſſion is yet capable of another meaning:

"Lo here my gage, (he *terr'd* his glove) thou know'ſt the
the victor's meed."

To *terre* the glove was, I ſuppoſe, to daſh it on the *earth*. The quartos 1597, 1608, and 1615, have the ſame reading, except *taſk* inſtead of *take*.

Let me add, however, in ſupport of Dr. Johnſon's conjecture, that the word *oath*, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, quarto, 1609, is corrupted in the ſame manner. Inſtead of the "—untraded *oath*," it gives "——untraded *earth*." We might read, only changing the place of one letter, and altering another:

I taſk thy heart *to the like*, ——

i. e. I put thy valour to the ſame trial. So, in *K. Hen.* IV. act V. ſc. ii:

"How ſhew'd his *taſking*? ſeem'd it in contempt?"

STEEVENS.

[9] *From ſin to ſin*——] So the quartos. I ſuſpect we ſhould read: *From ſun to ſun*; i. e. from one day to another.

STEEVENS.

Fitzw.

Fitzw. Surry, thou lieſt.

Surry. Diſhonourable boy!
That lie ſhall lye ſo heavy on my ſword,
That it ſhall render vengeance and revenge,
'Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lye
In earth as quiet as thy father's ſcull.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'ſt.

Fitzw. How fondly doſt thou ſpur a forward horſe?
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
[1] I dare meet Surry in a wilderneſs,
And ſpit upon him, whilſt I ſay, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my ſtrong correction.——
As I intend to thrive [2] in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Beſides, I heard the baniſh'd Norfolk ſay,
That thou, Aumerle, didſt ſend two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honeſt Chriſtian truſt me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this [3],
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

Boling. Theſe differences ſhall all reſt under gage,
'Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he ſhall be,
And, though mine enemy, reſtor'd again
To all his land and ſignories; when he's return'd,
Againſt Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Car. That honourable day ſhall ne'er be ſeen.—
Many a time hath baniſh'd Norfolk fought

[1] *I dare meet Surry in a wilderneſs,*] I dare meet him where no help can be had by me againſt him. So, in *Macbeth:*
"————or be alive again,
"And dare me to the deſert with thy ſword." JOHNSON.

[2] ——*in this new world,*] In this world where I have juſt begun to be an actor. Surry has, a few lines above, called him *boy*. JOHNSON.

[3]——*here do I throw down this,*] Holinſhed ſays, that on this occaſion "he threw down *a hood* that he had borrowed." STEEVENS.

For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Carl. As sure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
'Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter York, attended.

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high scepter yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

Carl. Marry, God forbid!—
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
[4] Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true noblness would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject?

[4] *Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.*] It might be read more grammatically:

Yet best beseems it me to speak the truth.

But I do not think it is printed otherwise than as Shakespeare wrote it. JOHNSON.

Thi-

Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be ſeen in them:
[5] And ſhall the figure of God's majeſty,
His captain, ſteward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by ſubject and inferior breath,
And he himſelf not preſent? O, forbid it, God,
That, in a Chriſtian climate, ſouls refin'd
Should ſhew ſo heinous, black, obſcene a deed!
I ſpeak to ſubjects, and a ſubject ſpeaks,
Stirr'd up by heaven thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me propheſy,—
The blood of Engliſh ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace ſhall go ſleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this ſeat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
Diſorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead mens' ſculls.
O, if you rear this houſe againſt this houſe,
It will the woful1eſt diviſion prove,
That ever fell upon this curſed earth:

[5] *And ſhall the figure, &c.*] Here is another proof that our author did not learn in king James's court his elevated notions of the right of kings. I know not any flatterer of the Stuarts, who has expreſſed this doctrine in much ſtronger terms. It muſt be obſerved that the poet intends, from the beginning to the end, to exhibit this biſhop as brave, pious, and venerable. JOHNSON.

Shakeſpeare has repreſented the character of the biſhop as he found it in Holinſhed, where this famous ſpeech, (which contains, in the moſt expreſs terms, the doctrine of paſſive obedience) is preſerved. The politics of the hiſtorian were the politics of the poet. STEEVENS.

Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest childrens' children [6] cry against you—woe!

North. Well have you argu'd, sir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here:—
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely 'till [7] his day of trial.—
May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?

Boling. Fetch hither Richard [8], that in common view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer:—
Little are we beholden to your love, [*To Carlisle.*
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter York, with king Richard.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee [9]:—
Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me

[6] *Lest* childrens' children ——] The old copies read.
Lest child, child's children. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*his day of trial.*——] After this line, whatever follows, almost to the end of the act, containing the whole process of dethroning and debasing king Richard, was added after the first edition of 1598, and before the second of 1615. Part of the addition is proper, and part might have been forborn without much loss. The author, I suppose, intended to make a very moving scene. JOHNSON.

The addition was first made in the quarto 1608, for the use of which I am indebted to the reverend Mr. Bowle of Idemestone, Wiltshire. STEEVENS.

[8] *Fetch hither Richard,* &c.] The quartos add this to the preceding speech of Northumberland. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*my* knee ——] The quartos 1608, and 1615, read:
——*my* limbs. STEEVENS.

To this submission. Yet I well remember
[1] The favours of these men: Were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but, he in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
To do what service, am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office, of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,——
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown:—Here, cousin, seize the crown;
Here, cousin, on this side, my hand; on that side, thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets filling one another;
[2] The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought, you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown, I am; but still my griefs are mine:
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

[1] *The favours* &c.] The *countenances*; the *features*. JOHNSON.

[2] *The emptier ever dancing*——] This is a comparison not easily accommodated to the subject, nor very naturally introduced. The best part is this line, in which he makes the usurper the *empty* bucket. JOHNSON.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares down.
[3] My care is—loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is—gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself:—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy scepter from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away [4] my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths [5];
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee [6]!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd;
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all atchiev'd!
Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says,

[3] *My care is—loss of care, by old care done;*] Shakespeare often obscures his meaning by playing with sounds. Richard seems to say here, that *his cares are not made less by the increase of Bolingbroke's cares*; for this reason, that *his care is the loss of care*, his grief is, that his regal cares are at an end, *by the cessation of the care to which he had been accustomed.* JOHNSON.

[4] *——my balm,*] The oil of consecration. He has mentioned it before. JOHNSON.

[5] *——all* duteous oaths:] The quartos 1608, and 1615, read: ——*all* duties, rites. STEEVENS.

[6] *——are* made *to thee!*] The quartos 1608, and 1615, read: ——that swear *to thee.* STEEVENS.

And

And ſend him many years of ſun-ſhine days!—
What more remains?

North. No more, but that you read
Theſe accuſations, and theſe grievous crimes,
Committed by your perſon, and your followers,
Againſt the ſtate and profit of this land;
That, by confeſſing them, the ſouls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Muſt I do ſo? and muſt I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not ſhame thee, in ſo fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? [7] If thou would'ſt,
There ſhould'ſt thou find one heinous article,—
Containing the depoſing of a king,
And cracking the ſtrong warrant of an oath,—
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:—
Nay, all of you, that ſtand and look upon me,
Whilſt that my wretchedneſs doth bait myſelf,—
Though ſome of you, with Pilate, waſh your hands,
Shewing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my ſour croſs,
And water cannot waſh away your ſin.

North. My lord, diſpatch; read o'er theſe articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot ſee:
And yet ſalt-water blinds them not ſo much,
But they can ſee [8] a ſort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myſelf,
I find myſelf a traitor with the reſt:
For I have given here my ſoul's conſent,
To undeck the pompous body of a king;

[7] ——*If thou would'ſt,*] That is, if thou would'ſt read over a liſt of thy own deeds. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*a ſort*——] A *pack*, a *company*. WARBURTON.

The laſt who uſed the word *ſort* in this ſenſe was, perhaps, Waller:

"A *ſort* of luſty ſhepherds ſtrive." JOHNSON.

Make

Make glory base; a sovereign, a slave [9];
Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.

North. My lord,——

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught [1], insulting man,
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—
[2] No, not that name was given me at the font,—
But 'tis usurp'd:—Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself!
Oh, that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!—
Good king—great king—(and yet not greatly good)
An if my word be sterling yet in England, [*To Boling.*
Let it command a mirror hither straight;
That it may shew me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfy'd.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfy'd; I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

9 ——a sovereign, *a slave*;] The quartos 1608, and 1615, read:

——and sovereignty *a slave*. STEEVENS.

1 ——*haught*,——] i. e. *haughty*. Instances of the use of this word are given in another place. STEEVENS.

2 *No, not that name was given me at the font*,] How that name which was given him at the font could be usurped, I do not understand. Perhaps Shakespeare meant to shew that imagination, dwelling long on its own misfortunes, represents them as greater than they really are. ANONYMOUS.

Enter

Enter one, with a glaſs.

Give me that glaſs, and therein will I read.—
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath ſorrow ſtruck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—Oh, flattering glaſs,
Like to my followers in proſperity,
Thou doſt beguile me!—Was this face the face
That every day under his houſhold roof
Did keep ten thouſand men? Was this the face,
That, like the ſun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face, that fac'd ſo many follies,
And was at laſt out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory ſhineth in this face:
[*Daſhes the glaſs againſt the ground.*
As brittle as the glory, is the face;
For there it is, crack'd in an hundred ſhivers.—
Mark, ſilent king, the moral of this ſport,—
How ſoon my ſorrow hath deſtroy'd my face,

Boling. The ſhadow of your ſorrow hath deſtroy'd
The ſhadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The ſhadow of my ſorrow? Ha! let's ſee:—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And theſe external manners of lament
Are merely ſhadows to the unſeen grief,
That ſwelſs with ſilence in the tortur'd ſoul;
There lies the ſubſtance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'ſt
Me cauſe to wail, but teacheſt me the way
How to lament the cauſe. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair couſin.

K. Rich. Fair couſin? Why, I am greater than a king:
For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but ſubjects; being now a ſubject,
I have

I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling. Go some of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. Oh, good! Convey?—[3] Conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall. [*Exit.*

Boling. [4] On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Ex. all but the Abbot, bishop of Carlisle, and Aumerle.*

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Carl. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day [5] as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament

[3] ——*Conveyers are ye all,*] To *convey* is a term often used in an ill sense, and so Richard understands it here. Pistol says of *stealing*, convey *the wise it call*; and to *convey* is the word for sleight of hand, which seems to be alluded to here. *Ye are all*, says the deposed prince, *jugglers*, who rise with this nimble dexterity *by the fall of a good king.* JOHNSON.

[4] *On Wednesday next we solemnly set down*
Our coronation; lords, prepare yourselves.]
The first quarto, 1598, reads:
"Let it be so: and lo on Wednesday next
"We solemnly proclaim our coronation:
"Lords, be ready all." STEEVENS.

[5] —*as sharp to them as thorn.*] This pathetic denunciation shews that Shakespeare intended to impress his auditors with dislike of the desposal of Richard. JOHNSON.

To

[6] To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise:—
I see, your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;
Come home with me to supper, and I'll lay
A plot, shall shew us all a merry day [7]. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A street in London.

Enter Queen, and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
[8] To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:
[9] Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter King Richard, and guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: Yet look up; behold;
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—

[6] *To bury*———] To *conceal*, to *keep secret*. JOHNSON.

[7] In the first edition there is no personal appearance of king Richard, so that all to the line at which he leaves the stage was inserted afterwards. JOHNSON.

[8] *To Julius Cæsar's* &c.] The Tower of London is traditionally said to have been the work of Julius Cæsar. JOHNSON.

[9] *Here let us rest, if* &c.] So Milton:
"*Here rest, if any rest can harbour here.*" JOHNSON.

[1] Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand; [*To K. Rich.*
Thou map of honour; thou king Richard's tomb,
And not king Richard; thou most beauteous inn [2],
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an ale-house guest?

K. Rich. [3] Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shews us but this: [4] I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league 'till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd, and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; And wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod?

[1] *O thou, the model where old Troy did stand*;] The queen uses comparative terms absolutely. Instead of saying, *Thou who appearest* as the ground on which the magnificence of Troy was once erected, she says:

O thou the model, &c.
Thou map of honour: ——

Thou *picture* of greatness. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*beauteous* inn,] *Inn* does not here signify a house of public entertainment; but, as in Spenser, a habitation in general. STEEVENS.

[3] *Join not with grief*,——] Do not thou unite with grief against me; do not, by thy additional sorrows, enable grief to strike me down at once. My own part of sorrow I can bear, but thy affliction will immediately destroy me. JOHNSON.

[4] *I am sworn brother*,——
To grim necessity; ——]
I have reconciled myself to necessity, I am in a state of amity with the constraint which I have sustained. JOHNSON.

And

And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think, I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid:
And, ere thou bid good night, [5] to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
[6] For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compassion, weep the fire out:
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter Northumberland, attended.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.——
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
With all swift speed, you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way

[5] ——*to quit their grief,*] To retaliate their mournful stories. JOHNSON.

[6] *For why,*——] The poet should have ended this speech with the foregoing line, and have spared his childish prattle about the fire. JOHNSON.

To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd?—Bad men, ye violate
A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;
And then, betwixt me, and my married wife.—
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
[*To the Queen.*
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.—
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime:
My wife to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hollowmas [7], or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.

North. That were some love [8], but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
[9] Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near'.
Go, count thy way with sighs; I, mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

[7] ——*Hollowmas,*——] *All hallows,* or *all hallowtide*; the first of November. STEEVENS.

[8] *That were some love,* &c.] The quartos give this speech to the king. STEEVENS.

[9] *Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near'.*] To be *never the nigher*, or, as it is commonly spoken in the mid-land counties, *ne'er the ne-er*, is, to make no advance towards the good desired. JOHNSON.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Twice for one ſtep I'll groan, the way being ſhort,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing ſorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is ſuch length in grief.
One kiſs ſhall ſtop our mouths, and dumbly part [1];—
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.
[*They kiſs.*

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.
[*Kiſs again.*
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may ſtrive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the reſt let ſorrow ſay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The duke of York's palace.

Enter York, and his Dutcheſs.

Dutch. My lord, you told me, you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you break the ſtory off
Of our two couſins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Dutch. At that ſad ſtop, my lord,
Where rude miſgovern'd hands, from window tops,
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on king Richard's head.

York. Then, as I ſaid, the duke, great Bolingbroke,—
Mounted upon a hot and fiery ſteed,
Which his aſpiring rider ſeem'd to know,—
With ſlow, but ſtately pace, kept on his courſe,

[1] ——*and* dumbly *part*;——] Thus the folio. The quartos read:——*and* doubly *part*. STEEVENS.

While all tongues cry'd—God save thee, Boling-
broke!
You would have thought, the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imag'ry, had said at once,—
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he past along.

Dutch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the
while?

York. As, in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
[1] Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard; no man cry'd, God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,—
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

[1] *Are idly bent*——] That is, *carelessly* turned, thrown without attention. This the poet learned by his attendance and practice on the stage. JOHNSON.

Ent

Enter Aumerle.

Dutch. Here comes my ſon Aumerle.
York. Aumerle that was [3];
But that is loſt, for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you muſt call him Rutland now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And laſting fealty to the new-made king.
Dutch. Welcome, my ſon: Who are the violets now,
[4] That ſtrew the green lap of the new-come ſpring?
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not;
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.
York. Well, [5] bear you well in this new ſpring of time,
Leſt you be cropt before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold thoſe juſts and triumphs?
Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.
York. You will be there, I know.
Aum. If God prevent me not; I purpoſe ſo.
York. What ſeal is that, that hangs without thy boſom?
[6] Yea, look'ſt thou pale? let me ſee the writing.
Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.
York. No matter then who ſees it:

[3] Aumerle *that was;*] The dukes of *Aumerle*, Surrey, and Exeter, were by an act of Henry's firſt parliament deprived of their dukedoms, but were allowed to retain their earldoms of *Rutland*, Kent, and Huntingdon. *Holinſhed*, p. 513, 514. STEEVENS.

[4] *That ſtrew the green lap of the new-come ſpring?*] So, Milton in one of his ſongs:

"——— who from her *green lap* throws
"The yellow cowſlip and the pale primroſe." STEEVENS.

[5] *— bear you well —*] That is, conduct yourſelf with prudence. JOHNSON.

[6] *Yea, look'ſt thou pale? let me ſee the writing.*] Such harſh and defective lines as this, are probably corrupt, and might be eaſily ſupplied, but that it would be dangerous to let conjecture looſe on ſuch ſlight occaſions. JOHNSON.

I will be ſatisfy'd, let me ſee the writing.

Aum. I do beſeech your grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of ſmall conſequence,
Which for ſome reaſons I would not have ſeen.

York. Which for ſome reaſons, ſir, I mean to ſee.
I fear, I fear,——

Dutch. What ſhould you fear?
'Tis nothing but ſome bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel, againſt the triumph.

York. Bound to himſelf? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me ſee the writing.

Aum. I do beſeech you, pardon me; I may not ſhew it.

York. I will be ſatisfied; let me ſee it, I ſay.
[*Snatches it and reads.*
Treaſon! foul treaſon!—villain, traitor! ſlave!

Dutch. What is the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who is within there? ſaddle my horſe.
Heaven, for his mercy! what treachery is here!

Dutch. Why, what is it, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I ſay; ſaddle my horſe:—
Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain.

Dutch. What's the matter?

York. Peace, fooliſh woman.

Dutch. I will not peace:——What is the matter, ſon?

Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life muſt anſwer.

Dutch. Thy life anſwer!

Enter ſervant, with boots.

York. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.

Dutch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd:—
Hence, villain; never more come in my ſight.—
[*Speaking to the ſervant.*

York.

York. Give me my boots, I ſay.

Dutch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the treſpaſs of thine own?
Have we more ſons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair ſon from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conſpiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the ſacrament,
And interchangeably ſet down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.

Dutch. He ſhall be none;
We'll keep him here: Then what is that to him?

York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times
My ſon, I would appeach him.

Dutch. Hadſt thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou'dſt be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou doſt ſuſpect,
That I have been diſloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a baſtard, not thy ſon:
Sweet York, ſweet huſband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman. [*Exit.*

Dutch. After, Aumerle: mount thee upon his horſe;
Spur, poſt; and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuſe thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as faſt as York;
And never will I riſe up from the ground,
'Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee: Away.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

The court at Windsor castle.

Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, and other lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months, since I did see him last:—
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to heaven, my lords, he might be found:
[7] Enquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions;
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
While he[8], young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince;
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stews;
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove[9],
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

[7] *Enquire at London*, &c.] This is a very proper introduction to the future character of Henry the Fifth, to his debaucheries in his youth, and his greatness in his manhood. JOHNSON.

[8] While *he*,——] All the old copies read: Which *he*. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*pluck a* glove,] So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, Lamia, the strumpet, says:
"Who loves me once is lymed to my heast:
"My colours some, and some shall wear my *glove*."
Again, in the *Shoemaker' Holyday, or Gentle Craft*, 1600:
"Or shall I undertake some martial sport
"Wearing your *glove* at turney or at tilt,
"And tell how many gallants I unhors'd." STEEVENS.

Boling.

Boling. As dissolute, as desperate: yet, through both
I see some sparkles of a better hope [1],
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle, amazed.

Aum. Where is the king?
Boling. What means
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?
Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.
Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.—
What is the matter with our cousin now?
Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth, [*Kneels.*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.
Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If but the first, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.
Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter 'till my tale be done.
Boling. Have thy desire. [*York within.*
York. My liege, beware; look to thyself;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.
Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [*Drawing.*
Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand;
Thou hast no cause to fear.
York. Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king:
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[1] *I see some* sparkles *of* a *better hope,*] The folio reads:
——sparks *of better hope.*
The quarto 1615:
——sparkles *of better hope.* STEEVENS.

The

The King opens the door, enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? ſpeak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruſe this writing here, and thou ſhalt know
The treaſon that my haſte forbids me ſhow.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'ſt, thy promiſe paſt;
I do repent me; read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did ſet it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's boſom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, leſt thy pity prove
A ſerpent that will ſting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, ſtrong, and bold conſpiracy!—
O loyal father of a treacherous ſon!
[2] Thou ſheer, immaculate, and ſilver fountain,
From whence this ſtream through muddy paſſages,
Hath held his current, and defil'd himſelf!
[3] Thy overflow of good converts to bad;
And thy abundant goodneſs ſhall excuſe

[2] *Thou ſheer, immaculate, &c.*] *Sheer* is pellucid, tranſparent. The modern editors arbitrarily read *clear*. So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 2:

"Who having viewed in a fountain *ſhere*
"Her face, &c."

Again, b. iii. c. 11:

"That ſhe at laſt came to a fountain *ſheare*."

Tranſparent muſlin is ſtill called *ſheer* muſlin. STEEVENS.

[3] *Thy overflow of good converts to bad;*] This is the reading of all the printed copies in general; and I never till lately ſuſpected its being faulty. The reaſoning is disjointed, and inconcluſive: my emendation makes it clear and of a piece. "Thy overflow of good changes the complexion of thy ſon's guilt; and thy goodneſs, being ſo abundant, ſhall excuſe his treſpaſs." THEOBALD.

Theobald would read: ——*converts the bad.* STEEVENS.

The old reading—*converts to bad,* is right, I believe, though Mr. Theobald did not underſtand it. "The overflow of good *in thee* is turned to bad *in thy ſon*; and that ſame abundant goodneſs *in thee* ſhall excuſe *his* tranſgreſſion. TYRWHITT.

This

This deadly blot in thy digressing son [4].

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

[*Dutchess within.*

Dutch. What ho, my liege! for heaven's sake, let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?

Dutch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd; from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to [5] *the Beggar and the King.*—
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;
I know, she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.

[4] ——digressing *son.*] Thus the old copies, and rightly. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"*Digressing* from the valour of a man."

To *digress* is to deviate from what is right or regular. The modern editors read: ——*transgressing.* STEEVENS.

[5] ——*the Beggar and the King.*—] *The King and Beggar* seems to have been an interlude well known in the time of our author, who has alluded to it more than once. I cannot now find that any copy of it is left. JOHNSON.

The King and Beggar was perhaps once an interlude; it was certainly a song. The reader will find it in the first volume of Dr. Percy's collection. It is there intitled, *King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid*; and is printed from Rich. Johnson's *Crown Garland of Goulden Roses*, 1612, 12°; where it is intitled simply, *A song of a Beggar and a King.* This interlude or ballad is mentioned in *Cinthia's Revenge*, 1613:

"Provoke thy sharp Melpomene to sing
"The story of a *Beggar and the King.*" STEEVENS.

This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Dutchess.

Dutch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not itself, none other can.

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou do here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Dutch. Sweet York, be patient: Hear me, gentle liege. [*Kneels.*

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Dutch. Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I kneel upon my knees [6],
And never see day that the happy sees,
'Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee. [*Kneels.*

York. Against them both, my true joints bended be. [*Kneels.*
Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Dutch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd;
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel 'till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

[6] ——kneel *upon my knees,*] Thus the folio. The quartos read:
————walk *upon my knees.* STEEVENS.

Dutch.

Dutch. Nay, do not ſay—ſtand up;
But, pardon, firſt; and afterwards, ſtand up.
An if I were thy nurſe, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon—ſhould be the firſt word of thy ſpeech.
I never long'd to hear a word 'till now;
Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is ſhort, but not ſo ſhort as ſweet;
No word like, pardon, for kings' mouths ſo meet.

York. Speak it in French, king; ſay, [7] *pardonnez moy.*

Dutch. Doſt thou teach pardon pardon to deſtroy?
Ah, my ſour huſband, my hard-hearted lord,
That ſet'ſt the word itſelf againſt the word!—
Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping French we do not underſtand.
Thine eye begins to ſpeak, ſet thy tongue there:
Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearſe.

Boling. Good aunt, ſtand up.

Dutch. I do not ſue to ſtand,
Pardon is all the ſuit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as heaven ſhall pardon me.

Dutch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I ſick for fear: ſpeak it again;
Twice ſaying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon ſtrong.

Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.

Dutch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. [8] But for our truſty brother-in-law—and the abbot,

With

[7] ——*Pardonnez moy.*] That is, *excuſe me*, a phraſe uſed when any thing is civilly denied. The whole paſſage is ſuch as I could well wiſh away. JOHNSON.

[8] *But for our truſty brother-in-law—the abbot,*——] The abbot of Weſtminſter was an eccleſiaſtic; but the brother-in-law meant, was

With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,—
Deſtruction ſtraight ſhall dog them at the heels.—
Good uncle, help to order ſeveral powers
To Oxford, or where-e'er theſe traitors are:
They ſhall not live within this world, I ſwear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewel;—and couſin too, adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Dutch. Come, my old ſon; I pray heaven make thee new. [*Exeunt.*

[7] SCENE IV.

Enter Exton, and a Servant.

Exton. Didſt thou not mark the king, what words he ſpake?
Have I no friend, will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not ſo?

Serv. Thoſe were his very words.

Exton. *Have I no friend?* quoth he: he ſpake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And, ſpeaking it, he wiſtly look'd on me;
As who ſhould ſay,—I would, thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*

was John duke of Exeter and earl of Huntingdon (own brother to king Richard II.) and who had married with the lady Elizabeth ſiſter of Henry of Bolingbroke. THEOBALD.

The quarto 1615 reads as it is here printed: —— and *the abbot*, which ſufficiently diſcriminates the perſonages deſigned. STEEVENS.

SCENE V.

The priſon at Pomfret-caſtle.

Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. I have been ſtudying how to compare
This priſon, where I live, unto the world:
And, for becauſe the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myſelf,
I cannot do it;—Yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my ſoul;
My ſoul, the father: and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtill breeding thoughts,
And theſe ſame thoughts people this little world;
In humours, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better ſort,—
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
With ſcruples, and do ſet the word itſelf [9]
Againſt the word:
As thus,—*Come, little ones*; and then again,—
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the poſtern of a needle's eye.
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how theſe vain weak nails
May tear a paſſage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themſelves,—
That they are not the firſt of fortune's ſlaves,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt; Like ſilly beggars,
Who, ſitting in the ſtocks, refuge their ſhame,—

[9] ——*the* word *itſelf*
Againſt the word:]
Thus the quartos, except that they read *thy* word. By the *word* I ſuppoſe is meant the *holy word.* The folio reads:
——*the* faith *itſelf*
Againſt the faith. STEEVENS.

That many have, and others must sit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one person [1], many people,
And none contented: Sometimes am I king;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: Then crushing penury
Persuades me, I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again: and, by-and-by,
Think, that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing:—But, what-e'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, 'till he be eas'd
With being nothing.—Music do I hear? [*Music.*
Ha, ha! keep time:—How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept?
So is it in the music of mens' lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To hear [2] time broke in a disorder'd string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
For now hath time made me his numbring clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and, [3] with sighs, they jar
Their

[1] ——*in one* person,—] All the old copies read, *in one* prison.
STEEVENS.

[2] *To* hear——] One of the quartos reads: to *check*.
STEEVENS.

[3] ————*with sighs they jar,*
Their watches &c.]
I think this expression must be corrupt, but I know not well how to make it better. The first quarto reads:
My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar,
There watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch.
The quarto 1608:
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar,
Their watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch.
The first folio agrees with the third quarto, which reads:

[illegible]

Their watches to mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing ftill, in cleanfing them from tears.
Now, fir, the found, that tells what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that ftrike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: So fighs, and tears, and groans,
Shew minutes, times, and hours:—but my time
Runs pofting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I ftand fooling here, [4] his Jack o' the clock.

My thoughts are minutes; and with fighes they jarre
There *watches to mine eyes the outward watch.*

Perhaps out of thefe two readings the right may be made. *Watch* feems to be ufed in a double fenfe, for a quantity of time, and for the inftrument that meafures time. I read, but with no great confidence, thus:

My thoughts are minutes, and with fighs they jar
Their watches on; mine eyes the outward watch,
Whereto, &c. JOHNSON.

The *outward watch*, as I am inform'd, was the moveable figure of a man habited like a watchman, with a pole and lantern in his hand. The figure had the word *watch* written on its forehead; and was placed above the dial-plate. This information was derived from an artift *after the operation of a fecond cup*: therefore neither the gentleman who communicated it, or myfelf, can vouch for its authenticity, or with any degree of confidence apply it to the paffage before us. Such a figure, however, appears to have been alluded to in Ben Jonfon's *Every Man out of his Humour*: "——he looks like one of thefe *motions* in a great antique clock, &c." A *motion* anciently fignified a *puppet*. Again, in his *Sejanus*:

"Obferve him, as his *watch* obferves his *clock*."

To *jar* is, I believe, to make that noife which is called *ticking*. So, in the *Winter's Tale*:

"I love thee not a *jar* o' the clock behind, &c."

Again, in the *Spanifh Tragedy*:

"——the minutes *jarring*, the clock ftriking."

STEEVENS.

[4] ——*his Jack o'the clock.*] That is, I ftrike for him. One of thefe automatons is alluded to in *King Richard the Third*:

"Becaufe that like a *Jack* thou keep'ft the ftroke,
"Between thy begging and my meditation."

The fame expreffion occurs in an old comedy, intitled, *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*:

"————fo would I,
"And we their *jacks o'the clock-houfe*." STEEVENS.

This

This music mads me, let it sound no more;
For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,
In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.
Yet, blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch [5] in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!
K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
[6] Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?
Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometime royal master's face.
O, how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets, that coronation day,

[5] —*in this all-hating world.*] I believe the meaning is, this world in which I am universally hated. JOHNSON.

———*and love to Richard*
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.]
i.e. is as strange and uncommon as a *brooch*, which is now no longer worn. So, in *All's Well that ends Well*: "Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable; just like the *brooch* and the toothpick, which wear not now." MALONE.

[6] *Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog,*] I have ventured at a change here, against the authority of the copies, by the direction of Dr. Warburton. Indeed, *sad dog* savours too much of the comedian, the oratory of the late facetious Mr. Penkethman. And *drudge* is the word of contempt, which our author chuses to use on other like occasions. THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton says peremptorily, "read *drudge*;" but I still persist in the old reading. JOHNSON.

It should be remembered that the word *sad* was in the time of our author used for *grave*. The expression will then be the same as if he had said, *that grave, that gloomy villain.* So, in Holinshed, p. 730: "With that, the recorder called Fitzwilliam, a *sad* man and an honest &c." STEEVENS.

When

When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtrid;
That horſe, that I ſo carefully have dreſs'd!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as if he diſdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud, that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not ſtumble? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride muſt have a fall) and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did uſurp his back?
Forgiveneſs, horſe! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Waſt born to bear? I was not made a horſe;
And yet I bear a burden like an aſs,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, [7] by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a diſh.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer ſtay. [*To the Groom.*

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart ſhall ſay. [*Exit.*

Keep. My lord, will't pleaſe you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taſte of it firſt, as thou wert wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not; ſir Pierce of Exton,
Who late came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaſter, and thee!

[7] ——*by* jauncing *Bolingbroke.*] *Jaunce* and *jaunt* were ſynonimous words. B. Jonſon uſes *geances* in his *Tale of a Tub*:
"I would I had a few more *geances* of it:
"And you ſay the word, ſend me to Jericho." STEEVENS.

Patience is ſtale, and I am weary of it.

[*Beats the Keeper.*

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter Exton, and ſervants.

K. Rich. How now? what means death in this rude aſſault?
Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's inſtrument.

[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*

Go thou, and fill another room in hell. [*Kills another.*

[*Exton ſtrikes him down.*

That hand ſhall burn in never-quenching fire,
That ſtaggers thus my perſon.—Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood ſtain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my ſoul! thy ſeat is up on high;
Whilſt my groſs fleſh ſinks downward, here to die.

[*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood:
Both have I ſpilt; Oh, would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me—I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear;—
Take hence the reſt, and give them burial here.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The court at Windſor.

Flouriſh: Enter Bolingbroke, York, with other lords and attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the lateſt news we hear,
Is—that the rebels have conſum'd with fire
Our town of Ciceſter in Gloſterſhire;
But whether they be ta'en, or ſlain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord: What is the news?

North.

North. First to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
The next news is,—I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent[8]:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.
[*Presenting a paper.*

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter Fitzwater.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas, and sir Bennet Seely;
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy, with the bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave:
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:——
Chuse out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter Exton, with a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy bury'd fear: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

[8] ——*of Salisbury, Spenser, Blunt, and Kent:*] The quartos read: ——*of Oxford, Salisbury, and Kent.* STEEVENS.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou haſt wrought
A deed of ſlander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poiſon, that do poiſon need,
Nor do I thee; though I did wiſh him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conſcience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the ſhade of night,
And never ſhew thy head by day nor light.——
Lords, I proteſt, my ſoul is full of woe,
That blood ſhould ſprinkle me, to make me grow.
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on ſullen black incontinent;
I'll make a voyage to the Holy land,
To waſh this blood off from my guilty hand:—
March ſadly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt omnes* *.

* This play is extracted from the *Chronicle of Holingſhed*, in which many paſſages may be found which Shakeſpeare has, with very little alteration, tranſplanted into his ſcenes; particularly a ſpeech of the biſhop of Carliſle in defence of king Richard's unalienable right, and immunity from human juriſdiction.

Jonſon who, in his *Catiline and Sejanus*, has inſerted many ſpeeches from the Roman hiſtorians, was perhaps induced to that practice by the example of Shakeſpeare, who had condeſcended ſometimes to copy more ignoble writers. But Shakeſpeare had more of his own than Jonſon, and, if he ſometimes was willing to ſpare his labour, ſhewed by what he performed at other times, that his extracts were made by choice or idleneſs rather than neceſſity.

This play is one of thoſe which Shakeſpeare has apparently reviſed; but as ſucceſs in works of invention is not always proportionate to labour, it is not finiſhed at laſt with the happy force of ſome other of his tragedies, nor can be ſaid much to affect the paſſions, or enlarge the underſtanding. JOHNSON.

HENRY IV.

PART I.

Persons

Persons Represented.

King Henry the Fourth.
Henry, *prince of Wales*, } *sons to the king.*
[1] John, *duke of Lancaster*, }
Earl of Worcester.
Earl of Northumberland.
Henry Percy, *surnamed* Hotspur.
Edmund Mortimer, *earl of March.*
Scroop, *archbishop of York.*
Archibald, *earl of Douglas.*
Owen Glendower.
Sir Richard Vernon.
Earl of Westmoreland.
Sir Walter Blunt.
Sir John Falstaff.
Poins.
Gadshill.
Peto.
Bardolph.

Lady Percy, *wife to Hotspur, sister to Mortimer.*
Lady Mortimer, *daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.*
Quickly, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.*

Sheriff, vintner, chamberlain, drawers, two carriers, travellers, and attendants, &c.

SCENE, *England.*

[1] *John, duke of Lancaster,*] It should be *Prince John of Lancaster.* STEEVENS.

The persons of the drama were originally collected by Mr. Rowe, who has given the title of *Duke of Lancaster* to *Prince John*, a mistake which Shakespeare has been no where guilty of in the *first* part of this play, though in the *second* he has fallen into the same error. *K. Henry* IV. was himself the last person that ever bore the title of *Duke of Lancaster.* But all his sons ('till they had peerages, as *Clarence, Bedford, Gloucester*) were distinguished by the name of the royal house, as *John of Lancaster, Humphrey of Lancaster* &c. and in that proper style, the present *John* (who became afterwards so illustrious by the title of *Duke of Bedford*) is always mentioned in the play before us. STEEVENS.

[2] FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The court in London.

Enter king Henry, earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

K. Henry. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
[3] Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And

[2] *The First Part of Henry* IV.] The transactions contained in this historical drama are comprised within the period of about ten months; for the action commences with the news brought of Hotspur having defeated the Scots under Archibald earl Douglas at Holmedon (or Halidown-hill) which battle was fought on Holy-rood-day (the 14th of September) 1402; and it closes with the defeat and death of Hotspur at Shrewsbury; which engagement happened on Saturday the 21st of July (the eve of Saint Mary Magdalen) in the year 1403. THEOBALD.

This play was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Feb. 25. 1597, by Andrew Wise. Again by M. Woolff, Jan. 9. 1598. For the piece supposed to have been its original, see *Six old Plays on which Shakespeare founded* &c. published for S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross. STEEVENS.

Shakespeare has apparently designed a regular connection of these dramatic histories from Richard the Second to Henry the Fifth. King Henry, at the end of Richard the Second, declares his purpose to visit the Holy land, which he resumes in this speech. The complaint made by king Henry in the last act of Richard the Second, of the wildness of his son, prepares the reader for the frolicks which are here to be recounted, and the characters which are now to be exhibited. JOHNSON.

[3] *Find*

And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
[4] No more the thirsty entrance of this soil

Shall

[3] *Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,*
And breathe short-winded accents ——]
That is, let us soften peace to rest a while without disturbance, that she may recover breath to propose new wars. JOHNSON.

[4] *No more the thirsty entrance of this soil*
Shall damp *her lips with her own childrens' blood*;]
This nonsense should be read: *Shall* trempe, i. e. moisten, and refers to thirsty in the preceding line: *trempe*, from the French, *tremper*, properly signifies the moistness made by rain.

WARBURTON.

That these lines are absurd is soon discovered, but how this nonsense will be made sense is not so easily told; surely not by reading *trempe*, for what means he, that says, *the thirsty entrance of this* soil *shall no more* trempe *her lips with her own childrens' blood*, more than he that says *it shall not* damp *her lips*? To suppose the *entrance of the soil* to mean the *entrance* of a kingdom, and king Henry to predict that *kings shall enter hereafter without bloodshed*, is to give words such a latitude of meaning, that no sentence can want a congruous interpretation.

The ancient copies neither have *trempe* nor *damp*: the first quarto of 1599, that of 1622, the folio of 1623, and the quarto of 1639, all read:

No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daube *her lips with her own childrens' blood.*

The folios of 1632 and 1664 read, by an apparent error of the press, *shall* damb *her lips*, from which the later editors have idly adopted *damp*. The old reading helps the editor no better than the new, nor can I satisfactorily reform the passage. I think that *thirsty entrance* must be wrong, yet know not what to offer. We may read, but not very elegantly:

No more the thirsty entrails *of this soil*
Shall daubed be *with her own childrens' blood.*

The relative *her* is inaccurately used in both readings; but to regard sense more than grammar, is familiar to our author.

We may suppose a verse or two lost between these two lines. This is a cheap way of palliating an editor's inability; but I believe such omissions are more frequent in Shakespeare than is commonly imagined. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the following conjecture may be thought very far fetch'd, and yet I am willing to venture it, because it often happens that a wrong reading has affinity to the right. I would read:

——— *the thirsty* entrants *of this soil*

i. e.

Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: [5] those opposed eyes,
Which,—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,——
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
[6] As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,

(Whose

i. e. those who set foot on this kingdom through the thirst of power or conquest.

Whoever is accustomed to the old copies of this author, will generally find the words *consequents*, *occurrents*, *ingredients*, spelt consequence, occurrence, ingredience; and thus, perhaps, the French word *entrants*, anglicized by Shakespeare, might have been corrupted into *entrance*, which affords no very apparent meaning.

By *her* lips Shakespeare may mean *the lips of peace*, who is mentioned in the second line; or may use the *thirsty entrance* of the soil, for the *porous surface* of the earth, through which all moisture enters, and is thirstily drank, or soaked up. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*those opposed eyes*,] The similitude is beautiful; but what are "eyes meeting in intestine shocks, and marching all one way?" The true reading is, *files*; which appears not only from the integrity of the metaphor, "well-beseeming ranks march all one way;" but from the nature of those meteors to which they are compared; namely, long streaks of red, which represent the lines of armies; the appearance of which, and their likeness to such lines, gave occasion to all the superstition of the common people concerning armies in the air, &c. Out of mere contradiction, the Oxford editor would improve my alteration of *files* to *arms*, and so loses both the integrity of the metaphor and the likeness of the comparison. WARBURTON.

This passage is not very accurate in the expression, but I think nothing can be changed. JOHNSON.

[6] *As far as to the sepulchre* &c.] The lawfulness and justice of the holy wars have been much disputed; but perhaps there is a prin-

(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engag'd to fight)
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy[7];
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' wombs
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go,
Therefore we meet not now:—Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree,
In forwarding[8] this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
[9] And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered:
Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,

principle on which the question may be easily determined. If it be part of the religion of the Mahometans to extirpate by the sword all other religions, it is, by the laws of self-defence, lawful for men of every other religion, and for Christians among others, to make war upon Mahometans, simply as Mahometans, as men obliged by their own principles to make war upon Christians, and only lying in wait till opportunity shall promise them success. JOHNSON.

[7] —*shall we* levy;] To *levy* a power of English *as far* as to the sepulchre of Christ, is an expression quite unexampled, if not corrupt. We might propose *lead*, without violence to the sense, or too wide a deviation from the traces of the letters. STEEVENS.

[8] —*this dear expedience.*] For *expedition.* WARBURTON.

[9] *And many limits*—] *Limits* for *estimates.* WARBURTON.
Limits, as the author of the Revisal observes, may mean, *outlines, rough sketches* or *calculations.* STEEVENS.

Such

Such beaſtly, ſhameleſs transformation,
[1] By thoſe Welſhwomen done, as may not be,
Without much ſhame, retold or ſpoken of.
K. Henry. It ſeems then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our buſineſs for the Holy land.
West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import.
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotſpur there [2],
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald [3],
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did ſpend a ſad and bloody hour;
As by diſcharge of their artillery,
And ſhape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought it, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horſe,
Uncertain of the iſſue any way.
K. Henry. Here is a dear and true-induſtrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horſe,
Stain'd with the variation of each ſoil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this ſeat of ours;
And he hath brought us ſmooth and welcome news.
The earl of Douglas is diſcomfited;

[1] *By thoſe Welſhwomen done,*——] Thus Holinſhed, p. 528: "——ſuch ſhameful villanie executed upon the carcaſſes of the dead men by the *Welch-women*; as the like (I doo believe) hath never or ſildome been practiſed." p. 528. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*the gallant* Hotſpur *there*,
Young Harry Percy,——]
Holinſhed's *Hiſt. of Scotland*, p. 249, ſays: "This *Harry Percy* was ſurnamed, for his *often pricking*, *Henry Hotſpur*, as one that ſeldom times reſted, if there were anie ſervice to be done abroad." TOLLET.

[3] ——*Archibald*,] *Archibald* Douglas, earl Douglas. STEEVENS.

Ten

Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
[4] Balk'd in their own blood, did sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains: Of prisoners, Hotspur took

[4] *Balk'd in their own blood*,——] I should suppose, that the author might have written either *bath'd*, or *bak'd*, i. e. encrusted over with blood dried upon them. A passage in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632, may countenance the latter of these conjectures:

" Troilus lies *embak'd*
" In his cold blood."——

Again, in *Hamlet*:

" ——— horridly trick'd
" With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons.
" *Bak'd* and impasted &c."

Again, in Heywood's *Iron Age*:

" ——— *bak'd in blood* and dust."

Again, *ibid*:

" ——— as *bak'd in blood*." STEEVENS.

Balk'd——] *Balk* is a ridge; and particularly, a ridge of land: here is therefore a metaphor; and perhaps the poet means, in his bold and careless manner of expression:
" Ten thousand *bloody* carcasses *piled* up together in a long heap." ——" A *ridge* of dead bodies *piled* up in *blood*." If this be the meaning of *balked*, for the greater exactness of construction, we might add to the pointing, viz.

Balk'd, *in their own blood*, &c.

" Piled up into a ridge, *and* in their own blood, &c." But without this punctuation, as at present, the context is more poetical, and presents a stronger image. I once conjectured:

Bak'd *in their own blood*. ———

Of which the sense is obvious. But I prefer the common reading. A *balk*, in the sense here mentioned, is a common expression in Warwickshire, and the northern counties. It is used in the same signification in Chaucer's *Plowman's Tale*, p. 182. edit. Urr. v. 2428. WARTON.

Balk'd in their own blood, I believe, means, lay in *heaps* or *hillocks*, in their own blood. Blithe's *England's Improvement*, p. 118. observes: " The mole raiseth *balks* in meads and pastures." In Leland's *Itinerary*, vol. V. p. 16. and 118. vol. VII. p. 10. a *balk* signifies a *bank* or *hill*. Mr. Pope, in the *Iliad*, has the same thought:

" On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans *bled*,
" And thick'ning round them rise the *hills* of dead."

TOLLET.

Mor-

Mordake the earl of Fife [5], and eldest son
To beaten Douglas; and the earls
Of Athol, Murray, Angus, and Menteith [6].
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. 'Faith, 'tis a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Henry. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest a son:
A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straitest plant;
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-cloths our children where they lay,
And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts:—What think you, coz',

[5] *Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas;——*]
Mordake earl of Fife, who was son to the duke of Albany, regent of Scotland, is here called the *son of earl Douglas*, through a mistake into which the poet was led by the omission of a comma in the passage of Holinshed from whence he took this account of the Scottish prisoners. It stands thus in the historian: "——and of prisoners, Mordacke earle of Fife, son to the gouvernour Archembald earle Dowglas, &c." The want of a comma after *gouvernour*, makes these words appear to be the description of one and the same person, and so the poet understood them; but by putting the stop in the proper place, it will then be manifest that in this list Mordake, who was son to the governour of Scotland, was the first prisoner, and that Archibald earl of Douglas was the second, and so on. STEEVENS.

[6] *——and Menteith.*] This is a mistake of Holinshed in his *English History*, for in that of *Scotland*, p. 259, 262, and 419, he speaks of the earl of *Fife* and *Menteith* as one and the same person. STEEVENS.

Of this young Percy's pride? [7] the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
[8] Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Henry. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And, for this cause, a while we must neglect

7 ——*the prisoners*,] Percy had an exclusive right to these prisoners, except the earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him clearly for himself, either to acquit or ransom, at his pleasure. It seems from *Camden's Brit.* that Pounouny-castle in Scotland was built out of the ransom of this very Henry Percy, when taken prisoner at the battle of Otterbourne by an ancestor of the present earl of Eglington. TOLLET.

Percy could not refuse the earl of Fife to the king; for being a prince of the blood royal, (son to the duke of Albany, brother to king Robert III.) Henry might justly claim him by his acknowledged military prerogative. STEEVENS.

8 *Which makes him* prune *himself*,——] Doubtless Shakespeare wrote *plume*. And to this the Oxford editor gives his fiat.
WARBURTON.

I am not so confident as those two editors. The metaphor is taken from a cock, who in his pride *prunes himself*; that is, picks off the loose feathers to smooth the rest. To *prune* and *to plume*, spoken of a bird, is the same. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is certainly right in his choice of the reading. So, in *Albumazar*, 1615:

"——*prune* yourself sleek."——

Again, in the *Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

"Sith now thou dost but *prune* thy wings,
"And make thy feathers gay."

Again, in Green's *Metamorphosis*, 1613:

"Pride makes the fowl to *prune* his feathers so."

But I am not certain that the verb to *prune* is justly interpreted. In the *Booke of Haukynge* &c. (commonly called the *Booke of St. Albans*) is the following account of it: "The hauke *proineth* when she fetcheth oyle with her beake over the taile, and anointeth her feet and her fethers. She *plumeth* when she pulleth fethers of anie foule and casteth them from her." STEEVENS.

Our

Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
[9] Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An apartment belonging to the prince.

Enter Henry, prince of Wales, and Sir John Falstaff.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Henry. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten [1] to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata; I see no reason, why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal: for

[9] *Than out of anger can be uttered.*] That is, "More is to be said than anger will suffer me to say: more than can issue from a mind disturbed like mine." JOHNSON.

[1] —*to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know.*—] The prince's objection to the question seems to be, that Falstaff had asked in the *night* what was the time of *day*. JOHNSON.

This cannot be well received as the objection of the prince; for presently after, the prince himself says: "Good morrow, Ned," and Poins replies: "Good morrow, sweet lad." The truth may be, that when Shakespeare makes the Prince wish Poins a good morrow, he had forgot that the scene commenced at night. STEEVENS.

we, that take purſes, go by the moon and ſeven ſtars; and not by Phœbus,—he, *that wand'ring knight ſo fair*. And, I pray thee, ſweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God ſave thy grace, (majeſty, I ſhould ſay; for grace thou wilt have none.)——

P. Henry. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not ſo much as will ſerve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Henry. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, ſweet wag, when thou art king, [2] let not us, that are ſquires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of the day's beauty; let us be—Diana's foreſters, gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the moon: And let men ſay, we be men of good government; being govern'd as the ſea is, by our noble and chaſte miſtreſs the moon, under whoſe countenance we——ſteal.

P. Henry. Thou ſay'ſt well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the ſea; being govern'd as the ſea is,

[2] ——*let not us, that are ſquires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty:*] This conveys no manner of idea to me. How could they be called thieves of the day's beauty? They robbed by moonſhine; they could not ſteal the fair day-light. I have ventured to ſubſtitute *booty*: and this I take to be the meaning. Let us not be called *thieves*, the purloiners of that *booty*, which, to the proprietors, was the purchaſe of honeſt labour and induſtry by day. THEOBALD.

It is true, as Theobald has obſerved, that they could not ſteal *the fair day-light*; but I believe our poet by the expreſſion, *thieves of the day's beauty*, meant only, *let not us, who are body ſquires to the night*, i. e. adorn the night, *be called a diſgrace to the day*. To take away the beauty of the day, may probably mean, to diſgrace it. A *ſquire of the body* ſignified originally, the attendant on a knight; the perſon who bore his head-piece, ſpear, and ſhield. It became afterwards the cant term for a *pimp*; and is ſo uſed in the ſecond part of Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1630. Again, in the *Witty Fair One*, 1633, for a *procureſs*: "Here comes the *ſquire* of her miſtreſs's *body*." STEEVENS.

is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: A purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; [3] got with swearing—lay by; and spent with crying—bring in: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the lord, thou say'st true, lad. [4] And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Henry. [5] As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the

[3] —*got with swearing*—lay by;—] i. e. swearing at the passengers they robbed, *lay by your arms*; or rather, *lay by* was a phrase that then signified *stand still*, addressed to those who were preparing to rush forward. But the Oxford editor kindly accommodates these old thieves with a new cant phrase, taken from Bagshot-heath or Finchly-common, of *lug out*. WARBURTON.

[4] —*And is not mine hostess of the tavern* &c.] We meet with the same kind of humour as is contained in this and the three following speeches, in the *Mostellaria of Plautus*, act I. sc. ii.

"Jampridem ecastor frigidâ non lavi magis lubenter,
"Nec unde me melius, mea Scapha, rear esse defœcatam.
Sca. "Eventus rebus omnibus, velut horno messis magna fuit.
Phi. "Quid ea messis attinet ad meam lavationem?
Sca. "Nihilo plus, quam lavatio tua ad messim."

In the want of connection to what went before, probably consists the humour of the prince's question. STEEVENS.

This kind of humour is often met with in old plays. In the *Gallathea* of Lilly, *Phillida* says: "It is a pittie that nature framed you not a woman.

"*Gall.* There is a tree in Tylos, &c.

"*Phill.* What a toy it is to tell me of that tree, being nothing to the purpose, &c."

Ben Jonson calls it *a game at vapours*. FARMER.

[5] *As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle*:—] Mr. Rowe took notice of a tradition, that this part of Falstaff was written originally under the name of Oldcastle. An ingenious correspondent hints to me, that the passage above quoted from our author, proves what Mr. Rowe tells us was a tradition. *Old lad of the castle* seems to have a reference to Oldcastle. Besides, if this had not been the fact, why, in the epilogue to *The Second Part of Henry IV.* where our author promises to continue his story with sir John in it, should he say: "Where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard

the castle. [6] And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal.

opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man." This looks like declining a point that had been made an objection to him. I'll give a farther matter in proof, which seems almost to fix the charge. I have read an old play, called, *The famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, containing the honourable battle of Agincourt.*—The action of this piece commences about the 14th year of K. Henry the Fourth's reign, and ends with Henry the Fifth's marrying princess Catharine of France. The scene opens with prince Henry's robberies. Sir John Oldcastle is one of the gang, and called Jockie; and Ned and Gadshill are two other comrades. —From this old imperfect sketch, I have a suspicion Shakespeare might form his two parts of Henry the Fourth, and his history of Henry the Fifth; and consequently it is not improbable, that he might continue the mention of sir John Oldcastle, till some descendants of that family moved queen Elizabeth to command him to change the name. THEOBALD.

——— *my old lad of the castle:* ——] This alludes to the name Shakespeare first gave to this buffoon character, which was sir John Oldcastle; and when he changed the name he forgot to strike out this expression that alluded to it. The reason of the change was this; one sir John Oldcastle having suffered in the time of Henry the Fifth for the opinions of Wickliffe, it gave offence, and therefore the poet altered it to Falstaff, and endeavours to remove the scandal in the epilogue to *The Second Part of Henry* IV. Fuller takes notice of this matter in his *Church History.* — "Stage-poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and a coward to boot. The best is, sir John Falstaff hath relieved the memory of sir John Oldcastle, and of late is substituted buffoon in his place." Book iv. p. 168. But, to be candid, I believe there was no malice in the matter. Shakespeare wanted a droll name to his character, and never considered whom it belonged to: we have a like instance in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where he calls his French quack, Caius, a name at that time very respectable, as belonging to an eminent and learned physician, one of the founders of Caius College in Cambridge. WARBURTON.

The propriety of this note the reader will find contested at the beginning of *Henry* V. Sir John Oldcastle was not a character ever introduced by Shakespeare, nor did he ever occupy the place of Falstaff. The play in which Oldcastle's name occurs, was not the work of our poet.

Old lad is likewise a familiar compellation to be found in some of

our

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Henry. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

our most ancient dramatic pieces. So, in the *Trial of Treasure*, 1567: "What, Inclination, *old lad* art thou there?" In the dedication to *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up* &c. by T. Nash, 1598, *old Dick of the castle* is mentioned. STEEVENS.

Old lad of the castle, is the same with *Old lad of Castile*, a *Castilian*. — Meres reckons *Oliver of the castle* amongst his romances; and Gabriel Harvey tells us of "*Old lads of the castell* with their rapping babble,"—roaring boys.—This is therefore no argument for Falstaff's appearing first under the name of *Oldcastle*. There is however a passage in a play called *Amends for Ladies*, by Field the player, 163[illegible], which may seem to prove it, unless he confounded the different performances:

"Did you never see
"The play where the fat knight, hight *Oldcastle*,
"Did tell you truly what this *honour* was?" FARMER.

6 —*And is not a* buff jerkin *a most sweet robe of* durance?] To understand the propriety of the prince's answer, it must be remarked that the sheriff's officers were formerly clad in buff. So that when Falstaff asks, whether *his hostess is not a sweet wench*, the prince asks in return, whether *it will not be a sweet thing to go to prison by running in debt to this sweet wench.* JOHNSON.

The following passage, from the old play of *Ram-Alley*, may serve to confirm Dr. Johnson's observation:

"Look, I have certain goblins *in buff jerkins*,
"Lye ambush'd. [*Enter Serjeants.*

Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*, act IV:

"A devil in an *everlasting garment* hath him,
"A fellow all in *buff*."

In *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607, I meet with a passage which leads me to believe that a *robe* or *suit of durance* was some kind of lasting stuff, such as we call at present, *everlasting*. A debtor, cajoling the officer who had just taken him up, says: "Where did'st thou buy this buff? Let me not live but I will give thee a *good suit of durance*. Wilt thou take my bond? &c."

Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607: "Varlet of *velvet*, my *moccado* villain, old heart of *durance*, my strip'd *canvas* shoulders, and my *perpetuana* pander." Again, in the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584: "As the taylor that out of seven yards, stole one and a half of *durance*." STEEVENS.

Fal. Well, thou haſt call'd her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

P. Henry. Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou haſt paid all there.

P. Henry. Yea, and elſewhere, ſo far as my coin would ſtretch; and, where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and ſo us'd it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pr'ythee, ſweet wag, ſhall there be gallows ſtanding in England when thou art king? and reſolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the ruſty curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Henry. No; thou ſhalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, [7] I'll be a brave judge.

P. Henry. Thou judgeſt falſe already; I mean, thou ſha't have the hanging of the thieves, and ſo become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in ſome ſort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Henry. [8] For obtaining of ſuits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of ſuits, whereof the hang-

[7] *—I'll be a brave judge.*] This thought, like many others, is taken from the old play of *Henry* V:

"*Hen.* V. Ned, as ſoon as I am king, the firſt thing I will do ſhall be to put my *lord chief juſtice* out of office; and thou ſhalt be my *lord chief juſtice* of England.

"*Ned.* Shall I be *lord chief juſtice*? By gogs wounds, I'll be the braveſt *lord chief juſtice* that ever was in England."

STEEVENS.

[8] *For obtaining of ſuits?*] *Suit*, ſpoken of one that attends at court, means a *petition*, uſed with reſpect to the hangman, means the cloaths of the offender. JOHNSON.

The ſame quibble occurs in *Hoffman's Tragedy*, 1631: "A poor maiden, miſtreſs, has a *ſuit* to you, and 'tis a good *ſuit*—very good apparel." MALONE.

man

man hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as [9] a gib cat, or a lugg'd bear.

P. Henry.

[9] —*a gib cat,*—] A *gib cat* means, I know not why, an old cat. JOHNSON.

A *gib cat* is the common term in Northamptonſhire, and all adjacent counties, to expreſs a *he cat.* In ſome part of England he is called a *ram cat.* In Shropſhire, where a *tup* is the term for a *ram*, the male cat is called a *tup cat.* PERCY.

"As melancholy as a *gib'd cat*" is a proverb enumerated among others in Ray's *Collection.* In *A Match at Midnight*, 1633, is the following paſſage: "They ſwell like a couple of *gib'd* cats, met both by chance in the dark in an old garret." So, in Bulwer's *Artificial Changeling*, 1653: "Some in mania or melancholy madneſs have attempted the ſame, not without ſucceſs, although they have remained ſomewhat *melancholy like gib'd cats.*" I believe after all, a *gib'd* cat is a cat who has been qualified for the ſeraglio, for all animals ſo mutilated become drowſy and melancholy. To *gib* has certainly that meaning. So, in the *Winter's Tale*, act II. [illegible]

"And I had rather *glib* myſelf, than they
"Should not produce fair iſſue." STEEVENS.

Sherwood's *English Dictionary* at the end of Cotgrave's *French* one ſays: "*Gibbe* is an *old he cat.*" Aged animals are not ſo playful as thoſe which are young; and *gib'd* or gelded ones are duller than others. So we might read: —*as melancholy as a* gib cat *or a gib'd* cat. TOLLET.

—*gib cat*—] Falſtaff ſays, *I am as melancholy as a* gib cat. *Gib* is the abbreviation or nick-name of *Gilbert:* and the name *Gibſon* is nothing more than *Gib's*, i. e. *Gilbert's* ſon. Now it is well known that Christian names have been of old appropriated, as familiar appellations, to many animals: as Jack to a horſe, Tom to a pigeon, Philip to a ſparrow, Will to a goat, &c. Thus *Gilbert*, or *Gib*, was the name of a cat of the male ſpecies. *Tibert* is old French for *Gilbert;* and *Tibert* is the name of a cat in the old ſtory-book of *Reynart the Foxe*, tranſlated by Caxton from the French in the year 1481. In the original French of the *Romaunt of the Roſe* tranſlated by Chaucer, we have "Thibert le cas." v. 11689. This paſſage Chaucer tranſlated, "*Gibbe our cat.*" Rom. R. v. 6204, pag. 253, edit. Urr. *Tib* is alſo hence no uncommon name among us for a cat. In *Gammer Gurton's Needle* we find: "Hath no man ſtoln her ducks or hens, or *gelded Gib* her cat." Dodſ. Old Pl. vol. I. p. 128. The compoſure of a cat is almoſt characteriſtical: and I know not, whether there is not a lu-

P. Henry. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

P. Henry. What say'st thou to [1] a hare, or [2] the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal.

superior solemnity in the *gravity* of the he cat. Falstaff therefore means "that he is grown as dull and demure as a *ram cat.*" See *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, iii. 3. where *Gib our cat* is the subject of a curious conversation. Dodf. Old Pl. vol. I. p. 157.

WARTON.

[1] ——*a hare,*——] A *hare* may be considered as melancholy, because she is upon her form always solitary; and, according to the physic of the times, the flesh of it was supposed to generate melancholy. JOHNSON.

The following passage in *Vittoria Corombona* &c. 1612, may prove the best explanation:

"——like your *melancholy hare*,
"Feed after midnight."

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song the second:

"The *melancholy hare* is form'd in brakes and briers."

STEEVENS.

[2] ——*the melancholy of Moor-ditch?*] This I do not understand, unless it may allude to the croaking of frogs. JOHNSON.

I rather believe this to have been said in allusion to its situation in respect of Moor-gate the prison, and Bedlam the hospital. It appears likewise from *Stowe's Survey*, that a broad ditch, called Deep-ditch, formerly parted the hospital from Moorfields; and what has a more melancholy appearance than stagnant water?

In the old play of *Nobody and Somebody*, 1598, the clown says: "I'll bring the Thames through the [illegible] of the city, empty *Moor-ditch* at my own charge, and build up Paul's steeple without a collection."

So again, in *A Woman never vex'd*, com. by Rowley, 1632: "I shall see thee in Ludgate again shortly." "Thou lyest again: 'twill be at *Moor-gate*, beldame, where I shall see thee in the ditch, dancing in a cucking-stool." Again, in the *Gul's Hornbook*, by Deckar, 1609: "——it will be a sorer labour than the cleansing of Augeas' stable, or the scowring of *Moor-ditch*."

STEEVENS.

Moor-ditch, a part of the ditch surrounding the city of London, between Bishopsgate and Cripplegate, opened to an unwholesome and impassable morass, and consequently not frequented by the citizens, like other suburbial fields which were remarkably pleasant, and the fashionable places of resort. Fitz-Stephen speaks of the great

Fal. Thou haft the moft unfavoury fimilies; and art, indeed,[3] the moft comparative, rafcallieft,—fweet young prince,—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the ftreet about you, fir; but I mark'd him not: and yet he talk'd very wifely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talk'd wifely, and in the ftreet too.

P. Henry. Thou did'ft well; for wifdom cries out in the ftreets, and no man regards it.

Fal. [4] O, thou haft damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a faint. Thou haft done much

great fen, or moor, on the north fide of the walls of the city, being frozen over, &c. This explains the propriety of the comparifon. WARTON.

[3] ——*the moft comparative*,—] Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, read, *incomparative*, I fuppofe for *incomparable*, or *peerlefs*: but *comparative* here means *quick at comparifons*, or *fruitful in fimilies*, and is properly introduced. JOHNSON.

This epithet is ufed again, in act III. fc. ii. of this play, and apparently in the fame fenfe:

"——ftand the pufh
"O, every beardlefs vain *comparative*."

And in *Love's Labour's Loft*, act V. fc. ult. Rofaline tells Biron that he is a man "Full of *comparifons* and wounding flouts."

STEEVENS.

So, in Nafh's [illegible] *Pierce Pennilefs*, 1593: "He took upon him to fet his foot againft me, and to over-crow me with *comparative* terms." MALONE.

[4] *O, thou haft* &c.] For *iteration* fir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read *attraction*, of which the meaning is certainly more apparent; but an editor is not always to change what he does not underftand. In the laft fpeech a text is very indecently and abufively applied, to which Falftaff anfwers, *thou haft damnable iteration*, or, a wicked trick of *repeating* and applying holy texts. This I think is the meaning. JOHNSON.

Iteration is right, for it alfo fignified fimply *citation* or *recitation*. So in Marlow's *Doctor Fauftus*, 1631:

"Here take this book and perufe it well,
"The *iterating* of thefe lines brings gold."

From the context, *iterating* here appears to mean *pronouncing*, *reciting*. MALONE.

harm

harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the lord, an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Henry. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me [5].

P. Henry. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Fal. [6] Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin

[5] —*and* baffle *me.*] See Mr. Tollet's note on *K. Rich.* II. act I. sc. i. STEEVENS.

[6] In former editions:

Fal. *Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin labour in his vocation.*

Enter Poins.

Poins. *Now shall we know, if Gadshill have set a match.*] Mr. Pope has given us one signal observation in his preface to our author's works. "Throughout his plays," says he, "had all the speeches been printed without the very names of the persons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker." But how fallible the most sufficient critic may be, the passage in controversy is a main instance. As great a blunder has escaped all the editors here, as any through the whole set of plays. Will any one persuade me, Shakespeare could be guilty of such an inconsistency, as to make Poins at his first entrance want news of Gadshill, and immediately after to be able to give a full account of him?——No; Falstaff, seeing Poins at hand, turns the stream of his discourse from the prince, and says: "Now shall we know, whether Gadshill has set a match for us;" and then immediately falls into railing and invectives against Poins. How admirably is this in character for Falstaff! And Poins, who knew well his abusive manner, seems in part to overhear him: and so soon as he has returned the prince's salutation, cries, by way of answer, "What says Monsieur Remorse? What says sir Jack Sack-and-Sugar?" THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has fastened on an observation made by Mr. Pope, hyperbolical enough, but not contradicted by the erroneous reading in this place, the speech, like a thousand others, not being

ſin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now ſhall we know, if Gadshill have ſet a match[7]. O, if men were to be ſav'd by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him?

Enter Poins.

This is the moſt omnipotent villain, that ever cry'd, Stand, to a true man.

P. Henry. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, ſweet Hal.—What ſays monſieur Remorſe? What ſays ſir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy ſoul, that thou ſoldeſt him on Good-friday laſt, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Henry. Sir John ſtands to his word, the devil ſhall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs,—He will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purſes: I have viſors for you all, you have horſes for yourſelves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rocheſter; I have beſpoke ſupper to-morrow night in Eaſt-cheap; we may do it as ſecure as ſleep: If you will go, I will ſtuff your purſes full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hang'd.

ſo characteriſtic as to be infallibly applied to the ſpeaker. Theobald's triumph over the other editors might have been abated by a confeſſion, that the firſt edition gave him at leaſt a glimpſe of the emendation. JOHNSON.

[7] —— *a* match.——] Thus the quartos 1599, and 1608. The folio reads: ——*a* watch. STEEVENS.

Fal.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Henry. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, [8] if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.

P. Henry. Well then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Henry. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Henry. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewel: You shall find me in East-cheap.

P. Henry. Farewel, thou latter spring! farewel All-hallown summer [9]! [*Exit* Falstaff.

Poins.

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[8] —*if thou dar'st not cry, stand,* &c.] The present reading may perhaps be right; but I think it necessary to remark, that all the old editions read:—*if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.* JOHNSON.

Falstaff is quibbling on the word *royal*. The *real* or *royal* was of the value of *ten shillings*. Almost the same jest occurs in a subsequent scene. The quibble, however, is lost, except the old reading be preserved. *Cry, stand,* will not support it. STEEVENS.

[9] —All-hallown *summer!*] *All-hallows* is *All-hallown-tide*, or *All-saints'* day, which is the first of November. We have still a church

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. [1] Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself, and I, will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Henry. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure

a church in London which is absurdly stiled *St. All-hallows*, as if a word which was formed to express the community of saints, could be appropriated to any particular one of the number. In *The Play of the Four Ps*, 1569, this mistake (which might have been a common one) is pleasantly exposed:

"*Pard.* Friends, here you shall see, even anone,
"Of *All-hallows* the blessed jaw-bone,
"Kiss it hardly, with good devotion: &c."

The characters in this scene are striving who should produce the greatest falshood, and very probably in their attempts to excell each other, have out-ly'd even the Romish Kalendar.

Shakespeare's allusion is design'd to ridicule an old man with youthful passions. So, in the second part of this play: "—the *Martlemas* your master." STEEVENS.

[1] In former editions:

Falstaff, Harvey, Rossil, and Gadshill, shall rob these men that we have already way-laid;] Thus we have two persons named, as characters in this play, that never were among the *dramatis personæ*. But let us see who they were that committed this robbery. In the second act we come to a scene of the highway. Falstaff, wanting his horse, calls out on Hal, Poins, Bardolph, and Peto. Presently Gadshill joins them, with intelligence of travellers being at hand; upon which the prince says; *You four shall front 'em in a narrow lane, Ned Poins and I will walk lower.* [illegible] that the four to be concerned are Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill. Accordingly, the robbery is committed; and the [illegible] Poins afterwards rob these four. In the Boar's-head [illegible] prince rallies Peto and Bardolph for their running away; who confess the charge. Is it not plain that Bardolph and Peto were two of the four robbers? And who then can doubt, but Harvey and Rossil were the names of the actors. THEOBALD.

upon

upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner atchieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Henry. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram [2] for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Henry. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the [3] reproof of this, lies the jest.

P. Henry. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night [4] in East-cheap, there I'll sup. Farewel.

Poins. Farewel, my lord. [*Exit Poins.*

[2] ——*for the nonce,*——] That is, as I conceive, for the occasion. This phrase, which was very frequently, though not always very precisely, used by our old writers, I suppose to have been originally a corruption of corrupt Latin. From *pro-nunc*, I suppose, came *for the nunc*, and so *for the nonce*; just as from *ad-nunc* came *a-non*. The Spanish *entonces* has been formed in the same manner from *in-tunc*. TYRWHITT.

[3] ——*reproof*——] *Reproof* is *confutation*. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*to-morrow night*——] I think we should read: ——*to night*. The disguises were to be provided for the purpose of the robbery which was to be committed at *four in the morning*; and they would come too late if the prince was not to receive them 'till the night after the day of the exploit. This is a second instance to prove that Shakespeare could forget in the end of a scene what he had said in the beginning. STEEVENS.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleneſs:
Yet herein will I imitate the ſun;
Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds
To ſmother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he pleaſe again to be himſelf,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly miſts
Of vapours, that did ſeem to ſtrangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To ſport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they ſeldom come, they wiſh'd-for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents.
So, when this looſe behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promiſed,
By how much better than my word I am,
By ſo much [5] ſhall I falſify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a ſullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,

[5] — *ſhall I falſify mens' hopes*;] Juſt the contrary. We ſhould read *fears*. WARBURTON.

To *falſify hope* is to *exceed hope*, to give much where men hoped for little.

This ſpeech is very artfully introduced to keep the prince from appearing vile in the opinion of the audience; it prepares them for his future reformation; and, what is yet more valuable, exhibits a natural picture of a great mind offering excuſes to itſelf, and palliating thoſe follies which it can neither juſtify nor forſake.
JOHNSON.

Hopes is uſed ſimply for *expectations*, as *ſucceſs* is for the *event*, whether good or bad. This is ſtill common in the midland counties. "Such manner of uncouth ſpeech," ſays Puttenham, "did the *tanner of Tamworth* uſe to king Edward IV. which *tanner* having a great while miſtaken him, and uſed very broad talk, at length perceiving by his train that it was the king, was afraid he ſhould be puniſhed for it, and ſaid thus, with a certaine rude repentance, "I *hope* I ſhall be hanged to-morrow, for I *fear* me I ſhall be hanged;" whereat the king laughed a-good; not only to ſee the *tanner*'s vain *feare*, but alſo to hear his miſhapen terme: and gave him for recompence of his good ſport, the inheritance of Plumpton Parke. FARMER.

Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An apartment in the palace.

Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

K. Henry. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
[6] I will from henceforth rather be myself,

[6] *I will from henceforth rather be myself,*
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;]
i. e. I will from henceforth rather put on the character that becomes me, and exert the resentment of an injured king, than still continue in the inactivity and mildness of my natural disposition. And this sentiment he has well expressed, save that by his usual licence, he puts the word *condition* for *disposition*; which use of terms displeasing our Oxford editor, as it frequently does, he, in a loss for the meaning, substitutes *in* for *than*:
Mighty and to be fear'd in *my condition*.
So that by *condition*, in this reading, must be meant station, office. But it cannot be predicated of station and office, "that it is smooth as oil, soft as young down;" which shews that *condition* must needs be licentiously used for *disposition*, as we said before.
WARBURTON.

The commentator has well explained the sense which was not very difficult, but is mistaken in supposing the use of *condition* licentious. Shakespeare uses it very frequently for *temper of mind*; and in this sense the vulgar still say a *good* or *ill-conditioned man*
JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Hen.* V. act V: "Our tongue is rough, coz, and my *condition* is not smooth." Ben Jonson uses it in the same sense, in *The New Inn*, act I. sc. vi:
"You cannot think me of that coarse *condition*,
"To envy you any thing." STEEVENS.

Mighty,

Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.
Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have holp to make so portly.
North. My lord,——
K. Henry. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
[7] The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us; when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—
[*Exit Worcester.*
You were about to speak. [*To Northumberland.*
North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength deny'd
As is deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.
Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,

[7] *The moody frontier——*] This is nonsense. We should read *frontlet*, i. e. forehead. WARBURTON.

Frontlet does not signify *forehead*, but a bandage round the head. *Frontier* was anciently used for *forehead*. So Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, 1595: "Then on the edges of their bolster'd hair, which standeth crested round their *frontiers*, and hanging over their faces, &c." STEEVENS.

Shew'd like a ſtubble land [8] at harveſt-home:
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
[9] A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his noſe, and took't away again;——
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
[1] Took it in ſnuff:—and ſtill he ſmil'd, and talk'd
And, as the ſoldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a ſlovenly unhandſome corſe
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms [2]

He

8 ——*at harveſt-home:*] That is, at a time of feſtivity. JOHNSON.

If we underſtand *harveſt-home* in the general ſenſe of *a time of feſtivity*, we ſhall loſe the moſt pointed circumſtance of the compariſon. *A chin new ſhaven* is compared to *a ſtubble-land at harveſt-home*, not on account of the feſtivity of that ſeaſon, as I apprehend, but becauſe at that time, when the corn has been but juſt carried in, the ſtubble appears more even and upright, than at any other. TYRWHITT.

9 *A pouncet-box,*——] A ſmall box for muſk or other perfumes then in faſhion: the lid of which, being cut with open work, gave it its name; from *poinſoner*, to prick, pierce, or engrave. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is juſt. At the chriſtening of Q. Elizabeth, the marchioneſs of Dorſet gave, according to Holinſhed, "three gilt bowls *pounced*, with a cover." STEEVENS.

1 *Took it in ſnuff:*——] *Snuff* is equivocally uſed for anger, and a powder taken up the noſe.

So, in *The Fleire*, a comedy by E. Sharpham, 1610: "Nay be not angry, I do not touch thy noſe, to the end it ſhould take any thing *in Snuff*."

Again, in our author's *Love's Labour's Loſt:*
"You marr the light, by taking it *in Snuff*."
Again, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix:*
"———'tis enough,
"Having ſo much fool, to *take him in ſnuff*,"
and here they are talking about tobacco. Again, in Hinde's *Eliosto Libidinoſo*, 1606: "The good wife glad that he *took the matter ſo in ſnuff* &c." STEEVENS.

2 *With many holiday and lady terms*] So, in a *Looking Glaſs for* Londo

He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
[3] I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark!)

London and England, 1617: "These be but *holiday* terms, but if you heard her working day words"—— Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: "——he speaks *holiday*." STEEVENS.

[3] *I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,*
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,]
But in the beginning of the speech he represents himself at this time not as *cold* but hot, and inflamed with rage and labour:
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil, &c.
I am persuaded therefore that Shakespeare wrote and pointed it thus:
When all smarting with my wounds; being gall'd
To be so pester'd with a popinjay, &c. WARBURTON.

Whatever Percy might say of his *rage* and *toil*, which is merely declamatory and apologetical, his wounds would at this time be certainly *cold*, and when they were *cold* would *smart*, and not before. If any alteration were necessary I should transpose the lines:
I then all smarting with my wounds being cold,
Out of my grief, and my impatience,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Answer'd neglectingly.

A *popinjay* is a parrot. JOHNSON.

The same transposition had been proposed by Mr. Edwards. From the following passage in the *Northern Lass*, 1633, it should seem that a *popinjay* and a *parrot* were distinct birds;
"Is this a *parrot*, or a *popinjay*?"
Again, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff* &c. 1599: "——the *parrot*, the *popinjay*, Philip-sparrow, and the cuckow." In the ancient poem called *The Parliament of Birds*, bl. l. this bird is called "the *popyngejay* of paradyse." STEEVENS.

The old reading may be supported by the following passage in Barnes's *Hist. of Edw.* III. p. 786: "The esquire fought still, untill the wounds began with loss of blood to *cool* and smart." TOLLET.

And telling me, the ſovereign'ſt thing on earth
Was parmacity, for an inward bruiſe;
And that it was great pity, ſo it was,
That villainous ſalt-petre ſhould be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmleſs earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for theſe vile guns,
He would himſelf have been a ſoldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I anſwer'd indirectly, as I ſaid;
And, I beſeech you, let not his report
Come current for an accuſation,
Betwixt my love and your high majeſty.

Blunt. The circumſtance conſider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had ſaid,
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonably die, and never riſe
4 To do him wrong, or any way impeach

4 *To do him wrong, or any way impeach*
What then he ſaid, ſo he unſay it now.] Let us conſider the whole paſſage, which, according to the preſent reading, bears this literal ſenſe. "Whatever Percy then ſaid may reaſonably die and never riſe to impeach what he then ſaid, ſo he unſay it now." This is the exact ſenſe, or rather nonſenſe, which the paſſage makes in the preſent reading. It ſhould, therefore, without queſtion, be thus pointed and emended:

To do him wrong, or any way impeach.
What then he ſaid, ſee, he unſays it now.

i. e. "Whatever Percy then ſaid may reaſonably die, and never riſe to do him wrong or any-ways impeach him. For ſee, my liege, what he then ſaid, he now unſays." And the king's anſwer is pertinent to the words, as ſo emended:

Why, yet he doth deny his priſoners;
But with proviſo, &c.

implying "you are miſtaken in ſaying, *ſee he now unſays it.*" But the anſwer is utterly impertinent to what precedes in the common reading. WARBURTON.

The learned commentator has perplexed the paſſage. The conſtruction is: "Let what he then ſaid never riſe to impeach him, ſo he unſay it now." JOHNSON.

What

What then he said, so he unsay it now.
K. Henry. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;
But with proviso, and exception,—
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer[5];
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those, that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then
Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? [6]and indent with fears,
When

[5] *His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer*;] Shakespeare has fallen into some contradictions with regard to this lord Mortimer. Before he makes his personal appearance in the play, he is repeatedly spoken of as Hotspur's *brother-in-law*. In act II. lady Percy expressly calls him *her brother Mortimer*. And yet when he enters in the third act, he calls lady Percy *his aunt*, which in fact she was, and not his sister. This inconsistence may be accounted for as follows. It appears both from Dugdale's and Sandford's account of the Mortimer family, that there were two of them taken prisoners at different times by Glendower, each of them bearing the name of *Edmund*; one being *Edmund earl of March*, nephew to *lady Percy*, and the proper *Mortimer* of this play; the other, *sir Edmund Mortimer*, *uncle* to the former, and *brother* to *lady Percy*. Shakespeare confounds the two persons. STEEVENS.

[6] —*and indent with fears*,] The reason why he says, bargain and article with *fears*, meaning with Mortimer, is, because he supposed Mortimer had wilfully betrayed his own forces to Glendower out of fear, as appears from his next speech. No need therefore to change *fears* to *foes*, as the Oxford editor has done. WARBURTON.

The difficulty seems to me to arise from this, that the king is not desired to *article* or *contract with* Mortimer, but with another *for* Mortimer. Perhaps we may read:

Shall we buy treason? and indent with peers,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?

Shall we purchase back a traitor? Shall we descend to a composition with Worcester, Northumberland, and young Percy, who by disobedience have *lost and forfeited their honours* and themselves? JOHNSON.

Shall we buy treason, and indent *with fears?*] This verb is used by Harington in his translation of Ariosto. B. xvi. st. 35:

T "And

When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
[7] He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,

But

"And with the Irish bands he first *indents*,
"To spoil their lodgings and to burn their tents."

Again, in the *Cruel Brother*, by sir W. Davenant, 1630:

"———Dost thou *indent*
"With my acceptance, make choice of services?"

Again, in the history of *Jacob and Esau*, 1568:

"Thou shalt also with me by this promise *indent*."

Again, in Drayton's Epistle from *Edward* &c. to the *Countess of Salisbury*:

"*Indent* with beauty how far to extend,
"Set down desire a limit where to end."

Fears may be used in an active sense for *terrors*. So, in the second part of this play:

"———all those bold *fears*
"Thou seest with peril I have answered."

These lords, however, had as yet neither forfeited or lost any thing, so that Dr. Johnson's conjecture is inadmissible. STEEVENS.

[7] *He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,*
But by the chance of war;———]

A poor apology for a soldier, and a man of honour, that he fell off, and revolted by the chance of war. The poet certainly wrote:

But 'bides the chance of war;———

i. e. he never did revolt, but *abides* the chance of war, as a prisoner. And if he still endured the rigour of imprisonment, that was a plain proof he was not revolted to the enemy. Hotspur says the same thing afterwards:

———*suffer'd his kinsman March*
———*to be encag'd in Wales.*

Here again the Oxford editor makes this correction his own at the small expence of changing *'bides* to *bore*. WARBURTON.

The plain meaning is, he came not into the enemy's power but by the chance of war. To *'bide* the chance of war may well enough signify, to stand the hazard of a battle; but can scarcely mean, to endure the severities of a prison. The king charged Mortimer, that he wilfully betrayed his army, and, as he was then with the enemy, calls him revolted Mortimer. Hotspur replies, that he never fell off, that is, fell into Glendower's hands,

but

But by the chance of war;—[8] To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue, for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When, on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they
drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
[9] Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid [1] his crisp head in the hollow bank

Blood-

but by the chance of war. I should not have explained thus tediously a passage so hard to be mistaken, but that two editors have already mistaken it. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*To prove that true,*
Needs no more but one tongue, for all those wounds, &c.] This passage is of obscure construction. The later editors point it, as they understood that for the wounds a tongue was needful, and only one tongue. This is harsh. I rather think it is a broken sentence. "To prove the loyalty of Mortimer," says Hotspur, "one speaking witness is sufficient; for his wounds proclaim his loyalty, those mouthed wounds, &c." JOHNSON.

[9] *Who then affrighted* &c.] This passage has been censured as sounding nonsense, which represents a stream of water as capable of fear. It is misunderstood. Severn is here not the flood, but the tutelary power of the flood, who was affrighted, and hid his head in the hollow bank. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*his crisp head*——] *Crisp* is *curled.* So Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Maid of the Mill:*

"———methinks the river,
"As he steals by, *curls* up his head to view you."

So, in Kyd's *Cornelia,* 1595:

"O beauteous Tiber, with thine easy streams,
"That glide as smoothly as a Parthian shaft,
"Turn not thy *crispy* tides, like silver *curls,*
"Back to thy grass-green banks to welcome us?"

Perhaps Shakespeare has bestowed an epithet, applicable only to the stream of water, on the genius of the stream. The following passage, however, in the sixth song of Drayton's *Polyolbion,* may seem to justify its propriety:

"Your

Blood-ſtained with theſe valiant combatants.
[2] Never did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive ſo many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be ſlander'd with revolt.

K. Henry. Thou doſt belie him, Percy, thou doſt belie him,
He never did encounter with Glendower;
I tell thee, he durſt as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art not aſhamed? But, ſirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you ſpeak of Mortimer:
Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt means,
Or you ſhall hear in ſuch a kind from me
As will diſpleaſe you.—My lord Northumberland,
We licenſe your departure with your ſon:—
Send us your priſoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exit. K. Henry,*

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not ſend them:—I will after ſtraight,
And tell him ſo; for I will eaſe my heart,
[3] Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? ſtay, and pauſe a while;
Here comes your uncle.

"Your corſes were diſſolv'd into that chryſtal ſtream;
"Your *curls* to *curled* waves, which plainly ſtill appear
"The ſame in *water* now that once in *locks* they were."

B. and Fletcher have the ſame image with Shakeſpeare in the *Loyal Subject*:

"——the Volga trembled at his terror,
"And hid his ſeven *curl'd heads.*" STEEVENS.

[2] *Never did bare and rotten policy*] All the quartos which I have ſeen read *bare* in this place. The firſt folio, and all the ſubſequent editions, have *baſe*. I believe *bare* is right: "Never did policy lying open to detection ſo colour its workings." JOHNSON.

[3] *Although it be with hazard* &c.] So the firſt folio, and all the following editions. The quartos read:

Albeit I make a hazard of my head. JOHNSON.

Re-

Re-enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?
Yes, I will ſpeak of him; and let my ſoul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all theſe veins,
And ſhed my dear blood drop by drop i'the duſt,
[4] But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i'the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad. [*To Worceſter.*

Wor. Who ſtrook this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forſooth, have all my priſoners:
And when I urg'd the ranſom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;
And on my face he turn'd [5] an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him; Was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whoſe wrongs in us God pardon!) did ſet forth
Upon his Iriſh expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and, ſhortly, murdered.

Wor. And for whoſe death, we in the world's wide mouth

[4] *But I will lift the downfall'n Mortimer*] The quarto of 1599 reads *down-trod* Mortimer; which is better. WARBURTON.

All the quartos that I have ſeen read *down-trod*, the three folios read *down-fall.* JOHNSON.

[5] ——*an eye of death,*] That is, an eye menacing death. Hotſpur ſeems to deſcribe the king as trembling with rage rather than fear. JOHNSON.

So, in Marloe's, *Tamburlaine*, 1590:
"And wrapt in ſilence of his angry ſoul,
"Upon his browes was pourtraid ugly death,
"And in his eyes the furies of his heart." STEEVENS.

Live

Live ſcandaliz'd, and foully ſpoken of.

Hot. But, ſoft, I pray you; Did king Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer [6]
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myſelf did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his couſin king,
That wiſh'd him on the barren mountains ſtarv'd.
But ſhall it be, that you,—that ſet the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man;
And, for his ſake, wear the deteſted blot
Of murd'rous ſubornation,—ſhall it be,
That you a world of curſes undergo;
Being the agents, or baſe ſecond means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—
O, pardon me, that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the line, and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this ſubtle king—
Shall it, for ſhame, be ſpoken in theſe days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility, and power,
Did 'gage them both in an unjuſt behalf,—
As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
To put down Richard, that ſweet lovely roſe,
And plant this thorn, [7] this canker, Bolingbroke?
And ſhall it, in more ſhame, be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhook off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye underwent?
No; yet time ſerves, wherein you may redeem
Your baniſh'd honours, and reſtore yourſelves
Into the good thoughts of the world again:

[6] ——*my brother Edmund Mortimer*
Heir to the crown?]
It was not Edmund Earl of March, the Mortimer of this play, whom K. Richard II. proclaimed heir to the crown; but his father Roger earl of March, who was killed ſoon after in Ireland. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*this canker, Bolingbroke?*] The canker-roſe is the dog-roſe, the flower of the Cynoſbaton. STEEVENS.

Revenge

Revenge the jeering, and [8] disdain'd contempt,
Of this proud king; who studies, day and night,
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say,——

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter, deep, and dangerous;
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
[9] On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night:—or sink or swim [1]:—
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple;—O! the blood more stirs,
To rouze a lion, than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. [2] By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To

[8] —*disdain'd*—] For disdainful. JOHNSON.

[9] *On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.*] That is, of a spear laid across. WARBURTON.

[1] —*sink or swim:*—] This is a very ancient proverbial expression. So, in the *Knight's Tale* of Chaucer, late edit. v. 2399:
"Ne receeth never, whether I *sinke or flete.*"
Again, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art,* 1570:
"He careth not who doth *sinke or swimme.*" STEEVENS.

[2] *By heaven, methinks,* &c.] Gildon, a critic of the size of Dennis, &c. calls this speech, without any ceremony, "a ridiculous rant, and absolute madness." Mr. Theobald talks in the same strain. The French critics had taught these people just enough to understand where Shakespeare had transgressed the rules of the Greek tragic writers; and on these occasions, they are full of the poor frigid cant of fable, sentiment, diction, unities, &c. But it is another thing to get to Shakespeare's sense: to do this required a little of their own. For want of which, they could not see that the poet here uses an allegorical covering to express a noble and very natural thought.—Hotspur, all on fire, exclaims against huckstering, and bartering for honour, and dividing it into shares. O! says he, could I be sure that when I had purchased honour
I should

To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,

Where

I ſhould wear her dignities without a rival—what then? Why then,

By heaven, methinks it were an eaſy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon:

i. e. though ſome great and ſhining character, in the moſt elevated orb, was already in poſſeſſion of her, yet it would, methinks, be eaſy by greater acts, to eclipſe his glory, and pluck all his honours from him:

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks:

i. e. or what is ſtill more difficult, though there were in the world no great examples to incite and fire my emulation, but that honour was quite ſunk and buried in oblivion, yet would I bring it back into vogue, and render it more illuſtrious than ever. So that we ſee, though the expreſſion be ſublime and daring, yet the thought is the natural movement of an heroic mind. Euripides at leaſt thought ſo, when he put the very ſame ſentiment, in the ſame words, into the mouth of Eteocles: "I will not, madam, diſguiſe my thoughts; I would ſcale heaven, I would deſcend to the very entrails of the earth, if ſo be that by that price I could obtain a kingdom." WARBURTON.

Though I am very far from condemning this ſpeech with Gildon and Theobald, as abſolute madneſs, yet I cannot find in it that profundity of reflection and beauty of allegory which the learned commentator has endeavoured to diſplay. This ſally of Hotſpur may be, I think, ſoberly and rationally vindicated as the violent eruption of a mind inflated with ambition and fired with reſentment; as the boaſted clamour of a man able to do much, and eager to do more; as the haſty motion of turbulent deſire; as the dark expreſſion of indetermined thoughts. The paſſage from Euripides is ſurely not allegorical, yet it is produced, and properly, as parallel. JOHNSON.

This is probably a paſſage from ſome bombaſt play, and afterwards uſed as a common burleſque phraſe for attempting impoſſibilities. At leaſt, that it was the laſt, might be concluded from its uſe in Cartwright's poem, *On Mr. Stokes his Book on the Art of Vaulting.* Edit. 1651. p. 212:

"Then go thy ways, brave Will, for one,
"By Jove 'tis thou muſt leap, or none,
"To *pull bright honour from the moon.*"

Unleſs Cartwright intended to ridicule this paſſage in Shakeſpeare, which I partly ſuſpect. Stokes's book, a noble object for the wits, was printed at London, in the year 1641. WARTON.

In

Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities:
[3] But out upon this half-fac'd fellowſhip!

Wor. He apprehends [4] a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he ſhould attend.—
Good couſin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Thoſe ſame noble Scots,
That are your priſoners,——

Hot. I'll keep them all;
By heaven, he ſhall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would ſave his ſoul, he ſhall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no ear unto my purpoſes.—
Thoſe priſoners you ſhall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:——
He ſaid, he would not ranſom Mortimer;

In the *Knight of the burning Peſtle*, B. and Fletcher have put this ſpeech into the mouth of Ralph the apprentice, who, like Bottom, appears to have been fond of acting parts *to tear a cat in*. I ſuppoſe a ridicule on Hotſpur was deſigned. STEEVENS.

[3] *But out upon this half-fac'd fellowſhip!*] I think this finely expreſſed. The image is taken from one who turns from another, ſo as to ſtand before him with a ſide-face; which implied neither a full conſorting, nor a ſeparation. WARBURTON.

I cannot think this word rightly explained. It alludes rather to dreſs. A coat is ſaid to be *faced* when part of it, as the ſleeves or boſom, is covered with ſomething finer or more ſplendid than the main ſubſtance. The mantua-makers ſtill uſe the word. *Half-fac'd fellowſhip* is then "partnerſhip but half-adorned, partnerſhip which yet wants half the ſhew of dignities and honours."
JOHNSON.

I find the ſame phraſe in Naſhe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſſe*, 1593:—"—with all other odd ends of your *half-faced* Engliſh."
MALONE.

[4] —— *a world of figures here,*] *Figure* is here uſed equivocally. As it is applied to Hotſpur's ſpeech it is a rhetorical mode; as oppoſed to form, it means appearance or ſhape. JOHNSON.

Forbad

Forbad my tongue to ſpeak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies aſleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!
Nay, I'll have a ſtarling ſhall be taught to ſpeak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger ſtill in motion.

Wor. Hear you, couſin; a word.

Hot. All ſtudies here I ſolemnly defy[5],
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
[6] And that ſame ſword-and-buckler prince of Wales,—
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance,
I'd have him poiſon'd with a pot of ale[7].

Wor. Farewel, kinſman! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a waſp-ſtung[8] and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood;
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and ſcourg'd with rods,

[5] —*I ſolemnly* defy,] One of the ancient ſenſes of the verb, to *defy*, was to *refuſe*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"I do *defy* thy commiſeration." STEEVENS.

[6] *And that ſame ſword-and-buckler prince of Wales,*] A royſter or turbulent fellow, that fought in taverns, or raiſed diſorders in the ſtreets, was called a Swaſh-buckler. In this ſenſe *ſword-and-buckler* is uſed here. JOHNSON.

[7] —*poiſon'd with a pot of ale.*] Dr. Gray ſuppoſes this to be ſaid in alluſion to Caxton's *Account of King John's Death*; (ſee Caxton's *Fructus Temporum*, 1515, fol. 62.) but I rather think it has reference to the low company (drinkers of ale) with whom the prince ſpent ſo much of his time in the meaneſt taverns.
STEEVENS.

[8] *Why, what a waſp-ſtung and impatient fool*] Thus the quarto 1598; and ſurely it affords a more obvious meaning than the folio, which reads: — *waſp*-tongued. That Shakeſpeare knew the ſting of a waſp was not ſituated in its mouth may be learned from the following paſſage in the *Winter's Tale*, act I. ſc. ii: "—is goads, thorns, nettles, *tails of waſps.*" STEEVENS.

Nettled,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—What do you call the place?—
A plague upon't!—it is in Glostershire;—
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true:——
Why, what a candy'd deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look,—*when his* [9] *infant fortune came to age*,—
And,—*gentle Harry Percy*,—and, *kind cousin*,—
O, the devil take such cozeners [1]!——God forgive me!—
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which,—for divers reasons,
Which I shall send you written,—be assur'd,
Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,— [*To North.*

[9] ——*infant fortune came to age*,——] Alluding to what passed in *King Richard*, act II. sc. iii. JOHNSON.

[1] *The devil take such* cozeners!——] So, in *Two Tragedies in One*, &c. 1601:

"Come pretty *cousin*, *cozened* by grim death."

Again, in *Monsieur Thomas*, by B. and Fletcher:

"—————— —————— *cousin*,
"*Cozen* thyself no more."

Again, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"To see my *cousin cozen'd* in this sort."

Again, in our author's *Richard* III:

Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle *cozen'd*."

STEEVENS.

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,—
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is't not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.
[2] I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's afoot, thou still [3] let'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot chuse but be a noble plot:—
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,

[2] *I speak not this in estimation,*] *Estimation* for conjecture. But between this and the foregoing verse it appears there were some lines which are now lost. For, consider the sense. What was it that was *ruminated, plotted, and set down?* Why, as the text stands at present, that the archbishop *bore his brother's death hardly*. It is plain then that they were some consequences of that resentment which the speaker informs Hotspur of, and to which his conclusion of, *I speak not this by conjecture but on good proof*, must be referred. But some player, I suppose, thinking the speech too long, struck them out. WARBURTON.

If the editor had, before he wrote his note, read ten lines forward, he would have seen that nothing is omitted. Worcester gives a dark hint of a conspiracy. Hotspur smells it, that is, guesses it. Northumberland reproves him for not suffering Worcester to tell his design. Hotspur, according to the vehemence of his temper, still follows his own conjecture. JOHNSON.

[3] *let'st slip.*] *To let slip*, is to loose the greyhound.
JOHNSON.

To

To ſave our heads [4] by raiſing of a head:
For, bear ourſelves as even as we can,
[5] The king will always think him in our debt;
And think we think ourſelves unſatisfy'd,
'Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And ſee already, how he doth begin
To make us ſtrangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Couſin, farewel:—No further go in this,
Than I by letters ſhall direct your courſe.
When time is ripe, (which will be ſuddenly)
I'll ſteal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
(As I will faſhion it) ſhall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own ſtrong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewel, good brother: We ſhall thrive, I truſt.

Hot. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be ſhort,
'Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our ſport!
[*Exeunt.*

[4] ——*by raiſing of a head:*] A *head* is a body of forces. JOHNSON.

[5] *The king will always* &c.] This is a natural deſcription of the ſtate of mind between thoſe that have conferred, and thoſe that have received obligations too great to be ſatisfied.

That this would be the event of Northumberland's diſloyalty, was predicted by king Richard in the former play. JOHNSON.

ACT II. SCENE I.

An inn yard at Rochester.

Enter a Carrier, with a lanthorn in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd: *Charles' wain* is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not pack'd. What, ostler!

Ost. [*within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's [6] saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers [7] out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and beans are [8] as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the [9] bots: this house is turn'd upside down, since Robin ostler dy'd.

[6] —Cut's *saddle,*—] *Cut* is the name of a horse in the *Witches of Lancashire*, 1634, and I suppose was a common one. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *out of all cess.*] The Oxford editor not understanding this phrase, has alter'd it to—*out of all* case. As if it were likely that a blundering transcriber should change so common a word as *case* for *cess*: which, it is probable, he understood no more than this critic; but it means *out of all measure*: the phrase being taken from a *cess*, tax, or subsidy; which being by regular and moderate rates, when any thing was exorbitant, or out of measure, it was said to be, *out of all cess*. WARBURTON.

[8] — *as dank*——] i. e. wet, rotten. POPE.

[9] —*bots:*—] Are worms in the stomach of a horse. JOHNSON.

A bots light upon you, is an imprecation frequently repeated in the anonymous play of *K. Henry* V. as well as in many other old pieces. So, in the ancient black letter interlude of the *Disobedient child*, no date:

"That I wished their bellyes full of *bots*,"

In *Reginald Scott*, 1584, is "a charme for the *bots* in a horse." STEEVENS.

1 *Car.*

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joy'd ſince the price of oats roſe; it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the moſt villainous houſe in all London road for fleas: I am ſtung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the maſs, there is ne'er a king in Chriſtendom could be better bit than I have been ſince the firſt cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jourden, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas [1] like a loach.

1 *Car.* What, oſtler! come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, [2] and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-croſs.

1 *Car.*

[1] —— *like a loach.*] A *loch* (Scotch) a lake. WARBURTON.

This word, though ſomewhat differently ſpelt, is uſed by Drayton in the eleventh ſong of his *Polyolbion:*

"As to the groſſer *loughs* on the Lancaſtrian ſhore."

But how it happens that a *lake* ſhould breed *fleas*, I cannot explain. Standing waters indeed will produce other inſects.

Perhaps the meaning of the paſſage has been wholly miſtaken, and the Carrier means to ſay:—fleas as big as a *loach*, i. e. *reſembling* the fiſh ſo called, in ſize. The *loach* though ſmall in itſelf, is large if brought into compariſon with a *flea*. *Loaches*, which are now only uſed as baits for other fiſh, were anciently ſwallowed in wine as an act of topers' dexterity. So, *Sir Harry Wildair:* "——ſwallow Cupids like *loaches.*" STEEVENS.

[2] —— *and two razes of ginger,* ——] As our author in ſeveral paſſages mentions a *race* of ginger, I thought proper to diſtinguiſh it from the *raze* mentioned here. The former ſignifies no more than a ſingle root of it; but a *raze* is the Indian term for a *bale* of it. THEOBALD.

—— *and two* razes of ginger,—] So, in the old anonymous play of *Hen.* V: "——he hath taken the great *raze of ginger*, that bouncing Beſs, &c. was to have had." *A dainty* race *of ginger* is mentioned in Ben Jonſon's maſque of the *Gipſies Metamorphoſed.* The late Mr. Warner obſerved to me, that a ſingle *root* or *race* of ginger, were it brought home entire, as it might formerly have been, and not in ſmall pieces, as at preſent, would have been ſufficient to load a pack-horſe. He quoted Sir Hans Sloane's Introduction to his *Hiſt. of Jamaica* in ſupport of his aſſertion; and

 "added

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkies in my pannier are quite starv'd.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hang'd:—Hast no faith in thee?

[3] *Enter Gads-hill.*

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

Car. [4] I think, it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lanthorn, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when, canst tell?—Lend me thy lanthorn, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2. *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugges, we'll call

added "that he could discover no authority for the word *raze* in the sense appropriated to it by Theobald."

A *race* of ginger is a phrase that seems familiar among our comic writers. So, in a *Looking-Glass for London and England*, 1617: "I have spent eleven pence besides three *rases* of ginger."——"Here's two *rases* more." STEEVENS.

[3] —— *Gads-hill.*] This thief receives his title from a place on the Kentish road, where many robberies have been committed. So, in *Westward Hoe*, 1606:

> Why, lies she?
> "Troth, as the way lies over *Gads-hill*, very dangerous."

Again, in the anonymous play of the *Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*:

> "And I know thee for a taking fellow
> "Upon *Gads-hill* in Kent." STEEVENS.

[4] *I think, it be two o'clock.*] The carrier, who suspects Gads-hill, strives to mislead him as to the hour; because the first observation made in this scene is, that it was *four o'clock*. STEEVENS.

up

up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt Carriers.*

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [5] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou varieſt no more from picking of purſes, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'ſt the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow, maſter Gads-hill. It holds current, that I told you yeſternight: There's a [6] franklin in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, laſt night at ſupper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter [7]: They will away preſently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with [7] ſaint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham.

[5] *At hand, quoth pick-purſe.*] This is a proverbial expreſſion often uſed by Green, Naſh, and other writers of the time, in whoſe works the cant of low converſation is preſerved. Again, in the play of *Apius and Virginia*, 1575, Haphazard, the vice, ſays:

"*At hand, quoth pickpurſe*, here redy am I,
"See well to the cutpurſe, be ruled by me."

Again, (as Mr. Malone obſerves) in the *Dutcheſs of Suffolk*, by Heywood, 1631: "*At hand quoth pickpurſe*—have you any work for a tyler?" STEEVENS.

[6] —*franklin,*—] Is a little gentleman. JOHNSON.

[7] —*They—call for eggs and butter:*—] It appears from the *Houſehold Book of the Fifth Earl of Northumberland*, that *butter'd eggs* was the uſual breakfaſt of my lord and lady, during the ſeaſon of Lent. STEEVENS.

[8] —*ſaint Nicholas' clarks,*—] St. Nicholas was the patron ſaint of ſcholars; and Nicholas, or Old Nick, is a cant name for the devil. Hence he equivocally calls robbers, *St. Nicholas' clerks.* WARBURTON.

Highwaymen or robbers were ſo called, or *St. Nicholas's knights.*

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worſhip'ſt ſaint Nicholas as truly as a man of falſhood may.

Gads. What talk'ſt thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang, old ſir John hangs with me; and, thou know'ſt, he's no ſtarveling. Tut! there are other Trojans[9] that thou dream'ſt not of, the which, for ſport ſake, are content to do the profeſſion ſome grace; that would, if matters ſhould be look'd into, for their own credit ſake, make all whole. [1] I am join'd with no foot land-rakers, no long-ſtaff, ſix-penny ſtrikers[2]; none of theſe

" A mandrake grown under ſome heavy tree,
" There, where *St. Nicholas' knights* not long before
" Had dropt their fat *axungia* to the lee."
Glareanus Vadianus's Panegyrick upon *Tom Coryat*.
GRAY.

Again, in Shirley's *Match at Midnight*, 1633: " I think yonder come prancing down the hills from Kingſton, a couple of *Nicholas's clerks*." Again in *The Holl*[illegible] [illegible]t, di[illegible]vers books, and *St. Nich*[illegible] [illegible]*rks*." Again, in *A C*[illegible] *Turk*, 1612:
[illegible]red:——
" *St. Nicholas*' [illegible] are ſtepp'd up befor[illegible] us."
Again, in *The Holl*[illegible], a comedy by Glapthorne, 1640: " Next it is decreed, [illegible] the receivers of our rents and cuſtoms, to wit, divers books, an[illegible] *Nicholas clerks*, &c.—under pain of being carried up Holbo[illegible] [illegible] a cart, &c." STEEVENS.

[9] —— *other* Trojans [illegible] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*: " Hector was but a *Trojan* in [illegible] ſpect of this." *Trojan* in both theſe inſtances had a cant ſignif[illegible]ion, and perhaps was only a more creditable term for a *thi*[illegible] So again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*: " —— unleſs you play [illegible] [illegible], the poor wench is caſt away." STEEVENS.

[1] —— *I am join'd with no foot land-rakers,*——] That is, with no padders, no wanderers on foot. *No long-ſtaff, ſix-penny ſtrikers*,—— no fellows that infeſt the roads with long ſtaffs and knock men down for ſix-pence. *None of theſe mad, muſtachio, purple-hu'd* [illegible] thoſe whoſe faces are red with [illegible] ale. JOHNSON.

[2] —— *ſix-penny* [illegible]*ers*;——] A *ſtriker* had ſome cant ſignification with which [illegible] preſent we are not exactly acquainted. It is uſed in several [illegible] old plays. I rather believe in this place,

these mad, mustachio, purple-hu'd malt-worms [3]: but with nobility, and tranquillity; [4] burgomasters, and great

no six-penny striker signifies, *not one who would content himself to* borrow, *i. e. rob you for the sake of six-pence.* That to *borrow* was the cant phrase for to *steal*, is well known, and that to *strike* likewise signified to *borrow*, let the following passage in Shirley's *Gentleman of Venice* confirm:

> " *Cor.* You had best assault me too.
> " *Mal.* I must *borrow* money,
> " And that some call a *striking*, &c."

Again, in Glapthorne's *Hollander*, 1640:

> " The only shape to hide a *striker* in." STEEVENS.

In Greene's *Art of Conneycatching*, 1592, under the table of *Cant Expressions used by Thieves*: " ——the cutting a pocket or picking a purse, is called *striking*." Again: " ——who taking a proper youth to be his prentice, to teach him the order of *striking* and foisting." COLLINS.

[3] —— *malt-worms*: ——] This cant term for a tippler I find in the *Life and Death of Jack Straw*, 1593: " You shall purchase the prayers of all the alewives in town, for saving a *malt-worm* and a customer." Again, in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *burgomasters, and great oneyers*; ——] " Perhaps, *oneraires*, trustees, or commissioners;" says Mr. Pope. But how this word comes to admit of any such construction, I am at a loss to know. To Mr. Pope's second conjecture, " of cunning men that look sharp, and aim well," I have nothing to reply seriously: but choose to drop it. The reading which I have substituted, I owe to the friendship of the ingenious Nicholas Hardinge, Esq. A *moneyer* is an officer of the mint, who makes coin, and delivers out the king's money. *Moneyers* are also taken for bankers, or those that make it their trade to turn and return money. Either of these acceptations will admirably square with our author's context. THEOBALD.

This is a very acute and judicious attempt at emendation, and is not undeservedly adopted by Dr. Warburton. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *great owners*, not without equal or greater likelihood of truth. I know not however whether any change is necessary; Gads-hill tells the Chamberlain that he is joined with no mean wretches, but *with burgomasters and great ones*, or as he terms them in merriment by a cant termination, *great oneyers*, or *great-one-éers*, as we say, *privateer*, *auctioneer*, *circuiteer*. This is, I fancy, the whole of the matter. JOHNSON.

By *oneyers*, (for so I believe the word ought to be written) I understand *publick accountants*; men possessed of large sums of money belonging to the state. It is the course of the Court of Exchequer, when

great oneyers; fuch as can hold in; [5] fuch as will ftrike fooner than fpeak, and fpeak fooner than drink,

when the fheriff makes up his accounts for iffues, amerciaments, and mefne profits, to fet upon his head *o. ni.* which denotes *oneratur nifi habeat fufficientem exonerationem:* he thereupon becomes the king's debtor, and the parties *peravaile* (as they are termed in law) for whom he anfwers, become his debtors, and are difcharged as with refpect to the king.

To fettle accounts in this manner, is ftill called in the Exchequer *to ony*; and from hence Shakefpeare feems to have formed the word *onyers.*—The Chamberlain had a little before mentioned, among the travellers whom he thought worth plundering, an officer of the Exchequer, "a kind of *auditor*, one that hath abundance of charge too—God knows what." This interpretation is further confirmed by what Gads-hill fays in the next fcene:— "There's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's Exchequer." MALONE.

[5] —*fuch as will ftrike fooner than fpeak; and fpeak fooner than* drink; *and* drink *fooner than pray:*—] According to the fpecimen given us in this play, of this diffolute gang, we have no reafon to think they *were lefs ready to drink than fpeak*. Befides, it is plain, a natural gradation was here intended to be given of their actions, relative to one another. But what has *fpeaking, drinking*, and *praying* to do with one another? We fhould certainly read *think* in both places inftead of *drink*; and then we have a very regular and humourous climax. *They will ftrike fooner than fpeak; and fpeak fooner than* think; *and* think *fooner than pray*. By which laft words is meant, that "though perhaps they may now and then reflect on their crimes, they will never repent of them." The Oxford editor has dignified this correction by his adoption of it.

WARBURTON.

I am in doubt about this paffage. There is yet a part unexplained. What is the meaning of *fuch as can hold in?* It cannot mean *fuch as can keep their own fecret*, for they will, he fays, *fpeak* fooner than *think*: it cannot mean *fuch as will go calmly to work without unneceffary violence*, fuch as is ufed by *long-ftaff ftrikers*, for the following part will not fuit with this meaning; and though we fhould read by tranfpofition *fuch as will fpeak fooner than ftrike*, the climax will not proceed regularly. I muft leave it as it is.

JOHNSON.

Such as can hold in, may mean, *fuch as can curb* [illegible] *antic the law*, or fuch as *will not* [illegible]. STEEVENS.

Turbervile's *Book of Hunting*, 157[illegible], p. [illegible] mentions huntfmen on horfeback to make young hounds *hold in* and [illegible] to the old ones:

drink, and drink ſooner than pray: And yet I lie; for they pray continually unto their ſaint, the common-wealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the common-wealth their boots? will ſhe hold out water in foul way?

Gads. [6] She will, ſhe will; juſtice hath liquor'd her. We ſteal as in a caſtle[7], cock-ſure; [8] we have the receipt of fern-ſeed, we walk inviſible.

Cham.

ones: ſo Gads-hill may mean, that he is joined with ſuch companions as will *hold in*, or keep and ſtick cloſe to one another, and ſuch as are men of deeds, and not of words; and yet they love to talk and ſpeak their mind freely better than to drink. TOLLET.

[6] *She will, ſhe will; juſtice hath liquor'd her.*——] A ſatire on chicane in courts of juſtice; which ſupports ill men in their violations of the law, under the very cover of it. WARBURTON.

[7] ——*as in a caſtle*;——] This was once a proverbial phraſe. So, in the *Little French Lawyer* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"That noble courage we have ſeen, and we
"Shall fight *as in a caſtle*."

Perhaps Shakeſpeare means, we ſteal with as much ſecurity as the ancient inhabitants of *caſtles*, who had thoſe ſtrong holds to fly to for protection and defence againſt the laws. So, in *K. Hen.* VI. P. I. act III. ſc. i:

"Yes, as an outlaw *in a caſtle* keeps,
"And uſeth it to patronage his *theft*." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*we have the receipt of fern-ſeed*,——] *Fern* is one of thoſe plants which have their ſeed on the back of the leaf ſo ſmall as to eſcape the ſight. Thoſe who perceived that *fern* was propagated by ſemination, and yet could never ſee the ſeed, were much at a loſs for a ſolution of the difficulty; and as wonder always endeavours to augment itſelf, they aſcribed to *fern-ſeed* many ſtrange properties, ſome of which the ruſtick virgins have not yet forgotten or exploded. JOHNSON.

This circumſtance relative to *fern-ſeed* is alluded to in B. and Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*:

"————had you Gyges' ring,
"Or the herb that gives inviſibility?"

Again, in B. Jonſon's *New Inn*:

"————I had

"No

Cham. Nay, by my faith; I think, you are more beholden to the night, than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase [9], as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; [1] *Homo* is a common name to all men.—Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewel, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The road by Gads-hill.

Enter Prince Henry, Poins, and Peto.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have remov'd Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet [2].

P. Henry. Stand close.

"No medicine, sir, to go invisible,
"No *fern-seed* in my pocket."

Again, in P. Holland's Translation of *Pliny*, b. xxvii. ch. 9: "Of *ferne* be two kinds, and they beare neither floure nor *seed.*" STEEVENS.

[9] —*purchase,*—] Is the term used in law for any thing not inherited but acquired. JOHNSON.

—*in our purchase*—] *Purchase* was anciently the cant term for stolen goods. So, in *Henry* V. act III:

"They will steal any thing, and call it *purchase.*"

So, Chaucer:

"And robbery is holde *purchase.*" STEEVENS.

[1] —*Homo is a—name* &c.] Gads-hill had promised as he was a *true man*; the Chamberlain wills him to promise rather as a *false thief*; to which Gads-hill answers, that though he might have reason to change the word *true*, he might have spared *man*, for *homo* is a name common to all men, and among others to thieves. JOHNSON.

[2] —*like a gumm'd velvet.*] This allusion we often meet with in the old comedies. So, in the *Malecontent*, 1606: "I'll come among you, like *gum* into taffata, to *fret, fret.*" STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hang'd! Poins!

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal; What a brawling dost thou keep?

Fal. What, Poins! Hal!

P. Henry. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath remov'd my horse, and ty'd him I know not where. If I travel but [3] four foot by the square further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me [4] medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve ere I'll [5] rob a foot further. 'An 'twere not as good a deed as

[3] ——*four foot by the square*——] The thought is humourous, and alludes to his bulk: insinuating, that his legs being four foot asunder, when he advanced four foot, this put together made *four foot square*. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether there is so much humour here as is suspected: *Four foot by the square* is probably no more than *four foot by a rule*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is certainly right. Bishop Corbet says in one of his poems:

"*Some twelve foot by the square.*" FARMER.

All the old copies read by the *squire*, which points out the etymology—*esquierre*, Fr. The same phrase occurs in the *Winter's Tale*: "——not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half *by the square*." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*medicines to make me love him*,——] Alluding to the vulgar notion of *love-powder*. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*rob a foot further*.——] This is only a slight error, which yet has run through all the copies. We should read—*rub* a foot. So we now say—*rub* on. JOHNSON.

Why may it not mean, *I will not go a foot further to rob?* STEEVENS.

drink,

drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*they whistle.*] Whew! —A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd.

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat-guts! lye down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, [6] to colt me thus?

P. Henry. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

P. Henry. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thy own [7] heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too!—I hate it.

[6] ——*to colt*——] Is to fool, to trick; but the prince taking it in another sense, opposes it by *uncolt*, that is, *unhorse*. JOHNSON.

In the first of these senses it is used by Nashe, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1596: "His master fretting and chaffing to be thus *colted* of both of them, &c." Again, in B. and Fletcher's *Loyal Subject*: "What, are we bobb'd thus still? *colted* and carted?" STEEVENS.

[7] ——*heir-apparent garters!*——] Alluding to the order of the garter, in which he was enrolled as *heir-apparent*. JOHNSON.

Had this been the allusion, Shakespeare would have written—*garter*, not—*garters*: but he must be very ingenious who could hang himself in one of these garters. "He may hang himself in his own *garters*," is a proverb in Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, againſt my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our ſetter; I know his voice.

[8] *Bard.* What news?——

Gads. Caſe ye, caſe ye; on with your viſors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Henry. Sirs, you four ſhall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins, and I, will walk lower: if they 'ſcape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, ſir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horſe ſtands behind the hedge; when thou need'ſt him, there thou ſhalt find him. Farewel, and ſtand faſt.

[8] Bardolph. *What news?*—] In all the copies that I have ſeen Poins is made to ſpeak upon the entrance of Gads-hill thus:

O, 'tis our ſetter; I know his voice.——Bardolph, *what news?* This is abſurd; he knows Gads-hill to be the *ſetter*, and aſks Bardolph *what news.* To countenance this impropriety, the latter editions have made Gads-hill and Bardolph enter together, but the old copies bring in Gads-hill alone, and we find that Falſtaff, who knew their ſtations, calls to Bardolph among others for his horſe, but not to Gads-hill, who was poſted at a diſtance. We ſhould therefore read:

Poins. *O, 'tis our ſetter,* &c.
Bard. *What news?*
Gads. *Caſe ye,* &c. JOHNSON.

Fal.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole [9], say I; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! whorson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, [1] gorbellied knaves; Are ye un-

[9] —*dole*,——] The portion of alms distributed at Lambeth palace gate is at this day called the *dole*. In Jonson's *Alchemist*, Subtle charges Face with perverting his master's charitable intentions by selling the *dole* beer to *aqua-vitæ* men. Sir J. HAWKINS.

So, in the *Costly Whore*, 1633:

"——we came thinking
"We should have some *dole* at the bishop's funeral."

Again:

"Go to the back gate, and you shall have *dole*."

STEEVENS.

[1] —*gorbellied*—] i. e. fat and corpulent.

See the Glossary to Kennet's *Parochial Antiquities*.

This word is likewise used by sir Thomas North in his translation of *Plutarch*.

Nash, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, says:—"O 'tis an unconscionable *gorbellied* volume, bigger bulk'd than a Dutch hoy, and far more boisterous and cumbersome than a payre of Swissers omnipotent galeaze breeches." Again, in the *Weakest goes to the Wall*, 1618: "What are these thick-skinn'd, heavy-purs'd, *gorbellied* churles mad?" Again, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570: "Gregory *Gorbely* the goutie."

STEEVENS.

done?

done? No, ye fat chuffs [2]; I would, your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves? young men must live: You are grand-jurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, i'faith. [*Here they rob and bind them.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter prince Henry, and Poins.

P. Henry. The thieves have bound the true men [3]: Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument [4] for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Enter thieves again.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two

[2] —*ye fat* chuffs;—] This term of contempt is always applied to rich and avaricious people. So, in the *Muses Looking Glass*, 1638:
"——— the *chuff's* crowns,
"Imprison'd in his rusty chest, &c."
The derivation of the word is said to be uncertain. Perhaps it is a corruption of *chough*, a thievish bird that collects its prey on the sea shore. So, in Chaucer's *Assemble of Foules*:
"The *thief the chough*, and eke the chatt'ring pie."
Sir W. Davenant, in his *Just Italian*, 1630, has the same term:
"They're rich *choughs*, they've store
"Of villages and plough'd earth."
And sir Epicure Mammon, in the *Alchemist*, being asked who had robb'd him, answers, "a kind of *choughs*, sir." STEEVENS.

[3] —*the* true men:—] In the old plays a *true man* is always set in opposition to a *thief*. So, in the ancient Morality called *Hycke Scorner*, bl. l. no date:
"And when me list to hang a *true man*—
"Theves I can help out of pryson."
Again, in the *Four Prentices of London*, 1632:
"Now *true man*, try if thou can'st rob a *thief*."
Again:
"Sweet wench, embrace a *true man*, scorn a *thief*."
STEEVENS.

[4] —argument *for a week*,—] *Argument* is subject matter for a drama. So, in the second part of this play:
"For all my part has been but as a scene
"Acting that *argument*." STEEVENS.

arrant cowards, there's no equity ſtirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Henry. Your money.

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are ſharing, the Prince and Poins ſet upon them. They all run away; and Falſtaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind him.*]

P. Henry. Got with much eaſe. Now merrily to horſe:
The thieves are ſcatter'd, and poſſeſs'd with fear
So ſtrongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falſtaff ſweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Wer't not for laughing, I ſhould pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Warkworth. A room in the caſtle.

[5] *Enter Hotſpur, reading a letter.*

——*But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in reſpect of the love I bear your houſe.*—He could be contented,—Why, is he not then? In reſpect of the love he bears our houſe:—he ſhews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our houſe. Let me ſee ſome more. *The purpoſe you undertake, is dangerous,*—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to ſleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, ſafety. *The purpoſe you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itſelf*

[5] *Enter Hotſpur, reading a letter.*] This letter was from George Dunbar, earl of March, in Scotland.
Mr. EDWARDS's MS. Notes.

self unsorted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an opposition.—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the Lord, our plot is a good plot, as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York [6] commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, [7] I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet

[6] ——*my lord of York*——] Richard Scroop, archbishop of York. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*I could brain him with his lady's fan.*——] Mr. Edwards observes, in his *Canons of Criticism*, "that the ladies in our author's time wore fans made of feathers. See Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, act II. sc. ii:

"This *feather* grew in her sweet *fan* sometimes, tho' now it be my poor fortune to wear it."

So again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, act III. sc iv:

"——for a garter,
"Or the least *feather* in her bounteous *fan*."

Again, in *The fine Companion*, a comedy, by S. Marmion:

"——she set as light by me, as by the least *feather* in her *fan*."

Again, in Chapman's *May-day*, a comedy, 1610:

"I will bring thee some special favour from her, as a *feather* from her *fan*, &c.".

Again, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

"Yet I can use it as a summer's *fan*
"Made of the stately train of Juno's bird."

Again:

"——*fan* my face
"With a dy'd ostrich plume."

See the wooden cut in a note on a passage in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act II. sc. ii. and the figure of *Marguerite de France Duchesse de Savoie*, in the fifth vol. of Montfaucon's *Monarchie de France*, Plate XI. STEEVENS.

me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this? an infidel? Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king, we are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, Kate[8]? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;
And start so often, when thou sit'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, *Courage!—to the field!* And thou hast talk'd

[8] *How now,* Kate?——] Shakespeare either mistook the name of Hotspur's wife, (which was not *Katharine*, but *Elizabeth)* or else designedly changed it, out of the remarkable fondness he seems to have had for the familiar appellation of *Kate*, which he is never weary of repeating, when he has once introduced it; as in this scene, the scene of *Katharine* and Petruchio, and the courtship between king Henry V. and the *French Princess.* The wife of Hotspur was the lady Elizabeth Mortimer, sister to Roger earl of March who was declared presumptive heir to the crown by king Richard II. and aunt to Edmund earl of March, who is introduced in this play by the name of lord Mortimer. STEEVENS.

Of

Of sallies, and retires [9]; of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers [1], parapets;
Of basilisks [2], of cannon, culverin;
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the 'currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream:
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are
these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,

[9] ——*and retires*;——] *Retires* are *retreats*. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 10: "——their secret safe *retire*." Again, in Holinshed, p. 960: "——the Frenchmen's flight, (for manie so termed their sudden *retire*) &c." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*frontiers*,——] For *frontiers* sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read very plausibly—*fortins*. JOHNSON.

Plausible as this is, it is apparently erroneous, and therefore unnecessary. *Frontiers* formerly meant not only the bounds of different territories, but also the *forts* built along, or near those limits. In Ive's *Practice of Fortification*, printed in 1589, p. 1. it is said: "A forte not placed where it were needful, might skantly be accounted for *frontier*." Again, p. 21: "In the *frontiers* made by the late emperor Charles the Fifth, divers of their walles having given way, &c." P. 34: "It shall not be necessary to make the bulwarkes in townes so great as those in royall *frontiers*." P. 40: "When as any open towne or other inhabited place is to be fortified, whether the same be to be made a royal *frontier*, or to be meanly defended, &c." This account of the word will, I hope, be thought sufficient. STEEVENS.

[2] *Of basilisks*,——] A *basilisk* is a cannon of a particular kind. So, in *Ram-alley*, 1611:

"My cannons, demi-cannons, *basilisks*, &c."

Again, in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"——are those two *basilisks*
"Already mounted on their carriages?"

Again, in Holinshed, p. 816: "——setting his *basiliskes* and other cannon in the mouth of the baie." See likewise Holinshed's *Description of England*, p. 198, 199. STEEVENS.

And I muſt know it, elſe he loves me not.
Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.
Hot. Hath Butler brought thoſe horſes from the ſheriff?
Serv. One horſe, my lord, he brought even now.
Hot. What horſe? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?
Serv. It is, my lord.
Hot. That roan ſhall be my throne.
Well, I will back him ſtraight: O *eſperance!*—
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit Serv.*
Lady. But hear you, my lord.
Hot. What ſay'ſt thou, my lady?
Lady. What is it carries you away?
Hot. Why, my horſe, my love, my horſe.
Lady. [3] Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weazle hath not ſuch a deal of ſpleen,
As you are toſt with.
In ſooth, I'll know your buſineſs, Harry, that I will.
I fear, my brother Mortimer doth ſtir
About his title; and hath ſent for you,
To line his enterprize: But if you go——
Hot. So far afoot, I ſhall be weary, love.
Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, anſwer me
Directly to this queſtion that I aſk.
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
Hot. [4] Away,

Away,

[3] *Out, you mad-headed ape!*] This and the following ſpeech of the lady are in the early editions printed as proſe; thoſe editions are indeed in ſuch caſes of no great authority, but perhaps they were right in this place, for ſome words have been left out to make the metre. JOHNSON.

[4] Hot. *Away, away, you trifler!*
——*love! I love thee not,*]
This I think would be better thus:

Hot.

Away, you trifler! Love? I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate; this is no world,
To play with [5] mammets, and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses, and [6] crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—
What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for, since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o'horse-back, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;

Hot. *Away, you trifler!*
Lady. *Love!*
Hot. *I love thee not.*
This is no world &c. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*mammets,*——] Puppets. JOHNSON.

So Stubbs, speaking of ladies drest in the fashion, says: "they are not natural, but artificial women, not women of flesh and blood, but rather *puppets* or *mammets*, consisting of ragges and clowts compact together."

So, in the old comedy of *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609: ——"I have seen the city of new Nineveh, and Julius Cæsar, acted by *mammets*." Again, in the ancient romance of *Virgilius*, bl. l. no date: "——he made in that compace all the goddes that we call *mawmetts* and ydolles." *Mammet* is perhaps a corruption of *Mahomet*. Holinshed's *History of England*, p. 108, speaks "of *mawmets* and idols." This conjecture and quotation is from Mr. Tollet. I may add that Hamlet seems to have the same idea when he tells Ophelia, that "he could interpret between her and her love, if he saw the *puppets dallying*." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*crack'd crowns,*] Signifies at once *crack'd money*, and a *broken head*. *Current* will apply to both; as it refers to money, its sense is well known; as it is applied to a broken head, it insinuates that a soldier's wounds entitle him to universal reception. JOHNSON.

The same quibble occurs in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600:
"I'll none of your *crack'd* French *crowns*——
"*King.* No *crack'd* French *crowns*! I hope to see more *crack'd* French *crowns* ere long.
Priest. Thou mean'st of Frenchmen's *crowns*, &c." STEEVENS.

 I must

I muſt not have you henceforth queſtion me
Whither I go, nor reaſon whereabout:
Whither I muſt, I muſt; and, to conclude,
This evening muſt I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wiſe; but yet no further wiſe,
Than Harry Percy's wife: conſtant you are;
But yet a woman: and for ſecreſy,
No lady cloſer; for I well believe,
[7] Thou wilt not utter what thou doſt not know;
And ſo far will I truſt thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! ſo far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither ſhall you go too;
To-day will I ſet forth, to-morrow you.—
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It muſt, of force. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Boar's-head tavern in Eaſt-cheap.

Enter Prince Henry, and Poins.

P. Henry. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where haſt been, Hal?

P. Henry. With three or four loggerheads, amongſt three or four ſcore hogſheads. I have ſounded the very baſe ſtring of humility. Sirrah, I am ſworn brother to a leaſh of drawers; and can call them all by their Chriſtian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their ſalvation [8], that, though I

[7] *Thou wilt not utter what thou doſt not know;*] This line is borrowed from a proverbial ſentence:—— "A woman conceals what ſhe knows not." See Ray's *Proverbs.* STEEVENS.

[8] ——*their* ſalvation,——] Thus the quartos. The folio reads: ——*their* confidence,— out of which the modern editors have made—*their* conſcience. STEEVENS.

be

be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly, I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a [9] Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, so they call me; and, when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in East-cheap. They call—drinking deep, dying scarlet: and when you breathe in your watering [1], they cry—hem! and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar [2], clapt even now into

[9] ——*Corinthian*——] A wencher. JOHNSON.

This cant expression is common in old plays. So Randolph, in *The Jealous Lovers*, 1632:

"——let him *wench*,
"Buy me all *Corinth* for him."

"Non cuivis homini contingit adire *Corinthum*."

Again, in the tragedy of *Nero*, 1633:

"Nor us, tho' Romans, Lais will refuse,
"To *Corinth* any man may go."

Again, in Massinger's *Great Duke of Florence:*

"Or the cold Cynic whom *Corinthian* Lais, &c."

STEEVENS.

[1] ——*and when you breathe* &c.] A certain maxim of health attributed to the school of Salerno, may prove the best comment on this passage. I meet with the same expression in a MS. play of *Timon of Athens*, which from the hand-writing, appears to be at least as ancient as the time of Shakespeare:

"——we also do enact
"That all hold up their heads, and laugh aloud;
"Drink much at one draught; *breathe not in their drink*;
"That none go out to"—— STEEVENS.

[2] ——*this pennyworth of sugar*,——] It appears from the following passage in *Look about you*, 1600, and some others, that the drawers kept sugar folded up in papers, ready to be delivered to those who called for sack:

"——but do you hear?
"Bring *sugar in white paper*, not in brown."

Shakespeare might perhaps allude to a custom mentioned by Dec-

into my hand by an [3] under-skinker; one that never spake other English in his life, than—*Eight shillings and sixpence*, and—*You are welcome*; with this shrill addition,—*Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon*, or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time 'till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll shew thee a precedent. [*Poins retires.*

Poins. Francis!

P. Henry. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

[4] *Enter Francis.*

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomgranate, Ralph.

P. Henry. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Henry. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

kar in the *Guls Horn Book*, 1609: "Enquire what gallants sup in the next roome, and if they be any of your acquaintance, do not you (after the *city fashion)* send them in a pottle of wine, *and your name sweetened in two pittiful papers of sugar*, with some filthy apologie cram'd into the mouth of a drawer, &c." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*under-skinker*,——] A tapster; an under-drawer. *Skink* is *drink*, and a *skinker* is *one that serves drink at table*. JOHNSON.

Schenken, Dutch, is to fill a glass or cup; and *schenker* is a cup-bearer, one that waits at table to fill the glasses. An *under-skinker* is therefore, as Dr. Johnson has explained it, an *under-drawer*. STEEVENS.

[4] *Enter Francis.*] This scene, helped by the distraction of the drawer, and grimaces of the prince, may entertain upon the stage, but affords not much delight to the reader. The author has judiciously made it short. JOHNSON.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Five years! by'rlady, a long leafe for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, dar'ft thou be fo valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and fhew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, fir! I'll be fworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, fir.

P. Henry. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me fee,—About Michaelmas next I fhall be——

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, fir.—Pray you, ftay a little, my lord.

P. Henry. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the fugar thou gav'ft me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, fir! I would, it had been two.

P. Henry. I will give thee for it a thoufand pound: afk me when thou wilt, and thou fhalt have it.

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Henry. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thurfday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

P. Henry. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, [5] chryftal-button, [6] nott-pated, agat-ring, [7] puke-ftocking, caddice-

[5] ——*chryftal-button,*——] It appears from the following paffage in Greene's *Quip for an Upftart Courtier*, 1620, that a *leather jerkin* with *chryftal buttons* was the habit of a *pawn-broker*: "—a black taffata doublet, and a fpruce *leather-jerkin* with *chryftal buttons*, &c. I enquired of what occupation: Marry, fir, quoth he, a *broker*." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*knot-pated,*——] It fhould be printed as in the old folios, —*nott-pated.* So, in Chaucer's *Cant. Tales*, the Yeman is thus defcribed:

"A *nott head* had he with a brown vifage."

A perfon was faid to be *nott-pated*, when the hair was cut fhort and round; Ray fays, the word is ftill ufed in Effex, for *polled* or *fhorn*.

caddice-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Henry.

shorn. Vid. *Ray. Coll.* p. 108. Morell's *Chaucer*, 8vo, p. 11. vid. Jun. Etym. ad verb. PERCY.

So, in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612:

"———your *nott-headed* country gentleman."

Again, in Stowe's *Annals for the Year* 1535, 27th of Henry VIII: "He caused his owne head to bee polled, and from thenceforth his beard to bee *notted* and no more shaven." In Barrett's *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 158[illegible], to *notte* the hair is the same as to *cut* it. STEEVENS.

7 ———*puke-stocking*,———] The prince intends to ask the drawer whether he will rob his master, whom he denotes by many contemptuous distinctions, of which all are easily intelligible but *puke-stocking*, which I cannot explain. JOHNSON.

In a small book entitled, *The Order of my Lorde Maior*, &c. *for their Meetinges and Wearing of theyr Apparel throughout the Yeere*, printed in 1586: "the maior, &c. are commanded to appeare on Good Fryday in their [illegible], and without their chaynes and typetes."

Shelton, in his translation of *Don Quixote*, p. 2. says: "the rest and remnant of his estate was spent on a jerkine of fine *puke*." Edit. 1612.

In Salmon's *Chymist's Shop laid open* there is a receipt to make a *puke* colour. The ingredients are the vegetable gall and a large proportion of water; from which it should appear that the colour was *grey*.

In Barrett's *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, a *puke* colour is explained as being a colour between russet and black, and is rendered in Latin *pullus*.

Again, in Drant's translation of the eighth satire of *Horace*, 1567:

"———*nigra* succinctam vadere palla."

"——— ytuckde in *pukishe* frocke."

In the time of Shakespeare the most expensive silk stockings were worn; and in *King Lear*, by way of reproach, an attendant is called a *worsted-stocking* knave. So that, after all, perhaps the word *puke* refers to the quality of the stuff rather than to the colour.

STEEVENS.

Puke-stocking seems to be a contemptuous expression like our *black-legg'd* gentry of the turf. Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, 1730, p. 406, speaks of "a gown of black *puke*." The statute 5 and 6 of Edward VI. c. 6. mentions cloth of these colours, "*puke*, brown-blue, blacks." Hence *puke* seems not to be a perfect or

full

P. Henry. Why then, your brown [9] bastard is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet

full black, but it might be a russet blue, or rather a russet black, as Mr. Steevens intimates from Barrett's *Alvearie.* TOLLET.

[8] ——*caddice-garter,*——] *Caddis* was, I believe, a kind of coarse *ferret.* The garters of Shakespeare's time were worn in sight, and consequently were expensive. He who would submit to wear a coarser sort, was probably called by this contemptuous distinction, which I meet with again in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable*, 1639:

"——doſt hear,
"My honest *caddis-garters?*"

This is an address to a servant. Again, in the *Witty Fair One*, 1633: "——six footmen in *caddis*" are mentioned, i. e. with worsted lace on their clothes. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*brown bastard*——] *Bastard* was a kind of sweet wine. The prince finding the waiter not able, or not willing to understand his instigation, puzzles him with unconnected prattle, and drives him away. JOHNSON.

In an old dramatic piece, entitled, *Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco*, the second edition, 1630, Beer says to Wine:

"Wine well born? Did not every man call you *bastard* but t'other day?" So, in *Match me in London*, an old comedy:

"——Love you *bastard?*
"No wines at all."

Again, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, com. 1609:

"Canary is a jewel, and a fig for *brown bastard.*"

Again, in *The Honest Whore*, a comedy by Deckar, 1635:

"——What wine sent they for?

"*Ro. Bastard* wine, for if it had been truely begotten, it would not have been asham'd to come in. Here's sixpence to pay for nursing the *bastard.*"

Again, in *The Fair Maid of the West*, 1631:

"I'll furnish you with *bastard*, white or *brown*, &c."

In the ancient metrical romance of the *Squhr of lowe Degre*, bl. l. no date, is the following catalogue of wines:

"You shall have Rumney and Malmesyne,
"Both Ypocrasse and Vernage wyne:
"Mountrose, and wyne of Greke,
"Both Algrade and Respice eke,
"Antioche and *Bastarde*
"Pyment also and Garnarde:
"Wyne of Greke and Muscadell,
"Both Clare-Pyment and Rochell,
"The reed your stomach to defye,
"And pottes of Osey set you by." STEEVENS.

doublet will fully: in Barbary, fir, it cannot come to fo much.

Fran. What, fir?

Poins. Francis!

P. Henry. Away, you rogue; Doft thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; the drawer ftands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! ftand'ft thou ftill, and hear'ft fuch a calling? look to the guefts within. [*Exit drawer.*] My lord, old fir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; Shall I let them in?

P. Henry. Let them alone a while, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

Re-enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, fir.

P. Henry. Sirrah, Falftaff and the reft of the thieves are at the door; Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; What cunning match have you made with this jeft of the drawer? come, what's the iffue?

P. Henry. I am now of all humours, that have fhew'd themfelves humours, fince the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this prefent twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter Francis.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, fir.

P. Henry. That ever this fellow fhould have fewer

Maifon Ruftique, tranflated by Markham, 1616, p. 635, fays: " ——— fuch wines are called *mungrell* or *baftard* wines, which (betwixt the fweet and aftringent ones) have neither manifeft fweetnefs, nor manifeft aftriction, but indeed participate and contain in them both qualities." TOLLET.

Barrett, however, in his *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, fays, that "*baftarde* is mufcadell, fweet wine."

STEEVENS.

words

words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. [1] I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hot-spur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—*Fie upon this quiet life! I want work. O my sweet Harry,* says she, *how many hast thou kill'd to-day? Give my roan horse a drench,* says he; and answers, *Some fourteen,* an hour after; *a trifle, a trifle.* I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. [2] *Rivo,* says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

[1] —*I am not yet of Percy's mind,*——] The drawer's answer had interrupted the prince's train of discourse. He was proceeding thus: *I am now of all humours that have shewed themselves humours*—*I am not yet of Percy's mind,*—that is, I am willing to indulge myself in gaiety and frolick, and try all the varieties of human life. *I am not yet of Percy's mind,*—who thinks all the time lost that is not spent in bloodshed, forgets decency and civility, and has nothing but the barren talk of a brutal soldier. JOHNSON.

[2] —*Ribi,*—] That is, *drink.* HANMER.

All the former editions have *rivo,* which certainly had no meaning, but yet was perhaps the cant of English taverns. JOHNSON.

This conjecture Mr. Farmer has supported by a quotation from Marston:

"If thou art sad at others fate,
"*Rivo,* drink deep, give care the mate."

I find the same word used in the comedy of *Blurt Master Constable:*

"———Yet to endear ourselves to thy lean acquaintance, cry *rivo* ho! laugh and be fat, &c."

So, in Marston's *What you will,* 1607:

"Sing, sing, or stay: we'll quaffe or any thing:
"*Rivo,* saint Mark!"

Again, in *Law Tricks* &c. 1608:

"*Rivo,* I'll be singular; my royal expence shall run &c."

Again, in Marston's *What you will,* 1607:

"—that rubs his guts, claps his paunch, and cries *rivo,* &c."

Again:—"*Rivo,* here's good juice, fresh borage, boys."

STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Falstaff, Gads-hill, Bardolph, and Peto.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where haſt thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I ſay, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of ſack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll ſow nether ſtocks[3], and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of ſack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

P. Henry. Didſt thou never ſee Titan kiſs a diſh of butter? [4]pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the ſweet

[3] ——*nether ſtocks,*——] *Nether ſtocks* are ſtockings. See *K. Lear*, act II. ſc. iv. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*pitiful hearted Titan! that melted at the ſweet tale of the ſun?*] ——This abſurd reading poſſeſſes all the copies in general; and though it has paſſed through ſuch a number of impreſſions, is nonſenſe; which we may pronounce to have ariſen at firſt from the inadvertence, either of tranſcribers, or the compoſitors at preſs. 'Tis well known, Titan is one of the poetical names of the ſun; but we have no authority from fable for Titan's melting away at his own ſweet tale, as Narciſſus did at the reflection of his own form. The poet's meaning was certainly this: Falſtaff enters in a great heat, after having been robbed by the prince and Poins in diſguiſe: and the prince ſeeing him in ſuch a ſweat, makes the following ſimile upon him: "Do but look upon that compound of greaſe;—his fat drips away with the violence of his motion, juſt as *butter* does with the heat of the *ſun-beams* darting full upon it." THEOBALD.

Didſt thou never ſee Titan kiſs a diſh of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan! that melted at the ſweet tale of the ſun?]This perplexes Mr. Theobald; he calls it nonſenſe, and, indeed, having made nonſenſe of it, changes it to *pitiful-hearted butter*. But the common reading is right: and all that wants reſtoring is a parentheſis, into which *(pitiful-hearted Titan!)* ſhould be put. *Pitiful hearted* means only *amorous*, which was Titan's character: the pronoun *that* refers to *butter*. But the Oxford editor goes ſtill further, and not only takes, without ceremony, Mr. Theobald's bread and *butter*, but turns *tale* into *face*; not perceiving that the heat of the ſun is figuratively repreſented as a *love-tale*, the poet having before called him *pitiful-hearted*, or amorous. WARBURTON.

I have left this paſſage as I found it, deſiring only that the reader, who inclines to follow Dr. Warburton's opinion, will furniſh

sweet tale of the sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, [5] here's lime in this sack too: There

nish himself with some proof that *pitiful-hearted* was ever used to signify *amorous*, before he pronounces this emendation to be just. I own I am unable to do it for him; and though I ought not to decide in favour of any violent proceedings against the text, must confess, that the reader who looks for sense as the words stand at present, must be indebted for it to Mr. Theobald.

Shall I offer a bolder alteration? In the oldest copy, the contested part of this passage appears thus:

——*at the sweet tale of* the sonnes.

The author might have written *pitiful-hearted Titan, who melted at the sweet tale of* his son, i. e. of Phaeton, who by a plausible story won on the easy nature of his father so far, as to obtain from him the guidance of his own chariot for a day. As gross a mythological corruption perhaps occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"The arm-strong offspring of the *doubted knight*,
"Stout Hercules &c."

Thus all the copies, ancient and modern. But I should not hesitate to read—*doubled night*, i. e. the night lengthened to twice its usual proportion while Jupiter possessed himself of Alcmena; a circumstance with which every school-boy is acquainted.

STEEVENS.

[5] ——*here's lime in this sack too: There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man*——] Sir Richard Hawkins, one of queen Elizabeth's sea-captains, in his voyages, p. 379, says: "Since the Spanish sacks have been common in our taverns, which for conservation are mingled with lime in the making, our nation complains of calentures, of the stone, the dropsy, and infinite other distempers, not heard of before this wine came into frequent use. Besides, there is no year that it wasteth not two millions of crowns of our substance by conveyance into foreign countries." This latter, indeed, was a substantial evil. But as to lime's giving the stone, this sure must be only the good old man's prejudice; since in a wiser age by far, an old woman made her fortune by shewing us that lime was a cure for the stone. Sir John Falstaff, were he alive again, would say she deserved it, for satisfying us that we might drink sack in safety: but that liquor has been long since out of date. I think lord Clarendon in his *Apology*, tells us, "That sweet wines before the Restoration were so much to the English taste, that we engrossed the whole product of the Canaries; and that not a pipe of it was expended in any other country in Europe." But the banished cavaliers brought

 home

There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say! [6] I would I were a weaver; I could sing all man-

home with them the goust for French wines, which has continued ever since; and from whence, perhaps, we may more truly date the greater frequency of the stone. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton does not consider that *sack* in Shakespeare is most probably thought to mean what we now call *sherry*, which when it is drank is still drank with sugar. JOHNSON.

Rhenish is drank with sugar, but never *sherry*. STEEVENS.

Eliot in his *Orthoepia*, 1593, speaking of *sack* and *rhenish*, says: "The vintners of London put in *lime*, and thence proceed infinite maladies, specially the *gouttes*." FARMER.

6 ——*I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms*, &c.] In the persecutions of the protestants in Flanders under Philip II. those who came over into England on that occasion, brought with them the woollen manufactory. These were Calvinists, who were always distinguished for their love of psalmody. WARBURTON.

In the first editions the passage is read thus; *I could sing psalms or any thing*. In the first folio thus: *I could sing all manner of songs*. Many expressions bordering on indecency or profaneness are found in the first editions, which are afterwards corrected. The reading of the three last editions, *I could sing psalms and all manner of songs*, is made without authority out of different copies.

I believe nothing more is here meant than to allude to the practice of weavers, who, having their hands more employed than their minds, amuse themselves frequently with songs at the loom. The knight, being full of vexation, wishes he could sing to divert his thoughts.

Weavers are mentioned as lovers of music in *The Merchant of Venice*. Perhaps "to sing like a weaver" might be proverbial. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton's observation may be confirmed by the following passages.

Ben Jonson, in the *Silent Woman*, makes Cutberd tell Morose, that "the parson caught his cold by sitting up late, and singing catches with *cloth-workers*."

So,

manner of songs. A plague of all cowards, I say still!"

P. Henry. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath[7], and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Henry. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there? [*To Poins.*

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst[8]. You are strait enough

So, in Jasper Maine's *City Match*, 1639:

" Like a Geneva *weaver* in black, who left
" The loom, and enter'd in the ministry,
" For conscience sake." STEEVENS.

The protestants who fled from the persecution of the duke d'Alva were mostly weavers and woollen manufacturers: they settled in Glocestershire, Somersetshire and other counties, and (as Dr. Warburton observes) being Calvinists, were distinguished for their love of psalmody. For many years the inhabitants of these counties have excelled the rest of the kingdom in the skill of vocal harmony. Sir J. HAWKINS.

[7] ——*a dagger of lath,*——] i. e. such a dagger as the *Vice* in the old moralities was arm'd with. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

" In a trice, like to the old *Vice*
" Your need to sustain:
" Who with *dagger of lath*
" In his rage and his wrath &c."

Again, in *Like will to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier*, 1587: the *Vice* says:

" Come no neer me you knaves for your life,
" Lest I stick you both with this *wood knife*.
" Back, I say, back, you sturdy beggar,
" Body o' me they have tane away my *dagger*."

And in the second part of this play, Falstaff calls Shallow a "*Vice's dagger.*" STEEVENS.

[8] ——*I would give a thousand pounds I could run as fast as thou canst.*——] Shakespeare in his real characters, is to be depended

on

enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your back: Call you that, backing of your friends? A plague upon ſuch backing! give me them that will face me. —Give me a cup of ſack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Henry. O villain! thy lips are ſcarce wip'd ſince thou drunk'ſt laſt.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, ſtill ſay I! [*He drinks.*

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? here be four of us have ta'en a thouſand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-ſword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'ſcap'd by miracle. I am eight times thruſt through the doublet; four, through the hoſe; [9] my buckler cut through and through; my ſword hack'd like a hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum.* I never dealt better ſince I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them ſpeak: if they ſpeak more or leſs than truth, they are villains, and the ſons of darkneſs.

on as a hiſtorian. Agility and faſt running were among the qualifications of this young prince. "Omnes coætaneos ſuos ſaliendo præceſſit, (ſays Thomas de Elmham, p. 12.) curſu veloci ſimul currentes prævenit. BOWLE."

The quarto 1599, gives this ſpeech to *Poins.* STEEVENS.

[9] ——— *my buckler cut through and through;* ——] It appears from the old comedy of *The two angry Women of Abington,* that this method of defence and fight was in Shakeſpeare's time growing out of faſhion. The play was publiſhed in 1599, and one of the characters in it makes the following obſervation:

"I ſee by this dearth of good ſwords, that ſword-and-buckler-fight begins to grow out. I am ſorry for it; I ſhall never ſee good manhood again. If it be once gone, this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come up then. Then a tall man, and a good ſword-and-buckler man, will be ſpitted like a cat, or a coney: then a boy will be as good as a man, &c." STEEVENS.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Speak, sirs; How was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,——

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew[1].

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,——

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Henry. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what you call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

Poins. Pray heaven, you have not murder'd some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for; I have pepper'd two of them: two, I am sure, I have pay'd; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou know'st my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Henry. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

[1] ——*an Ebrew Jew.*] So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*: "——thou art an *Hebrew*, *a Jew*, and not worth the name of a Christian." STEEVENS.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Henry. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the list'ning to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,——

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. [2] Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: But I follow'd me close, came-in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. Henry. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three mis-begotten knaves, in [3] Kendal green, came at my back, and

[2] *Their points being broken,—Down fell their hose.*] To understand Poins's joke, the double meaning of *point* must be remembered, which signifies *the sharp end of a weapon*, and *the lace of a garment*. The cleanly phrase for letting down the hose, *ad levandum alvum*, was *to untruss a point*. JOHNSON.

So, in the comedy of *Wily Beguiled*: "I was so near taken, that I was fain to cut all my *points*." Again, in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606:

"Help me to truss my *points*.———

"I had rather see your hose about your heels, than I would help you to truss a *point*."

The same jest indeed had already occurred in *Twelfth Night*:

"*Clo.* ———I am resolv'd on *two points*.

"*Mar.* That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall." STEEVENS.

[3] —*Kendal*—] *Kendal* in Westmorland, as I have been told, is a place famous for making cloths and dying them with several bright colours. To this purpose, Drayton, in the 30th song of his *Polyolbion*:

"——— where *Kendal* town doth stand,

"For making of our *cloth* scarce match'd in all the land."

Kendal green was the livery of *Robert Earl of Huntington* and his followers while they remained in a state of outlawry, and their leader

and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whoreson, obscene, greasy [4] tallow-keech,—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason; What say'st thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not

leader assumed the title of *Robin Hood.* The colour is repeatedly mentioned in the old play on this subject, 1601:

"—————— all the woods
"Are full of outlaws, that, in *Kendall green*,
"Follow the out-law'd earl of Huntington."

Again:

"Then Robin will I wear thy *Kendall green.*"

Again, in the *Playe of Robyn Hoode verye proper to be played in Maye Games*, bl. l. no date:

"Here be a sort of ragged knaves come in,
"Clothed all in *Kendale grene.*" STEEVENS.

4 ———*tallow-catch*,——] This word is in all editions, but having no meaning, cannot be understood. In some parts of the kingdom, a *cake* or *mass* of wax or tallow, is called a *keech*, which is doubtless the word intended here, unless we read *tallow-ketch*, that is, *tub of tallow.* JOHNSON.

———*tallow-catch*,——] Tallow-*keech* is undoubtedly right, but ill explained in the note. A *keech* of *tallow* is the fat of an ox or cow rolled up by the butcher in a round lump, in order to be carried to the chandler. It is the proper word in use now. PERCY.

A *keech* is what is called a *tallow loaf* in Sussex, and in its form resembles the rotundity of a fat man's belly. COLLINS.

Shakespeare calls the *butcher's wife* goody *Keech* in the second part of this play. STEEVENS.

———*tallow-catch*,———] The conjectural emendation *ketch*, i. e. tub, is very ingenious. But the prince's allusion is sufficiently striking, if we alter not a letter; and only suppose that by *tallow catch*, he means a *receptacle for tallow.* WARTON.

ell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

Fal. Away, [5] you starveling, you elf-skin, you dry'd neats-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you taylor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

P. Henry. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again: and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Henry. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.——Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can shew it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you

[5] ———*you starveling, you elf skin,*——] For *elf-skin* sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read *eel-skin.* The true reading, I believe, is *elf-kin,* or *little fairy:* for though the Bastard in *King John* compares his brother's two legs to two eel-skins stuff'd, yet an eel-skin simply bears no great resemblance to a man. JOHNSON.

——*you starveling,* &c.] In these comparisons Shakespeare was not drawing the picture of a *little fairy,* but of a man remarkably *tall* and *thin,* to whose shapeless uniformity of length, an "*eel skin stuff'd*" (for that circumstance is implied) certainly bears a humorous resemblance, as do the *taylor's yard,* the *tuck,* or small sword set upright, &c. The comparisons of the *stock-fish* and dry'd *neat's tongue,* allude to the leanness of the prince. The reading—*eel-skin* is supported likewise by the passage already quoted from *K. John,* and by Falstaff's description of the *lean* Shallow in the second part of *K. Henry* IV.

Shakespeare had historical authority for the *leanness* of the prince of Wales. Stowe, speaking of him, says, "he exceeded the mean stature of men, his neck long, body slender and lean, and his bones small, &c." STEEVENS.

carry'd

carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight? What trick, what device, what starting hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; What trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me, to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou know'st, I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince [6]. Instinct is a great matter [7]; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou, for a true prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the money.——Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, All the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

[6] ——*the lion will not touch the true prince.*—] So, in the *Mad Lover*, by B. and Fletcher:
> "Fetch the Numidian *lion* I brought over;
> "If she be sprung from *royal blood*, the lion
> "Will *do her reverence*, else he'll tear her &c."

STEEVENS.

[7] ——Instinct *is a great matter*;——] Diego, the Host, in *Love's Pilgrimage*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, excuses a rudeness he had been guilty of to one of his guests, in almost the same words.
"————should I have been so barbarous to have parted brothers?
"*Philippo.* ——You knew it then?
"*Diego.* ——I knew 'twas necessary
> "You should be both together. *Instinct*, signior,
> "*Is a great matter* in an host." STEEVENS.

Fal.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lov'st me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince,—

P. Henry. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, [8] there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

P. Henry. [8] Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Henry. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

P. Henry. Now, sirs; by'r-lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—fie!

[8] *——there is a nobleman——Give him as much as will make him a royal man,——*] I believe here is a kind of jest intended. He that received a *noble* was, in cant language, called a *nobleman*: in this sense the prince catches the word, and bids the landlady *give him as much as will make him a royal man*, that is, a *real* or *royal* man, and send him away. Johnson.

So, in the *Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:
"This is not noble sport, but *royal* play.
"It must be so where *royals* walk so fast." Steevens.

Give him as much as will make him a royal *man,——*] The *royal* went for 10 s.—the noble only for 6 s. and 8 d.
Tyrwhitt.

This seems to allude to a jest of queen Elizabeth. Mr. John Blower in a sermon before her majesty, first said: "My *royal* queen," and a little after: "My *noble* queen." Upon which says the queen: "What am I *ten groats* worse than I was?" This is to be found in Hearne's *Discourse of some Antiquities between Windsor and Oxford*; and it confirms the remark of the very learned and ingenious Mr. Tyrwhitt. Tollet.

Bard.

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Henry. Tell me now in earnest, How came Falstaff's sword so hack'd?

Peto. Why, he hack'd it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass[9], to make them bleed; and then to beslubber our garments with it, and swear it was [1] the blood of true men. I did that I did not these seven year before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Henry. O villain, thou stol'st a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert [2] taken with the man-

[9] —*to tickle our noses with spear-grass*, &c.] So, in the old anonymous play of *The Victories of Henry the Fifth*: "Every day when I went into the field, I would take *a straw* and thrust it into my nose and make my nose bleed &c." STEEVENS.

[1] —*the blood of true men.*—] That is, of the men with whom they fought, of *honest men*, opposed to thieves. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*taken in the manner*,——] The quarto and folio read —*with the manner*, which is right. *Taken with the manner* is a law phrase, and then in common use, to signify *taken in the fact*. But the Oxford editor alters it, for better security of the sense, to —*taken in the* manor,— i. e. I suppose, by the lord of it, as a stray. WARBURTON.

The expression—*taken* in *the manner*, or with *the manner*, is common to many of our old dramatic writers. So, in B. and Fletcher's *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*:

"How like a sheep-biting rogue, *taken in the manner*,
"And [illegible] for a halter, dost thou look now?"

Again, in Hey[illegible]'s *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"Take them not *in the manner*, tho' you may."

Perhaps it is a corruption of "taken in the *manœuvre*;" yet I know not that this French word, in the age of Shakespeare, had acquired its present sense. STEEVENS.

Manour or *Mainour* or *Maynour* an old law-term, (from the French *mainaver* or *manier*, Lat. *manu tractare*) signifies the thing which a thief takes away or steals: and to be taken with the *manour* or *mainour* is to be taken with the thing stolen about him, or doing an unlawful act, *flagrante delicto*, or, as we say, in the fact.

The

ner, and ever ſince thou haſt bluſh'd extempore: Thou hadſt [3] fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ran'ſt away; What inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you ſee theſe meteors? do you behold theſe exhalations?

P. Henry. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Henry. [4] Hot livers, and cold purſes.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken [5].

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter Falſtaff.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my ſweet creature of [6] bombaſt? How long is't ago, Jack, ſince thou ſaw'ſt thine own knee?

Fal.

The expreſſion is much uſed in the foreſt-laws. See Manwood's edition in quarto, 1665, p. 292. where it is ſpelt *manner*.

HAWKINS.

[3] —*Thou hadſt fire and ſword* &c.] The *fire* was in his face. A red face is termed a *fiery face.*

"While I affirm a *fiery face:*
"Is to the owner no diſgrace." *Legend of Capt. Jones.*

JOHNSON.

[4] *Hot livers, and cold purſes.*] That is, *drunkenneſs* and *poverty.* To *drink* was, in the language of thoſe times, to *heat the liver.*

JOHNSON.

[5] Choler, *my lord, if rightly taken.*
No, if rightly taken, halter.]

The reader who would enter into the ſpirit of this repartee, muſt recollect the ſimilarity of ſound between *collar* and *choler.* So, in *King John and Matilda*, 16—

"*O Bru.* Son, you're too full of *choler.*
"*Y. Bru.* Choler! *halter.*
"*Fitz.* By the maſs, that's near the *collar.*" STEEVENS.

[6] —*bombaſt?*—] Is the ſtuffing of cloaths. JOHNSON.

Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuſes*, 1595, obſerves, that in his time "the doublettes were ſo hard quilted, ſtuffed, *bombaſted*, and ſewed, as they could neither worke, nor yet well play in them." And again, in the ſame chapter, he adds, that they were "ſtuffed with foure, five, or ſixe pounde of *bombaſt* at leaſt."

Again,

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waiſt; [7] I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: A plague of ſighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was ſir John Braby [8] from your father; you muſt to the court in the morning. That ſame mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the baſtinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and ſwore the devil his true liegeman [9] upon the croſs of a Welſh hook,—What, a plague, call you him?—

Poins.

Again, in Deckar's *Satiromaſtix*: "You ſhall ſwear not to *bombaſt* out a new play with the old linings of jeſts." *Bombaſt* is *cotton*. Gerard calls the *cotton plant* "the *bombaſt* tree." STEEVENS.

[7] ———*I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring*:] Ariſtophanes has the ſame thought:

Διὰ δακτυλίου μὲν οὖν ἐμέ γ' ἂν διελκύσαις. *Plutus*, v. 1037.

Sir W. RAWLINSON.

An alderman's *thumb-ring* is mentioned by Brome in the *Antipodes*, 1638: "——Item, a diſtich graven in his *thumb-ring*." Again, in the *Northern Laſs*, 1633: "A good man in the city &c. wears nothing rich about him, but the gout, or a *thumb-ring*." Again, in *Wit in a Conſtable*, 1640: "—no more wit than the reſt of the bench: what lies in his *thumb-ring*." The cuſtom of wearing *a ring on the thumb* is very ancient. In Chaucer's *Squier's Tale*, it is ſaid of the rider of the brazen horſe who advanced into the hall of Cambuſcan, that

"——upon his *thombe* he had of gold a *ring*."

STEEVENS.

[8] ——*ſir John* Braby—] Thus the folio. The quarto 1598, reads: ——*Bracy*. STEEVENS.

[9] ———*upon the croſs of a Welſh hook*,——] A *Welſh hook* appears to have been ſome inſtrument of the offenſive kind. It is mentioned in the play of *Sir John Oldcaſtle*:

"———that no man preſume to wear any weapons, eſpecially *welſh-hooks* and foreſt-bills."

Again, in *Weſtward Hoe*, by Deckar and Webſter, 1607:

"———it will be as good as a *Welſh-hook* for you, to keep out the other at ſtaves-end."

Again, in *Northward Hoe*, by the ſame, 1607, a captain ſays:

"————I know what kiſſes be, as well as I know a *Welch-hook*."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Maſque for the honour of Wales*:

"——Owen

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the ſame;—and his ſon-in-law Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that ſprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horſeback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Henry. He that rides at high ſpeed, and with his [1] piſtol kills a ſparrow flying.

" ——Owen Glendower, with a *Welſe book*, and a goat-ſkin on his back."

" Enter with *Welch books* Rice-ap-Howell a Mower, and the Earl of Leiceſter." *K. Edward* II. 1622.

Again, in *K. Edward* I. 1599:

" And ſcour the marches with your *Welchmen's books.*"

Again, in the *Inſatiate Counteſs*, by Marſton 1631:

" The ancient *books* of great Cadwallader."

Mr. Tollet apprehends from the *booked* form of the following inſtrument, as well as from the *croſs* upon it, as upon other ancient ſwords, that it is the *Welch book* mentioned by Falſtaff.



This was copied by him from Speed's *Hiſtory of Great Britain*, p. 180.

I believe the *Welch book* and the brown bill are no more than varieties of the *ſecuris falcata*, or probably a weapon of the ſame kind with the *Lochabar axe*, which was uſed in the late rebellion. Colonel Gardner was attacked with ſuch a one at the battle of Preſtonpans.

In the old ballad, however, of *King Alfred and the Shepherd*, (ſee Evans's Collection, vol. I. p. 20.) the Shepherd ſwears by his *book*:

" And by my *book*, the ſhepherd ſaid,
" (an oath both good and true) &c." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*piſtol*——] Shakeſpeare never has any care to preſerve the manners of the time. *Piſtols* were not known in the age of Henry. *Piſtols* were, I believe, about our author's time, eminently uſed by the Scots. Sir Henry Wotton ſomewhere makes mention of a *Scottiſh piſtol*. JOHNSON.

B. and Fletcher are ſtill more inexcuſable. In *The Humorous Lieutenant*, they have equipped one of the immediate ſucceſſors of Alexander the Great, with the ſame weapon. STEEVENS.

Fal.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Henry. So did he never the ſparrow.

Fal. Well, that raſcal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Henry. Why, what a raſcal art thou then, to praiſe him ſo for running?

Fal. O' horſeback, ye cuckow! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Henry. Yes, Jack, upon inſtinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon inſtinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thouſand [2] blue-caps more: Worceſter is ſtolen away by night; thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news [3]; [4] you may buy land now as cheap as ſtinking mackerel.

P. Henry. Then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we ſhall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the maſs, lad, thou ſay'ſt true; it is like, we ſhall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three ſuch

[2] ——*blue caps*——] A name of ridicule given to the Scots from their *blue bonnets*. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*thy father's* beard is turned white *with the news*;——] I think Montaigne mentions a perſon condemned to death, whoſe *hair turned grey* in one night. TOLLET.

Naſh, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden* &c. 1596, ſays: "——looke and you ſhall finde a *grey haire* for everie line I have writ againſt him; and you ſhall have *all his beard white* too, by the time he hath read over this booke." The reader may find more examples of this phænomenon in Grimeſton's tranſlation of Goulart's *Memorable Hiſtories*. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*you may buy land*, &c.] In former times the proſperity of the nation was known by the value of land, as now by the price of ſtocks. Before Henry the Seventh made it ſafe to ſerve the king regnant, it was the practice at every revolution, for the conqueror to confiſcate the eſtates of thoſe that oppoſed, and perhaps of thoſe who did not aſſiſt him. Thoſe, therefore, that foreſaw a change of government, and thought their eſtates in danger, were deſirous to ſell them in haſte for ſomething that might be carried away.

JOHNSON.

enemies

enemies , as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Henry. Not a whit, i'faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Henry. Do thou stand for my father[5], and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my state[6], this dagger my scepter, and [7] this cushion my crown.

P. Henry. [8] Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

[5] *Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.*] In the old anonymous play of *Henry* V. the same strain of humour is discoverable:

"Thou shalt be my lord chief justice, and shall sit in the chair, and I'll be the young prince and hit thee a box on the ear &c." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*This chair shall be my state,*——] This, as well as a following passage, was perhaps designed to ridicul the mock majesty of *Cambyses*, the hero of a play which appears from Deckar's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609, to have been exhibited with some degree of theatrical pomp. Deckar is ridiculing the impertinence of young gallants who sat or stood on the stage; "on the very rushes where the commedy is to daunce, yea and under the *state of Cambises himselfe.*" STEEVENS.

[7] ——*this cushion my crown.*] Dr. Letherland, in a MS. note, observes, that the country people in Warwickshire use a *cushion* for a *crown*, at their harvest-home diversions; and in the play of *K. Edward* IV. p. 2. 1619, is the following passage:

"Then comes a slave, one of those drunken sots,
"In with a tavern reck'ning for a supplication,
"Disguised with a *cushion* on his head." STEEVENS.

[8] *Thy state,* &c.] This answer might, I think, have better been omitted: it contains only a repetition of Falstaff's mock-royalty. JOHNSON.

This is an *apostrophe* of the prince to his absent father, not an *answer* to Falstaff. FARMER.

Fal.

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red; that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in [9] king Cambyses' vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is [1] my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech :—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. This is excellent sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes [2].

Host. O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players [3], as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-

[9] ——*king Cambyses*——] A lamentable tragedy, mixed full of pleasant mirth, containing the life of *Cambyses* king of Persia. By Thomas Preston. THEOBALD.

I question if Shakespeare had ever seen this tragedy; for there is a remarkable peculiarity of measure, which, when he professed to speak in *king Cambyses' vein*, he would hardly have missed, if he had known it. JOHNSON.

There is a marginal direction in the old play of king *Cambises*: "At this tale tolde, let the queen weep;" which I fancy is alluded to, though the measure is not preserved. FARMER.

See a note on the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act IV. scene the last. STEEVENS.

[1] —*my leg.*] That is, my obeisance to my father. JOHNSON.

[2] —*the flood-gates of her eyes.*] This passage is probably a burlesque on the following in *Preston's Cambyses*:

"*Queen.* These words to hear makes stilling teares issue from chrystall eyes." STEEVENS.

[3] ——harlotry *players*,——] This word is used in the *Plowman's Tale*: "Soche *harlotre* men &c." Again, in *P. P.* fol. 27. "I had lever here an *harlotry*, or a somer's game." Junius explains the word by "*inhonesta* paupertinæ sortis fœditas." STEEVENS.

brain[4].——[5] Harry, I do not only marvel where thou ſpendeſt thy time, but alſo how thou art accompanied: for [6] though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faſter it grows, yet youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it wears. That thou art my ſon, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſon to me, here lies the point;—Why, being ſon to me, art thou ſo pointed at? Shall the bleſſed ſun of heaven prove [7] a micher, and eat black-

[4] —*tickle-brain* –] This appears to have been the nick name of ſome ſtrong liquor. So, in *A new Trick to cheat the Devil* 1636:

"A cup of Nipſitate briſk and neat,

"The drawers call it *tickle-brain*."

In the *Antipodes*, 1638, *ſettle-brain* is mentioned as another potation. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*Harry, I do not only marvel* &c.] A ridicule on the public oratory of that time. WARBURTON.

[6] ——*though the camomile*, &c.] This whole ſpeech is ſupremely comic. The ſimile of camomile uſed to illuſtrate a contrary effect, brings to my remembrance an obſervation of a late writer of ſome merit, whom the deſire of being witty has betrayed into a like thought. Meaning to enforce with great vehemence the mad temerity of young ſoldiers, he remarks, that "though Bedlam be in the road to Hogſden, it is out of the way to promotion." JOHNSON.

In *The More the Merrier*, a collection of epigrams, 1608, is the following paſſage:

"The *camomile* ſhall teach thee patience,

"Which thriveth beſt when trodden moſt upon."

Again, in *The Fawne*, a comedy, by Marſton, 1606:

"For indeed, ſir, a repreſs'd fame mounts like *camomile*, the more trod down the more it grows." STEEVENS.

The ſtyle immediately ridiculed, is that of Lilly in his *Euphues*: "Though the *camomile* the more it is troden and preſſed downe, the more it ſpreadeth; yet the *violet* the oftner it is handled and touched, the ſooner it withereth and decayeth, &c." FARMER.

[7] ——*a micher*,——] i. e. truant; to *mich*, is to lurk out of ſight, a hedge-creeper. WARBURTON.

The alluſion is to a truant boy, who, unwilling to go to ſchool, and afraid to go home, lurks in the fields, and picks wild fruits. JOHNSON.

In-

black-berries? a question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Henry. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. [8] If then the fruit may be known by the tree, as the tree by the fruit, then, pe-

In *A Comment on the Ten Commandments*, printed at London in 1493, by Richard Pynson, I find the word thus used:

"They make Goddes house a den of theves; for commonly in such feyres and markets, wheresoever it be holden, ther ben many theves, michers, and cutpurse."

Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"Pox on him, *micher*, I'll make him pay for it."

Again, in Lilly's *Mother Bombie*, 1594.

"How like a *micher* he stands, as though he had *truanted* from honesty."

"——that mite is *miching* in this grove." *ibidem.*

"The *micher* hangs down his head." *ibidem.*

Again, in *Ram-alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"——Look to it *micher*."

Again, in the old Morality of *Hycke Scorner*:

"Wanton wenches and also *michers*." STEEVENS.

[8] *If then the fruit* &c.] This passage is happily restored by sir Thomas Hanmer. JOHNSON.

I am afraid here is a profane allusion to the 33d verse of the 12th chapter of St. Matthew. STEEVENS.

remptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Henry. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a [9] rabbet-sucker, or a poulter's hare.

P. Henry. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

P. Henry. Now, Harry? whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from East-cheap.

P. Henry. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

P. Henry. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of man is thy companion.

[9] ——*rabbet-sucker,*——] Is, I suppose, a *sucking rabbet.* The jest is in comparing himself to something thin and little. So a *poulterer's hare*, a hare hung up by the hind legs without a skin, is long and slender. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is right: for in the account of the serjeant's feast, by Dugdale, in his *Orig. Juridiciales*, one article is a dozen of *rabbet-suckers.*

Again, in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*:

"Cut a *rabbet-sucker* from an old coney."

Again, in *The Wedding*, by Shirley, 16[illegible]:

"There w[illegible] *rabbit-suckers* will never leave the *wound*."

Again, in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591: "I prefer an old cony before a *rabbet-sucker*." Again, in *The Tryal of Chivalry*, 1599: "——a bountiful benefactor for sending thither such *rabbet-suckers.*" Again, in the *Witty Fair One*, 1633. "Thou shouldst hunt, as I do, the wanton *rabbit-suckers.*"

A *poulterer* was formerly written—a *poulter*, and so the old copies of this play. Thus in *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*, 1595: "We must have our tables furnisht like *poulters'* stalls." STEEVENS.

panion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that [1] bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuft cloak-bag of guts, that roasted [2] Manning-tree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein [3] cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would, your grace would [4] take me with you; Whom means your grace?

P. Henry. That villainous abominable mis-leader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Henry. I know, thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity) his white hairs do witness

[1] ——*bolting-hutch*——] *Bolting-hutch* is, I think, a *meal-bag*. JOHNSON.

——*a bolting-hutch*——] Is the wooden receptacle into which the meal is *bolted*. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*Manning-tree ox*——] Of the *Manning tree ox* I can give no account, but the meaning is clear. JOHNSON.

Manning-tree in Essex, and the neighbourhood of it, is famous for richness of pasture. The farms thereabouts are chiefly tenanted by graziers. Some ox of an unusual size was, I suppose, roasted there on an occasion of public festivity, or exposed for money to public show. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*cunning*,——] *Cunning* was not yet debased to a bad meaning: it signified *knowing*, or *skilful*. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*take me with you*;——] That is, go no faster than I can follow you. Let me know your meaning. JOHNSON.

Lilly in his *Endimion*, says: "Tush, tush, neighbours, *take me with you*." FARMER.

The expression is so common in the old plays, that it is unnecessary to introduce any more quotations in support of it.

STEEVENS.

it:

it: but that he is (saving your reverence) a whore-master, that I utterly deny. [5] If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damn'd: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

[5] —*If sack and sugar be a fault,*—] *Sack with sugar* was a favourite liquor in Shakespeare's time. In a letter describing queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth-castle, 1575, by R. L. [Langham] bl. l. 12mo, the writer says, (p. 86.) "sipt I no more *sak and suger* than I do Malmzey, I should not blush so much a dayz az I doo." And in another place, describing a minstrell, who, being somewhat irascible, had been offended at the company, he adds: "at last, by sum entreaty, and many fair woords, with *sak and suger*, we sweeten him again." p. 52.

In an old MS. book of the chamberlain's accounts belonging to the city of Worcester, I also find the following article, which points out the origin of our word *sack*, [Fr. *sec.*] viz. "—Anno Eliz. xxxiiij. [1592.] Item, For a gallon of clarett wyne, and *seck* and a pound of *sugar* geven to sir John Russell, iiij. s."—This sir John Russell, I believe, was their representative in parliament, or at least had prosecuted some suit for them at the court.—In the same book, is another article, which illustrates the history of the stage at that time, viz. "A. Eliz. xxxiiij. Item, Bestowed upon the queen's trumpeters and players, iiij. lb."

PERCY.

This liquor is likewise mentioned in *The Wild Goose Chase* of B. and Fletcher:

"—You shall find us in the tavern,
"Lamenting in *sack and sugar* for your losses."

Again, in *Monsieur Thomas* by Fletcher, 1639:

"Old *sack*, boy,
"Old reverend *sack* &c.——
"Drink with *sugar*
"Which I have ready here."

Again, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607:

"I use not to be drunk with *sack and sugar*." STEEVENS.

P. Henry. I do, I will.

[*Knocking; and Hostess and Bardolph go out.*

Re-enter Bardolph, running.

Bar. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. O, my lord, my lord!——

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick[6]: What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Henry. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Henry. Go, [7] hide thee behind the arras;—the rest

6 —*a fiddle-stick:*——] I suppose this phrase is proverbial. It occurs in the *Humorous Lieutenant* of B. and Fletcher:

"——for certain, gentlemen,
"*The fiend rides on a fiddlestick.*" STEEVENS.

7 —*hide thee behind the arras;*——] The bulk of Falstaff made him not the fittest to be concealed behind the hangings, but every poet sacrifices something to the scenery; if Falstaff had not been hidden he could not have been found asleep, nor had his pockets searched. JOHNSON.

In old houses there were always large spaces left between the arras and the walls, sufficient to contain even one of Falstaff's bulk.

 Such

rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and a good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt Falstaff, Bardolph, Gads-hill, and Peto; manent Prince and Poins.*

P. Henry. Call in the sheriff.——

Enter Sheriff, and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff; what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord;
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. [8] The man, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I engage my word to thee,

Such are those which Fantome mentions in *The Drummer*. Again, in the *Bird in a Cage*, 1633.

"Does not the *arras* laugh at me, it shakes methinks.
"*Kat.* It cannot chuse, there's one *behind* doth tickle it."

Again, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607: "——but softly as a gentleman courts a wench behind the *arras*." Again, in *King John*, act IV. sc. 1:

"Heat me these irons hot, and look thou stand
"*Within the arras*."——

In *Much Ado about Nothing*, Borachio says: "I whipt me behind the *arras*." Polonius is killed through the *arras*. See likewise Holinshed, vol. III. p. 564. See also my note on the second scene of the first act of *K. Richard* II. STEEVENS.

So, in Brathwaite's *Survey of Histories*, 1614: "Pyrrhus to terrifie Fabricius, commanded his guard to place *an elephant behind the arras*." MALONE.

[8] *The man, I do assure you, is not here;*] Every reader must regret that Shakespeare would not give himself the trouble to furnish prince Henry with some more pardonable excuse, without obliging him to have recourse to an absolute falshood, and that too uttered under the sanction of so strong an assurance. STEEVENS.

That

That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to anſwer thee, or any man,
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withal:
And ſo let me intreat you leave the houſe.

Sher. I will, my lord: There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery loſt three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be ſo: if he have robb'd theſe men,
He ſhall be anſwerable; and ſo, farewel.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Henry. I think, it is good morrow; Is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.
[*Exit.*

P. Henry. This oily raſcal is known as well as Paul's:
[9] Go, call him forth.

Poins. Falſtaff!—faſt aſleep behind the arras, and ſnorting like a horſe.

P. Henry. Hark how hard he fetches breath: Search his pockets.
[*He ſearches his pockets, and finds certain papers.*
What haſt thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Henry. Let's ſee what they be: read them.

Poins. Item, a capon, 2s. 2d.

[9] *Go, call him forth.*] The ſcenery here is ſomewhat perplexed. When the ſheriff came, the whole gang retired, and Falſtaff was hidden. As ſoon as the ſheriff is ſent away, the prince orders Falſtaff to be called: by whom? by Peto. But why had not Peto gone up ſtairs with the reſt? and if he had, why did not the reſt come down with him? The converſation that follows between the prince and Peto, ſeems to be apart from the others.

I cannot but ſuſpect that for Peto we ſhould read Poins: what had Peto done, that his place ſhould be honourable, or that he ſhould be truſted with the plot againſt Falſtaff? Poins has the prince's confidence, and is a man of courage.

This alteration clears the whole difficulty: they all retired but Poins, who, with the prince, having only robbed the robbers, had no need to conceal himſelf from the travellers. We may therefore boldly change the ſcenical direction thus: *Exeunt Falſtaff, Bardolph, Gads-hill, and Peto; manent the Prince and Poins.*
JOHNSON.

Item,

Item, Sauce, 4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.
Item, Anchovies and ſack after ſupper, 2s. 6d.
Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Henry. O monſtrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of ſack!—What there is elſe, keep cloſe; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him ſleep 'till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we muſt all to the wars, and thy place ſhall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, [1] I know, his death will be a march of twelve-ſcore. The money ſhall be paid back again, with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and ſo good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The archdeacon of Bangor's houſe in Wales.

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, lord Mortimer, and Owen Glendower.

Mor. Theſe promiſes are fair, the parties ſure,
And our [2] induction full of proſperous hope.

Hot.

[1] —*I know his death will be a march of twelve-ſcore.*—] i. e. It will kill him to march ſo far as twelveſcore yards. JOHNSON.

Ben Jonſon uſes the ſame expreſſion in his *Sejanus:*
"That look'd for ſalutations *twelve-ſcore* off."
Again, in *Weſtward Hoe*, 1606:
"I'll get my *twelve-ſcore* off, and give aim." STEEVENS.

[2] —*induction*—] That is, entrance; beginning. JOHNSON.

An *induction* was anciently ſomething introductory to a play. Such is the buſineſs of the Tinker, previous to the performance of

Hot. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—
Will you sit down?——
And, uncle Worcester:—A plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur:
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale; and, with
A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: [3] at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets [4]; and, at my birth,
The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done

of the *Taming of a Shrew*. Shakespeare often uses the word, which his attendance on the theatres might have familiarized to his conception. Thus, in *K. Richard* III:

"Plots have I laid, *inductions* dangerous." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*at my nativity*, &c.] Most of these prodigies appear to have been invented by Shakespeare. Holinshed says only: "Strange wonders happened at the nativity of this man; for the same night he was born, all his father's horses in the stable were found to stand in blood up to their bellies." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*Of burning* cressets;——] A *cresset* was a great light set upon a beacon, light-house, or watch-tower: from the French word *croissette*, a little cross, because the beacons had anciently crosses on the top of them. HANMER.

So, in *Histriomastix, or the Player Whipt*, 1610:

"Come Cressida my *cresset* light,
"Thy face doth shine both day and night."

In the reign of Elizabeth, Holinshed says: "The countie Palatine of Rhene was conveied by *cresset*-light, and torch-light to sir J. Gresham's house in Bishopsgate street." Again, in the *Stately Moral of the Three Lords of London*, 1590:

"Watches in armour, triumphs, *cresset-lights*."

The *cresset-lights* were lights fixed on a moveable frame or cross, like a turnstile, and were carried on poles, in processions. I have seen them represented in an ancient print from Van Velde.
STEEVENS.

At

At the fame feafon, if your mother's cat
Had but kitten'd, though yourfelf had ne'er been born.

Glend. I fay, the earth did fhake when I was born.

Hot. And I fay, the earth was not of my mind,
If you fuppofe, as fearing you it fhook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth fhook to fee the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
[5] Difeafed nature oftentimes breaks forth
In ftrange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprifoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement ftriving,
Shakes the old beldame earth [6], and topples down
Steeples, and mofs-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this diftemperature,
In paffion fhook.

Glend. Coufin, of many men
I do not bear thefe croffings. Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that, at my birth,

[5] *Difeafed nature*——] The poet has here taken, from the perverfenefs and contrarioufnefs of Hotfpur's temper, an opportunity of raifing his character, by a very rational and philofophical confutation of fuperftitious error. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*the old* beldame *earth*,——] *Beldame* is not ufed here as a term of contempt, but in the fenfe of *ancient mother*. *Belle age*, Fr. Drayton, in the 8th fong of his *Polyolbion*, ufes *bel-fire* in the fame fenfe:

"As his great *bel-fire* Brute from Albion's heirs it won."

Again, in the 14th fong:

"When he his long defcent fhall from his *bel-fires* bring."

Beau pere is French for *father-in-law*, but this word employed by Drayton feems to have no fuch meaning. Perhaps *beldame* originally meant a grand-mother. So, in Shakefpeare's *Tarquin and Lucrece*:

"To fhew the *beldame* daughters of her daughter."

STEEVENS.

The

The front of heaven was full of fiery ſhapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were ſtrangely clamorous to the frighted fields.
Theſe ſigns have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courſes of my life do ſhew,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the ſea,
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's ſon,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
Or hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think, there is no man ſpeaks better Welſh:—
I will to dinner.

Mort. Peace, couſin Percy; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call ſpirits from the vaſty deep.

Hot. Why, ſo can I; or ſo can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, couſin, to command
The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, couſin, to ſhame the devil,
By telling truth; Tell truth, and ſhame the devil.—
If thou have power to raiſe him, bring him hither,
And I'll be ſworn, I have power to ſhame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and ſhame the devil.

Mort. Come, come,
No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Againſt my power: thrice, from the banks of Wye,
And ſandy-bottom'd Severn, have I ſent him,
Bootleſs home[7], and weather-beaten back.

[7] *Bootleſs*—] Thus one of the old editions; and without reading *bootleſs* (i. e. making the word a triſſyllable) the metre will be defective. STEEVENS.

Hot.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'ſcapes he agues, in the devil's name?
Glend. Come, here's the map; Shall we divide our right,
According to our three-fold order taken?
Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By ſouth and eaſt, is to my part aſſign'd:
All weſtward, Wales beyond the Severn ſhore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn:
Which being ſealed interchangeably,
(A buſineſs that this night may execute)
To-morrow, couſin Percy, you, and I,
And my good lord of Worceſter, will ſet forth,
To meet your father, and the Scottiſh power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewſbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor ſhall we need his help theſe fourteen days:—
Within that ſpace, you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.
[*To Glendower.*
Glend. A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you, lords,
And in my conduct ſhall your ladies come:
From whom you now muſt ſteal, and take no leave;
For there will be a world of water ſhed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.
Hot. Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this river comes me cranking in[3],

[3] ——*cranking in,*] Perhaps we ſhould read—*crankling.* So, Drayton in his *Polyolbion,* ſong 7:
"Hath not ſo many turns, nor *crankling* nooks as ſhe."
STEEVENS.

And

And cuts me, from the beſt of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monſtrous cantle[9] out.
I'll have the current in this place damn'd up;
And here the ſmug and ſilver Trent ſhall run,
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It ſhall not wind with ſuch a deep indent,
To rob me of ſo rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it ſhall, it muſt; you ſee, it doth.

Mort. Yea, but mark, how he bears his courſe, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other ſide;
Gelding the oppoſed continent as much,
As on the other ſide it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north ſide win this cape of land;
And then he runs ſtraight and even.

Hot. I'll have it ſo; a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you ſhall not.

Hot. Who ſhall ſay me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not underſtand you then,
Speak it in Welſh.

Glend. I can ſpeak Engliſh, lord, as well as you;

[9] ——*cantle out.*] A *cantle* is a corner, or piece of any thing, in the ſame ſenſe that Horace uſes *angulus:*

"O ſi *angulus* ille
"Proximus arridet!"

Canton, Fr. *canto*, Ital. ſignify a *corner*. To *cantle* is a verb uſed in Decker's *Whore of Babylon*, 1607:

"That this vaſt globe terreſtrial ſhould be *cantled.*"

The ſubſtantive occurs in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, ſong 1:

"Rude Neptune cutting in a *cantle* forth doth take."

Again, in a *New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636:

"Not ſo much as a *cantell* of cheeſe or cruſt of bread."

STEEVENS.

For

For I was train'd up in the English court[1]:
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave[2] the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad on't with all my heart;
I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers:
I had rather hear[3] a brazen candlestick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by night:

[1] *For I was train'd up in the English court:*] The real name of *Owen Glendower* was *Vaughan*, and he was originally a barrister of the Middle Temple. STEEVENS.

[2] —*the tongue*—] The English language. JOHNSON.

[3] —*a brazen candlestick turn'd,*] The word *candlestick*, which destroys the harmony of the line, is written—*canstick* in the quartos 1598, 1599, and 1608; and so it might have been pronounced. Heywood and several of the old writers, constantly spell it in this manner. *Kit* with the *canstick* is one of the spirits mentioned by *Reginald Scot*, 1584. Again, in *The Famous Hist. of Tho. Stukely*, 1605, bl. l. "If he have so much as a *canstick*, I am a traitor." Hotspur's idea likewise occurs in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636.

"As if you were to lodge in Lothbury,
"Where they *turn brazen candlesticks*."

And again, in Ben Jonson's masque of *Witches Metamorphosed*:

"From the *candlesticks* of Lothbury,
"And the loud pure wives of Banbury." STEEVENS.

(I'll

[4](I'll haſte the writer) and, withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid, my daughter will run mad,
So much ſhe doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*

Mort. Fie, couſin Percy! how you croſs my father!

Hot. I cannot chuſe: ſometimes he angers me,
With telling me [5] of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies;
And of a dragon, and a finleſs fiſh,
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And ſuch a deal of ſkimble-ſkamble ſtuff[6]
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
He held me laſt night at the leaſt nine hours,
In reckoning up the ſeveral devils' names[7],

That

[4] *(I'll haſte the writer)*——] He means the writer of the articles. POPE.

I ſuppoſe, to complete the meaſure, we ſhould read.

[illegible] in and *haſte the writer*;

for he goes out immediately. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*of the moldwarp and the ant*,] This alludes to an old prophecy, which is ſaid to have induced Owen Glendower to take arms againſt king Henry. See Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. 20. POPE.

So, in *The Mirror of Magiſtrates*, 1563, (written by Phaer, the tranſlator of *Virgil*) Owen Glendower is introduced ſpeaking of himſelf:

"And for to ſet us hereon more agog,
"A prophet came (a vengeance take them all!)
"Affirming Henry to be Gogmagog,
"Whom Merlin doth a *mouldwarpe* ever call,
"Accurs'd of God, that muſt be brought in thrall,
"By a wolfe, a dragon, and a lion ſtrong,
"Which ſhould divide his kingdom them among."

The *mould warp* is the *mole*, ſo called becauſe it renders the ſurface of the earth unlevel by the hillocks which it raiſes.

STEEVENS.

[6] ——*ſkimble-ſkamble ſtuff*] So, in Taylor the water-poet's *Deſcription of a Wanton*:

"Here's a ſweet deal of *ſcimble ſcamble* ſtuff." STEEVENS.

[7] *In reckoning up the ſeveral devils' names*] See Reginald Scot's *Diſcovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, b. xv. ch. 2. p. 37, where the

That were his lacqueys: I cry'd, hum,—and well,
—go to,—
But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As is a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house:—I had rather live
With cheese and garlick, in a windmill, far;
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and [8] profited
In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,
And wond'rous affable; and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does:
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him, as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof;
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are [9] too wilful-blame;
And, since your coming hither, have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it shew greatness, courage, blood,
(And that's the dearest grace it renders you)
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,

reader may find his patience as severely exercised as that of Hotspur, and on the [illegible]. Shakespeare must certainly have seen this book. S[illegible].

[8] ——— ———*profited*
In strange concealments, ———] Skilled in wonderful secrets. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*too wilful-blame;*] This is a mode of speech with which I am not acquainted. Perhaps it might be read—*too wilful-blunt*, or *too wilful-bent*; or thus
Indeed, my lord, you are to blame, too wilful. JOHNSON.

Pride,

Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts; and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd; Good manners be your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter Glendower, with the ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spight that angers me,—
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps; she will not part with you,
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her,—she, and my aunt Percy,
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[*Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*

Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd harlotry, one
That no persuasion can do good upon.

[*Lady speaks to Mortimer in Welsh.*

Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens,
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parly should I answer thee.

[*The lady again in Welsh.*

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
'Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

[*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this[1].

Glend. She bids you,

[2] Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
[3] And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
[4] Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing:
By that time will [5] our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;
[6] And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang

[1] *O, I am ignorance itself in this.*] Massinger uses the same expression in *The Unnatural Combat:*

" ——— in this you speak, sir,
" *I am ignorance itself.*" STEEVENS.

[2] All *on the wanton rushes lay you down,*] It was the custom in this country, for many ages, to strew the floors with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets. JOHNSON.

All was a modern addition. The old copies only read *on.* STEEVENS.

[3] *And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,*] The expression is fine; intimating, that the god of sleep should not only *sit* on his eye-lids, but that he should *sit crown'd,* that is, pleased and delighted. WARBURTON.

The same image (whatever idea it was meant to convey) occurs in *Philaster:*

" ——— who shall take up his lute,
" And touch it till he *crown a silent sleep*
" *Upon my eyelid.*" ——— STEEVENS.

[4] *Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,*] She will lull you by her song into soft tranquillity, in which you shall be so near to sleep as to be free from perturbation, and so much awake as to be sensible of pleasure; a state partaking of sleep and wakefulness, as the twilight of night and day. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*our book,* —] Our papers of conditions. JOHNSON.

[6] *And those musicians that shall play to you,*
Hang in the air ———————
Yet &c.]

The

Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
Yet straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down:
Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The music plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive, the devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.
By'r-lady, he's a good musician.

Lady. Then should you be nothing but musical; for you are altogether govern'd by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in Irish.

Lady. Would'st have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hot. [7] Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady. What's that?

The particle *yet* being used adversatively, must have a particle of concession preceding it. I read therefore:

And tho' th' musicians——— WARBURTON.

We need only alter or explain *and* to *an*, which often signifies in Shakespeare, *if* or *though*. So, in this play: "*An* I have not forgot what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn." MALONE.

And for *an* is frequently used by old writers. STEEVENS.

[7] *Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.*] I do not plainly see what is a woman's fault. JOHNSON.

It is a woman's fault, is spoken ironically. FARMER.

This is a proverbial expression. I find it in the *Birth of Merlin*, 1662;

"*'Tis a woman's fault*: p—— of this bashfulness."

Again:

"*A woman's fault*, we are subject to it, sir."

I believe the meaning is this: Hotspur having declared his resolution neither to have his head broken, nor to sit still, slily adds, that such is the usual fault of women; i. e. never to do what they are bid or desired to do. STEEVENS.

Hot. Peace! ſhe ſings.

[*Here the lady ſings a Welſh ſong.*

Come, Kate, I'll have your ſong too.

Lady. Not mine, in good ſooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good ſooth! 'Heart, you ſwear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, in good ſooth; and, As true as I live; and, As God ſhall mend me; and, As ſure as day: and giveſt ſuch ſarcenet ſurety for thy oaths, as if thou never walk'dſt further than Finſbury[8].
Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in ſooth,
And ſuch proteſts of pepper ginger-bread[9],
To [1] velvet guards, and ſunday-citizens.
Come, ſing.

[8] ——*Finſbury.*] Open walks and fields near Chiſwell ſtreet London Wall, by Moorgate; the common reſort of the citizens, as appears from many of our ancient comedies. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*ſuch proteſts of* pepper ginger-bread.] i. e. proteſtations as common as the letters which children learn from an alphabet of ginger-bread. What we now call *ſpice ginger-bread* was then called *pepper ginger-bread.* STEEVENS.

[1] ——*velvet-guards,*——] To ſuch as have their cloaths adorned with ſhreds of velvet, which was, I ſuppoſe, the finery of cockneys. JOHNSON.

"The cloaks, doublets, &c." (ſays Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuſes*) "were guarded with *velvet guards*, or elſe laced with coſtly lace." Speaking of womens' gowns, he adds: "they muſt be guarded with great *guards of velvet*, every guard four or ſix fingers broad at the leaſt."

So, in the *Male-content*, 1606:
"You are in good caſe ſince you came to court; *garded, garded.*
"Yes faith, even footmen and bawds wear *velvet.*"

Velvet guards appear, however, to have been *a city faſhion.* So, in *Hiſtriomaſtix*, 1610:
"Nay, I myſelf will wear the *courtly* grace:
"Out on theſe *velvet guards*, and black-lac'd ſleeves,
"Theſe ſimpring faſhions ſimply followed!"

Again:
"I like this jewel: I'll have his fellow.——
"How!—you!—what fellow it?—gip *velvet guards!*"
STEEVENS.

Lady.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hot. [2] 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be Red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow,
As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this, our book [3] is drawn; we will but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

[2] *'Tis the next way to turn tailor,* &c.] I suppose Percy means, that singing is a mean quality, and therefore he excuses his lady. JOHNSON.

The *next* way—is the *nearest* way. So, in *Lingua,* &c. 1607: "The quadrature of a circle; the philosopher's stone; and the *next* way to the Indies." *Taylors* seem to have been as remarkable for singing, as *weavers,* of whose musical turn Shakespeare has more than once made mention. B. and Fletcher, in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle,* speak of this quality in the former: "Never trust a *taylor* that does not *sing* at his work; his mind is on nothing but filching."

The honourable Daines Barrington observes, that "a *gold-finch* still continues to be called a *proud tailor,* in some parts of England; (particularly Warwickshire, Shakespeare's native country) which renders this passage intelligible, that otherwise seems to have no meaning whatsoever." Perhaps this bird is called *proud tailor,* because his plumage is varied like a suit of clothes made out of remnants of different colours, such as a *tailor* might be supposed to wear. The sense then will be this:—The next thing to singing oneself, is to teach birds to sing, the gold-finch and the Robin. I hope the poet meant to inculcate, that singing is a quality destructive to its possessor; and that after a person has ruined himself by it, he may be reduced to the necessity of instructing birds in an art which can render birds alone more valuable. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*our book is drawn;*——] i. e. our articles. Every composition, whether play, ballad, or history, was called a *book,* on the registers of ancient publication. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

The presence-chamber in Windsor.

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lords, and others.

K. Henry. Lords, give us leave; the prince of Wales and I,
Must have some private conference: But be near
At hand, for we shall presently have need of you.—
[*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will have it so,
[4] For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me:
But thou dost, [5] in thy passages of life,
Make me believe,—that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate, and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, [6] such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,

[4] *For some displeasing service*——] *Service* for *action*, simply. WARBURTON.

[5] ——*in thy passages of life*,] i. e. in the passages of thy life. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*such lewd, such mean attempts*,] Shakespeare certainly wrote *attaints*, i. e. unlawful actions. WARBURTON.

Mean attempts, are *mean*, *unworthy undertakings*. *Lewd* does not in this place barely signify *wanton*, but *licentious*. So, B. Jonson, in his *Poetaster*:

"—————great action may be su'd
"'Gainst such as wrong mens' fames with verses *lewd*."

And again, in *Volpone*:

"——— they are most *lewd* impostors,
"Made all of terms and shreds." STEEVENS.

Ac-

Accompany the greatneſs of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?
P. Henry. So pleaſe your majeſty, I would, I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuſe,
As well as, I am doubtleſs, I can purge
Myſelf of many I am charg'd withal:
[7] Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales deviſ'd,—
Which oft the ear of greatneſs needs muſt hear,—
By ſmiling pick-thanks[8] and baſe news-mongers,
I may, for ſome things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true ſubmiſſion.
K. Henry. Heaven pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy anceſtors.
Thy place in council thou haſt rudely loſt[9],
Which by thy younger brother is ſupply'd;
And art almoſt an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the ſoul of every man
Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.
Had I ſo laviſh of my preſence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,

[7] *Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg,* &c.] The conſtruction is ſomewhat obſcure. Let me beg ſo much extenuation, that, *upon confutation of many falſe charges, I may be pardoned ſome that are true.* I ſhould read *on reproof,* inſtead of *in reproof;* but concerning Shakeſpeare's particles there is no certainty. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*pick-thanks*——] i. e. officious paraſites. So, in the tragedy of *Mariam,* 1613:

"Baſe *pick-thank* devil."——— STEEVENS.

[9] *Thy place in council thou haſt rudely loſt,*] The prince was removed from being preſident of the council, immediately after he ſtruck the judge. STEEVENS.

Had

Had ſtill kept [1] loyal to poſſeſſion;
And left me in reputeleſs baniſhment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being ſeldom ſeen, I could not ſtir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
That men would tell their children, *This is he*;
Others would ſay,—*Where? which is Bolingbroke?*
[2] And then I ſtole all courteſy from heaven,
And dreſs'd myſelf in ſuch humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud ſhouts and ſalutations from their mouths,
Even in the preſence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my perſon freſh, and new;
My preſence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er ſeen but wonder'd at: and ſo my ſtate,
Seldom, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt;
And won, by rareneſs, ſuch ſolemnity.
The ſkipping king, he ambled up and down
With ſhallow jeſters, and [3] raſh bavin wits,

Soon

[1] ——*loyal to poſſeſſion;* ——] True to him that had then poſſeſſion of the crown. JOHNSON.

[2] *And then I ſtole all courteſy from heaven,*] This is an alluſion to the ſtory of Prometheus's theft, who ſtole *fire* from thence; and as with *this* he made a man, ſo with *that* Bolingbroke made a king. As the gods were ſuppoſed jealous in appropriating *reaſon* to themſelves, the getting *fire* from thence, which lighted it up in the mind, was called a theft; and as power is their prerogative, the getting *courteſy* from thence, by which power is beſt procured, is called a theft. The thought is exquiſitely great and beautiful.

WARBURTON.

Maſſinger has adopted this expreſſion in *The great Duke of Florence:*

" ————Giovanni,
" A prince in expectation, when he liv'd here,
" *Stole courteſy from heaven*; and would not to
" The meaneſt ſervant in my father's houſe
" Have kept ſuch diſtance." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*raſh, bavin wits,*] *Raſh* is heady, thoughtleſs: *bavin* is bruſhwood, which, fired, burns fiercely, but is ſoon out.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594: "*Bavins* will have their flaſhes, and

Soon kindled, and ſoon burnt: [4] carded his ſtate;
Mingled his royalty with carping fools [5];
Had his great name profaned with their ſcorns;

and youth their fancies, the one as ſoon quenched as the other burnt." Again, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616: "Love is like a *bavin*, but a blaze." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*carded his ſtate*,] Richard is here repreſented as laying aſide his royalty, and mixing himſelf with common jeſters. This will lead us to the true reading, which I ſuppoſe is:

——'ſcarded *his ſtate*,

i. e. diſcarded, threw off. WARBURTON.

——*carded his ſtate*,] The metaphor ſeems to be taken from mingling *coarſe* wool with *fine*, and *carding* them together, whereby the value of the latter is diminiſhed. The king means that Richard mingled and *carded* together his royal ſtate with carping fools, &c. A ſubſequent part of the ſpeech gives a ſanction to this explanation:

"For thou haſt loſt thy princely privilege
"With *vile participation*."

To *card* is uſed by other writers for, to mix. So, in the *Tamer Tamed*, by B. and Fletcher:

"But mine is ſuch a drench of balderdaſh,
"Such a ſtrange *carded* cunningneſs."

Again, in Greene's *Quip for an Upſtart Courtier*, 1620: "—you *card* your beer, (if you ſee your gueſts begin to be drunk) half ſmall, half ſtrong, &c." Again, in Naſhe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1596: "—he being conſtrained to betake himſelf to *carded* ale." Shakeſpeare has a ſimilar thought in *All's Well that ends Well*: "The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together." The original hint for this note I received from Mr Tollet. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens very rightly ſupports the old reading. The word is uſed by Shelton in his tranſlation of Don Quixote. The Tinker, in the introduction to the *Taming of the Shrew*, was *by education a card-maker*. FARMER.

[5] ——*carping fools*;] Jeſting, prating, &c. This word had not yet acquired the ſenſe which it bears in modern ſpeech. Chaucer ſays of his *Wife of Bath*, Prol. 470:

"In felawſhip wele could ſhe laugh and *carpe*."

WARTON.

The quarto 1598, reads *cap'ring* fools, which I believe to be right becauſe it aſks no explanation. STEEVENS.

And

[6] And gave his countenance, againſt his name,
To laugh at gybing boys, and ſtand the puſh
[7] Of every beardleſs vain comparative:
Grew a companion to the common ſtreets,
Enfeoff'd himſelf to popularity [8]:
That, being daily ſwallow'd by men's eyes,
They ſurfeited with honey; and began
To loath the taſte of ſweetneſs, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occaſion to be ſeen,
He was but as the cuckow is in June,
Heard, not regarded; ſeen, but with ſuch eyes,
As, ſick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on ſun-like majeſty
When it ſhines ſeldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd ſuch aſpect
As cloudy men uſe to their adverſaries;
Being with his preſence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, ſtand'ſt thou:
For thou haſt loſt thy princely privilege,
With vile participation; not an eye

[6] *And gave his countenance, againſt his name,*] Made his preſence injurious to his reputation. JOHNSON.

[7] *Of every beardleſs, vain comparative:*] Of every boy whoſe vanity incited him to try his wit againſt the king's.

When Lewis XIV. was aſked, why, with ſo much wit, he never attempted raillery, he anſwered, that he who practiſed raillery ought to bear it in his turn, and that to ſtand the butt of raillery was not ſuitable to the dignity of a king. *Scudery's Converſation.* JOHNSON.

Comparative, I believe, is equal, or rival in any thing. So, in the ſecond of the *Four Plays in One*, by B. and Fletcher:

"——Gerrard ever was
"His full *comparative*."—— STEEVENS.

[8] Enfeoff'd *himſelf to popularity:*] To *enfeoff* is a law term, ſignifying to inveſt with poſſeſſions. So, in the old comedy of *Wily Beguiled:* "I promiſed to *enfeoffe* her in forty pounds a year." STEEVENS.

But

But is a-weary of thy common ſight,
Save mine, which hath deſir'd to ſee thee more;
Which now doth what I would not have it do,
Make blind itſelf with fooliſh tenderneſs.

P. Henry. I ſhall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myſelf.

K. Henry. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
When I from France ſet foot at Ravenſpurg;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now by my ſceptre, and my ſoul to boot,
[9] He hath more worthy intereſt to the ſtate,
Than thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion:
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harneſs in the realm;
Turns head againſt the lion's armed jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend biſhops on,
To bloody battles, and to bruiſing arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Againſt renowned Douglas; whoſe high deeds,
Whoſe hot incurſions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all ſoldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Chriſt?
Thrice hath this Hotſpur Mars in ſwathing cloaths,
This infant warrior, in his enterprizes
Diſcomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And ſhake the peace and ſafety of our throne.
And what ſay you to this? Percy, Northumberland,

[9] *He hath more worthy intereſt to the ſtate,*
Than thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion:]
This is obſcure. I believe the meaning is—Hotſpur hath a right to the kingdom more worthy than thou, who haſt only the *ſhadowy right of lineal ſucceſſion*, while he has real and ſolid power.
JOHNSON.

The

The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate [1] against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and [2] dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,——
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and curt'sy at his frowns,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

P. Henry. Do not think so, you shall not find it so:
And heaven forgive them, that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
[3] And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,

[1] *Capitulate*——] i. e. make head. So, to *articulate*, in a subsequent scene, is to form articles. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*dearest*——] *Dearest* is most fatal, most mischievous. JOHNSON.

[3] *And stain my favours in a bloody mask*,] We should read—*favour*, i. e. countenance. WARBURTON.

Favours are *features*. JOHNSON.

I am not certain that *favours*, in this place, means *features*, or that the plural number of *favour* in that sense is ever used. I believe *favours* mean only some decoration usually worn by knights in their helmets, as a present from a mistress, or a trophy from an enemy. So, in this play:

"Then let my *favours* hide thy bloody face:"

where the prince must have meant his scarf.

Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1626:

"Aruns, these crimson *favours*, for thy sake,
"I'll wear upon my forehead mask'd with blood."

STEEVENS.

And

And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:
For every honour sitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Henry. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:—
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So is the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word [4],—
That

[4] Lord Mortimer of Scotland *hath sent word,*] There was no such person as *lord Mortimer of Scotland*; but there was a *lord March of Scotland,* (George Dunbar) who having quitted his own country in disgust, attached himself so warmly to the English, and did them such signal services in their wars with Scotland, that the Parliament petitioned the king to bestow some reward on him. He fought on the side of Henry in this rebellion, and was the means of saving his life at the battle of Shrewsbury, as is related by Holinshed. This, no doubt, was the lord whom Shakespeare designed to represent in the act of sending friendly intelligence to the king.—Our author had a recollection that there was in these wars a Scottish lord on the king's side, who bore the same title with the English family, on the rebel side, (one being earl of March

That Douglas, and the Englifh rebels, met,
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewfbury:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promifes be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a ftate.

K. Henry. The earl of Weftmoreland fet forth to-day;
With him my fon, lord John of Lancafter;
For this advertifement is five days old:—
On Wednefday next, Harry, thou fhalt fet forward:
On Thurfday, we ourfelves will march:
Our meeting is Bridgnorth: and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glofterfhire; by which account,
Our bufinefs valued, fome twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgnorth fhall meet.
Our hands are full of bufinefs: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Boar's-head tavern in Eaft-cheap.

Enter Falftaff, and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely fince this laft action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? why, my fkin hangs about me like an old lady's loofe gown; I am wither'd like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that fuddenly, while I am in fome liking; I fhall be out of heart fhortly, and then I fhall have no ftrength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the infide of a church is made of, I am a pepper-

March in England, the other earl of March in Scotland) but his memory deceived him as to the particular name which was common to both. He took it to be *Mortimer* inftead of *March.*
STEEVENS.

pepper-corn, [5] a brewer's horse; the inside of a church;—Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it:—come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough. swore little; dic'd, not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrow'd, three or four times; liv'd well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lanthorn in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art [6] the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard.

[5] —*a brewer's horse;*—] I suppose a *brewer's horse* was apt to be lean with hard work. JOHNSON.

A *brewer's horse* does not, perhaps, mean a *dray-horse*, but the cross-beam on which beer-barrels are carried into cellars, &c. The allusion may be to the taper form of this machine.

A *brewer's horse* is, however, mentioned in *Aristippus*, or *The Jovial Philosopher*, 1630: "—to think Helicon a barrel of beer, is as great a sin as to call Pegasus a *brewer's horse*."

STEEVENS.

The commentators seem not to be aware, that, in assertions of this sort, Falstaff does not mean to point out any *similitude* to his own condition, but on the contrary some striking *dissimilitude*. He says here, *I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse*; just as in act II. sc. iv. he asserts the truth of several parts of his narrative, on pain of being considered as *a rogue—a Jew—an Ebrew Jew—a bunch of raddish—a horse*. TYRWHITT.

[6] —*the knight of the burning lamp.*] This is a natural picture. Every man who feels in himself the pain of deformity, however, like this merry knight, he may affect to make sport with it among those whom it is his interest to please, is ready

Bard. Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*: I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning.——If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, By this fire [7]: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou had'st been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches [8], walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought

to revenge any hint of contempt upon one whom he can use with freedom. JOHNSON.

The *knight of the burning lamp*, and the *knight of the burning pestle*, are both names invented with a design to ridicule the titles of heroes in ancient romances. STEEVENS.

7 ——*by this fire*:——] Here the quartos 1599, and 1608, very profanely add:——*that's God's angel*. STEEVENS.

8 ——*Thou hast saved me a thousand marks* &c.] This passage stands in need of no explanation; but I cannot help seizing the opportunity to mention that in Shakespeare's time, (long before the streets were illuminated with lamps) *candles and lanthorns to let*, were cried about London. So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*: "—— dost roar? thou hast a good rouncival voice to cry *lantern and candle light*." Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, among the *Cries of London*:

"*Lanthorn and candlelight* here,
"Maid ha' light here.
"Thus go the cries, &c."

Again, in *K. Edward IV*. 1626:

"No more calling of *lanthorn* and *candlelight*."

Again, in *Pierce Pennyless's Supplication to the Devil*, 1595: "It is said that you went up and down London, crying like *a lantern and candle man*." STEEVENS.

me

the lights as [9] good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, [1] dame Partlet the hen? have you enquir'd yet, who pick'd my pocket?

[9] —*good cheap*—] *Cheap* is *market*, and *good cheap* therefore is *a bon marché*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, 1599:

"If this weather hold, we shall have hay *good cheap*."

Again, in the anonymous play of *K. Henry* V:

"Perhaps thou may'st agree *better cheap* now."

Again, in *The Play called the Foure Ps*, 1569:

"If there were a thousand soules on a heap,
"I would bring them all to heaven *as good cheap*."

This expression is also used by sir Thomas North in his translation of *Plutarch*. Speaking of the scarcity of corn in the time of Coriolanus, he says: "that they persuaded themselves that the corn they had bought, should be sold *good cheap*."

And again, in these two proverbs:

"They buy *good cheap* that bring nothing home."

"He'll ne'er have thing *good cheap* that's afraid to ask the price."

Cheap (as Dr. Johnson has observed) is undoubtedly an old word for *market*. So, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Bevys of Hampton*, bl. l. no date:

"Tyll he came to the *chepe*
"There he founde many men of a hepe."

From this word *East-cheap*, *Chep-stow*, *Cheap-side*, &c. are derived; indeed a passage that follows in *Syr Bevys* may seem to fix the derivation of the latter:

"So many men was dead,
"The *Chepe syde* was of blode red." STEEVENS.

[1] —*dame Partlet*—] *Dame Partlet* is the name of the hen in the old story-book of *Reynard the Fox*: and in Chaucer's tale of the *Cock and the Fox*, the favourite hen is called dame *Pertelote*. STEEVENS.

Host. Why, sir John! what do you think, sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have enquir'd, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shav'd, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was pick'd: Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defy thee: I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, sir John; you do not know me, sir John: I know you, sir John: you owe me money, sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings; and money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; [2] What call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make [3] a younker of me? [4] shall I not take mine ease in mine

[2] ——*What call you rich?*——] A face set with carbuncles is called a *rich* face. *Legend of Capt. Jones.* JOHNSON.

[3] ——*a younker of me?*——] A *Younker* is a novice, a young inexperienced man easily gull'd. So, in Gascoigne's *Glass for Government*, 1575:

"These *yonkers* shall pay for the rost."

See Spenser's *Eclogue on May*, and sir Tho. Smith's *Commonwealth of England*, b. i. ch. 23.

This contemptuous distinction is likewise very common in the old plays. Thus, in B. and Fletcher's *Elder Brother*:

"I fear he'll make an ass of me, a *younker*." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*shall*

mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Host. O, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and,

* —*shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd?*——] There is a peculiar force in these words. *To take mine ease in mine inne*, was an ancient proverb, not very different in its application from that maxim: "Every man's house is his castle;" for *inne* originally signified *a house* or *habitation*. [Sax. inne, *domus domicilium*.] When the word *inne* began to change its meaning, and to be used to signify *a house of entertainment*, the proverb, still continuing in force, was applied in the latter sense, as it is here used by Shakespeare; or perhaps Falstaff here humourously puns upon the word *inne*, in order to represent the wrong done him more strongly.

In John Heywood's *Works*, imprinted at London 1598, quarto, bl. l. is "a dialogue wherein are pleasantly contrived the number of all the effectual proverbs in our English tongue, &c. together with three hundred epigrams on three hundred proverbs." In ch. 6. is the following:

"Resty welth willeth me the widow to winne,
"To let the world wag, and *take mine ease in mine inne*."

And among the epigrams is: [26. *Of Ease in an Inne*.]

"Thou *takest thine ease in thine inne* so nye thee,
"That no man in his inne can take ease by thee."

Otherwise:

"Thou *takest thine ease in thine inne*, but I see,
"Thine *inne* taketh neither ease nor profit by thee."

Now in the first of these disticks the word *inne* is used in its ancient meaning, being spoken by a person who is about to marry a widow for the sake of a home, &c. In the two last places, *inne* seems to be used in the sense it bears at present. PERCY.

Gabriel Hervey, in a MS. note to Speght's *Chaucer*, says: "Some of Heywood's epigrams are supposed to be the conceits and devices of pleasant sir Thomas More."

Inne, for a habitation, or recess, is frequently used by Spenser and other ancient writers. So, in *A World toss'd at Tennis*, 1620: "These great rich men must *take their ease in their Inn*." Again, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: "The beggar Irus that haunted the palace of Penelope, would *take his ease in his inne* as well as the peeres of Ithaca." STEEVENS.

if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince Henry, and Poins, marching; and Falstaff meets them, playing on his truncheon, like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i'faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, [5] Newgate-fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pick'd: this house is turn'd bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Henry. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Henry. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said, I heard your grace say so: And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Henry. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me else.

Fal. [6] There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune;

[5] ———*Newgate-fashion.*] As prisoners are conveyed to Newgate, fastened two and two together. JOHNSON.

[6] *There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune;* &c.] The propriety of these similies I am not sure that I fully understand. A *stew'd prune* has the appearance of a prune, but has no taste. A *drawn fox*, that is, an *exenterated fox*, has the form of a fox without

prune; nor no more truth in thee, than in [7] a drawn fox; and for woman-hood, [8] maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host.

without his powers. I think Dr. Warburton's explication wrong, which makes a *drawn fox* to mean, a fox *often hunted*; though to *draw* is a hunter's term for pursuit by the track. My interpretation makes the *fox* suit better to the *prune*. These are very slender disquisitions, but such is the task of a commentator.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Lodge, in his pamphlet called *Wit's Miserie, or the World's Madnesse*, 1596, describes a bawd thus: "This is shee that laies wait at all the carriers for wenches new come up to London; and you shall know her dwelling by a *dish of stew'd prunes* in the window; and two or three fleering wenches sit knitting or sowing in her shop."

In *Measure for Measure*, act II. the male bawd excuses himself for having admitted Elbow's wife into his house, by saying: "that she came in great with child, and longing for *stew'd prunes*, which stood in a dish, &c."

Slender, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, who apparently wishes to recommend himself to his mistress by a seeming propensity to love as well as war, talks of having measured weapons with a fencing-master for a *dish of stew'd prunes*.

In another old dramatic piece, entitled, *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612, a bravo enters with money, and says: "This is the pension of the stewes, you need not untie it; 'tis stew-money, sir, *stew'd-prune* cash, sir."

Among the other sins laid to the charge of the once celebrated Gabriel Harvey, by his antagonist Nash, "to be drunk with the sirrop or liquor of *stew'd prunes*," is not the least insisted on.

In *The Knave of Harts*, a collection of satyrical poems, 1612, a wanton knave is mentioned, as taking

"Burnt wine, *stew'd prunes*, a punk to solace him."

In *The Knave of Spades*, another collection of the same kind, 1611, is the following description of a wench inveighing a young man into her house:

"——He to his liquor falls,
"While she unto her maids for cakes,
"*Stew'd prunes*, and pippins, calls."

So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, a comedy, 1609:

"——To search my house! I have no varlets, no *stew'd prunes*, no she fiery, &c."

Again, in *The Bride*, a comedy by Nabbes, 1640: "—wenches at Tottenham-Court for *stewed prunes* and cheesecakes." Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, P. II. 1630: "Peace, two dishes of

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?
Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.
Host.

stew'd prunes, a bawd and a pander!" Again, in *Northward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607, a bawd says: "I will have but six *stewed prunes* in a dish, and some of mother Wall's cakes; for my best customers are taylors." Again, in *The Noble Stranger*, 1640: "——to be drunk with cream and *stewed prunes!* ——Pox on't, bawdy-house fare." Again, in the *London Chaunticleres*, 1659: "My sugar-plum and *stew'd prune* lady." Again, in *The World runs on Wheeles*, by Taylor the water poet: "——with as much facility as a *bawd* will eat a pippin tart, or swallow a *stew'd prune*."

The passages already quoted are sufficient to shew that *a dish of stew'd prunes* was not only the ancient designation of a brothel, but the constant appendage to it.

From *A Treatise on the Lues Venerea*, written by W. Clowes, one of her majesty's surgeons, 1596, and other books of the same kind, it appears that *prunes* were directed to be boiled in broth for those persons already infected; and that both *stew'd prunes* and roasted apples were commonly, though unsuccessfully, taken by way of prevention. So much for the infidelity of *stew'd prunes*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has so fully discussed the subject of *stewed prunes*, that one can add nothing but the *price*. In a piece called *Banks's Bay Horse in a Trance*, 1595, we have "A stock of wenches set up with their *stewed prunes*, nine for a tester." FARMER.

7 ——*a drawn fox*;——] A *drawn fox* is a fox drawn over the ground to exercise the hounds. So, in B. and Fletcher's *Tamer Tam'd*:

"——that *drawn fox* Moroso."

I am not, however, confident that this explanation is right. It was formerly supposed that a *fox*, when *drawn* out of his hole, had the sagacity to *counterfeit death*, that he might thereby obtain an opportunity to escape. For this information I am indebted to Mr. Tollet, who quotes *Olaus Magnus*, lib. xviii. cap. 39: "Insuper fingit se mortuam &c." This particular and many others relative to the subtilty of the fox, have been translated by several ancient English writers. STEEVENS.

8 ——*maid Marian may be* &c.] *Maid Marian* is a man dressed like a woman, who attends the dancers of the morris. JOHNSON.

In the ancient *Songs of Robin Hood* frequent mention is made of *maid Marian*, who appears to have been his concubine. I could quote many passages in my old MS. to this purpose, but shall produce only one:

"Good

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why, an otter.

P. Henry. An otter, sir John? why an otter?

"Good Robin Hood was living then,
"Which now is quite forgot,
"And so was fayre *maid Marian*, &c." PERCY.

It appears from the old play of the *Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601, that *maid Marian* was originally a name assumed by *Matilda* the daughter of *Robert lord Fitzwater*, while *Robin Hood* remained in a state of outlawry:

"Next 'tis agreed (if therto shee agree)
"That faire *Matilda* henceforth change her name;
"And while it is the chance of *Robin Hoode*
"To live in Sherewodde a poore outlawes life,
"She by *maide Marian's* name be only call'd.
"*Mat.* I am contented; reade on, little John:
"Henceforth let me be nam'd *maide Marian*."

This lady was afterwards poison'd by king John at Dunmow Priory, after he had made several fruitless attempts on her chastity. Drayton has written her Legend.

Shakespeare speaks of *maid Marian* in her degraded state, when she was represented by a strumpet or a clown.

See Figure 2 in the plate at the end of this play, with Mr. Tollet's observations on it. STEEVENS.

Maid Marian seems to have been the lady of a *Whitsun-ale*, or *morris-dance*. The widow in sir William Davenant's *Love and Honour*, (p. 247.) says: "I have been *Mistress Marian* in a *Maurice* ere now." Morris is, indeed, there spelt wrong, the dance was not so called from prince *Maurice*, but from the Spanish *morisco*, a dancer of the *morris* or *moorish* dance. HAWKINS.

There is an old piece entitled, *Old Meg of Herefordshire for a* Mayd Marian, *and Hereford Town for a Morris-dance: or 12 Morris-dancers in Herefordshire of* 1200 *Years old.* Lond. 1609, quarto. It is dedicated to one Hall a celebrated Tabourer in that country. WARTON.

Fal.

Fal. Why? she's neither fish, nor flesh [9]; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Henry. Thou say'st true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Henry. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou ow'st me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack, and said, he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said, my ring was copper.

P. Henry. I say, 'tis copper: Dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare: but, as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Henry. And why not, as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be fear'd as the lion: Dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an if I do, let my girdle break!

P. Henry. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts, and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, [1] imboss'd rascal, if there were any thing in

[9] ——*neither fish nor flesh*;——] So, the proverb: "*Neither fish nor flesh, nor* good red herring." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*impudent, imboss'd rascal*,——] *Imboss'd* is swoln, puffy. JOHNSON.

thy

thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these[2], I am a villain. [3]And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong: Art thou not asham'd?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou know'st, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty.——You confess then, you pick'd my pocket?

P. Henry. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, and cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacify'd.—Still?—Nay, I pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*

Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—How is that answer'd?

P. Henry. O my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

P. Henry. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and [4]do it with unwash'd hands too.

Bard.

[2] —*if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other* injuries *but these, &c.*] As the *pocketing of injuries* was a common phrase, I suppose, the Prince calls the contents of Falstaff's pocket—*injuries.* STEEVENS.

[3] —*And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong:*—] Some part of this [illegible] dialogue seems to have been lost. I suppose Falstaff in [illegible] the robbery upon his hostess, had declared his resolution [illegible] *pocket up wrongs* or *injuries*, to which the Prince alludes. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*do it with unwash'd hands too.*] i. e. Do it immediately, or the first thing in the morning, even without staying to wash your hands.

So.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Henry. I have procur'd thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would, it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of two and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

P. Henry. Bardolph,——

Bard. My lord.

P. Henry. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster,
My brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland.—
Go, [5] Poins, to horse, to horse; for thou, and I,
Have thirty miles to ride ere dinner-time.——
Jack,
Meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall
At two o'clock i'the afternoon:
There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive
Money, and order for their furniture.
The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt Prince, Poins, and Bard.*

Fal. Rare words! brave world!——Hostess, my breakfast; come:—
O, I could wish, this tavern were my drum! [*Exit.*

So, in *The More the Merrier*, a collection of epigrams, 1608:
"——————as a school-boy dares
"Fall to, *ere wash'd his hands* or said his prayers."

Perhaps, however, Falstaff alludes to the ancient adage: "*Illotis manibus tractare sacra.*" I find the same expression in *Acolastus* a comedy, 1529: "Why be these holy thynges to be medled with *with unwashed handes?*" STEEVENS.

[5] ——*Poins, to horse,*——] I cannot but think that Peto is again put for Poins. I suppose the copy had only a P——. We have Peto afterwards, not riding with the Prince, but lieutenant to Falstaff. JOHNSON.

I have adopted Dr. Johnson's emendation. STEEVENS.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: If speaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas [6] have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.
Doug. Thou art the king of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him [7].
Hot. Do so, and 'tis well:—

[6] ——the *Douglas*——] This expression is frequent in Holinshed, and is always applied by way of pre-eminence to the head of *the* Douglas family. STEEVENS.

[7] *But I will* beard *him.*] To *beard* is *to oppose face to face* in a hostile or daring manner. So, in Drayton's *Quest of Cynthia*:
"That it with woodbine durst compare
"And *beard* the Eglantine."
Again, in *Macbeth*:
"——— met them dareful, *beard* to *beard*."
This phrase, which soon lost its original signification, appears to have been adopted from romance. In ancient language, to *bead* a man was to *cut off his head*, and to *beard* him signify'd to *cut off his beard*; a punishment which was frequently inflicted by giants on such unfortunate princes as fell into their hands. So, Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, song 4:
"And for a trophy brought the giant's coat away,
"Made of the *beards* of kings." STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.
Mess. These letters come from your father.
Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?
Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.
Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick,
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?
[8] *Mess.* His letters bear his mind, not I.
Hot. His mind!
Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?
Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.
Wor. I would, the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited;
His health was never better worth than now.
Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprize;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.——
He writes me here,—that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
[9] On any soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—

[8] Mess. *His letters bear his mind, not I his mind.*] The line should be read and divided thus:

Mess. *His letters bear his mind, not I.*
Hot. *His mind!*

Hotspur had asked *who leads his powers?* The Messenger answers, *His letters bear his mind.* The other replies, *His mind!* As much as to say, I enquire not about his mind, I want to know where his powers are. This is natural, and perfectly in character.
WARBURTON.

[9] *On any soul remov'd,——*] On any *less near* to himself; on any whose interest is *remote.* JOHNSON.

That

That with our ſmall conjunction, we ſhould on,
To ſee how fortune is diſpos'd to us:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now[1];
Becauſe the king is certainly poſſeſs'd
Of all our purpoſes. What ſay you to it?

Wor. Your father's ſickneſs is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gaſh, a very limb lopt off:—
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his preſent want
Seems more than we ſhall find it:—Were it good,
To ſet the exact wealth of all our ſtates
All at one caſt? to ſet ſo rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good: for [2] therein ſhould we read
The very bottom and the ſoul of hope;
The very liſt, the very utmoſt bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and ſo we ſhould;
Where now remains a ſweet reverſion:
We may boldly ſpend upon the hope of what
Is to come in:
[3] A comfort of retirement lives in this.

[1] ——*no* quailing *now*;] To *quail* is to languiſh, to ſink into dejection. So, in the *Tragedy of Crœſus*, 1604:
"And *quail* their courage ere that they can ſpeed."
STEEVENS.

[2] ——*therein ſhould we read*
The very bottom, and the ſoul of hope;]
To read *the bottom and ſoul of hope, and the bound of fortune*, though all the copies, and all the editors have received it, ſurely cannot be right. I can think on no other word than *riſque:*
——*therein ſhould we* riſque
The very bottom &c.
The *liſt* is the *ſelvage*; figuratively, the utmoſt line of circumference, the utmoſt extent. If we ſhould with leſs change read *rend*, it will only ſuit with *liſt*, not with *ſoul*, or *bottom*.
JOHNSON.

I believe the old reading is the true one. So, in *K. Henry* VI. P. II:
"——we then ſhould *ſee the bottom*
"Of all our fortunes." STEEVENS.

[3] *A comfort of retirement* ——] A ſupport to which we may have recourſe. JOHNSON.

Hot.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here.
[4] The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence;
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause:
For, well you know, [5] we of the offering side

Must

[4] *The quality and* hair *of our attempt*] The *hair* seems to be the *complexion*, the *character*. The metaphor appears harsh to us, but, perhaps, was familiar in our author's time. We still say, something is *against the hair*, as *against the grain*, that is, against the natural tendency. JOHNSON.

In an old comedy call'd *The Family of Love*, I meet with an expression which very well supports Dr. Johnson's explanation.

"——They say, I am of the right *hair*, and indeed they may stand to't."

Again, in *The Coxcomb* by B. and Fletcher:

"——since he will be
"An ass against the *hair*." STEEVENS.

This word is used in the same sense in the old interlude of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1598:

"But I bridled a colt of a contrarie *haire*." MALONE.

[5] —— *we of the* offering *side*] All the latter editions read *offending*, but all the older copies which I have seen, from the first quarto to the edition of Rowe, read *we of the off'ring side*. Of this reading the sense is obscure, and therefore the change has been made; but since neither *offering* nor *offending* are words likely to be mistaken, I cannot but suspect that *offering* is right, especially as it is read in the first copy of 1599, which is more correctly printed than any single edition, that I have yet seen, of a play written by Shakespeare.

The *offering side* may signify that party, which, acting in opposition to the law, strengthens itself only by *offers*; encreases its numbers only by *promises*. The king can raise an army, and continue it by threats of punishment; but those, whom no man is under any obligation to obey, can gather forces only by *offers* of advantage;

Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement;
And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shews the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.
I, rather, of his absence make this use;—
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprize,
Than if the earl were here: for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom; with his help,
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him, prince John.

Hot. No harm: What more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,—
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
[6] The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,
And

vantage: and it is truly remarked, that they, whose influence arises from *offers*, must keep danger out of sight.

The *offering side* may mean simply the *assailant*, in opposition to the *defendant*; and it is likewise true of him that *offers* war, or makes an invasion, that his cause ought to be kept clear from all objections. JOHNSON.

[6] *The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,*] Shakespeare rarely bestows his epithets at random. Stowe says of the Prince: "He was

And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?
Ver. [7] All furnish'd, all in arms,

All

was passing swift in running, insomuch that he with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wild-buck, or doe, in a large park." STEEVENS.

[7] *All furnish'd, all in arms,*
All plum'd like estridges, that with the wind
Baited like eagles,———]

To *bait with the wind* appears to me an improper expression. To *bait* is, in the style of falconry, to *beat the wing*, from the French *battre*, that is, to flutter in preparation for flight.

Besides, what is the meaning of *estridges, that baited with the wind like eagles?* for the relative *that*, in the usual construction, must relate to *estridges*.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

All plum'd like estridges, and *with the wind*
Baiting like eagles.

By which he has escaped part of the difficulty, but has yet left impropriety sufficient to make his reading questionable.

I read:

All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges that wing *the wind*
Baited like eagles.

This gives a strong image. They were not only plum'd like estridges, but their plumes fluttered like those of an estridge beating the wind with his wings. A more lively representation of young men ardent for enterprize, perhaps no writer has ever given. JOHNSON.

The following passage from *David and Bethsabe*, 1599, will confirm the supposition that to *bait* is a phrase taken from falconry:

"Where all delights sat *bating*, wing'd with thoughts,
"Ready to nestle in her naked breast."

Again, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608: "—made her check at the prey, *bate* at the lure &c."

I believe *estridges* never mount at all, but only run before the wind, opening their wings to receive its assistance in urging them forward. They are generally hunted on horseback, and the art of the hunter is to turn them from the gale, by the help of which they are too fleet for the swiftest horse to keep up with them. Writers on falconry often mention the *bathing* of hawks and eagles, as highly necessary for their health and spirits. I should have suspected a line to have been omitted, had not all the copies concurred in the same reading.

In

[8] All plum'd like estridges, that with the wind
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd:
[9] Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
[1] I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,
His

In the 22d song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* is the same thought:
"Prince Edward all in gold, as he great Jove had been:
"The Mountfords *all in plumes, like estridges*, were seen."
If any alteration were necessary, I would propose to read:
———*that with* their wings
Bated like eagles———
But the present words may stand. All birds, after *bathing*, (which almost all birds are fond of), spread out their wings to catch the wind, and flutter violently with them in order to dry themselves. This in the falconer's language is called *bating*, and by Shakespeare, *bating with the wind*. It may be observed that birds never appear so lively and full of spirits, as immediately after *bathing*. STEEVENS.

I have little doubt that instead of *with*, some verb ought to be substituted here. Perhaps it should be *whisk*. The word is used by a writer of Shakespeare's age. *England's Helicon*, sign. 2:
"This said, he *whisk'd* his particoloured wings."
TYRWHITT.

[8] *All plum'd like estridges*, &c.] All dressed like the prince himself, the *ostrich-feather* being the cognizance of the prince of Wales.
GRAY.

[9] *Glittering in golden coats like images*;] This alludes to the manner of dressing up images in the Romish churches on holy-days; when they are bedecked in robes very richly laced and embroidered. So, Spenser, *Faerie Queen*, b. i. c. 3:
"He was to weet a stout and sturdie thiefe
"Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments &c.
"The holy saints of their *rich vestiments*
"He did disrobe &c." STEEVENS.

[1] *I saw young Harry—with his beaver on*,] We should read *beaver* up. It is an impropriety to say *on*: for the beaver is only the visiere of the helmet, which, let down, covers the face. When the soldier was not upon action he wore it *up*, so that his face might be seen, (hence Vernon says he *saw young Harry* &c.) But when upon action, it was let down to cover and secure the face. Hence in *The Second Part of Henry* IV. it is said;

"Their

[2] His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
[3] And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more; worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours:—Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunder-bolt,
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:
[4] Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse——

Meet

"Their armed staves in charge, their *beavers* down."
WARBURTON.

There is no need of all this note; for *beaver* may be a *helmet*; or the prince, trying his armour, might wear his beaver down.
JOHNSON.

[2] *His cuisses on his thighs,*——] *Cuisses*, French, armour for the thighs. POPE.

The reason why his *cuisses* are so particularly mentioned, I conceive to be, that his horsemanship is here praised, and the *cuisses* are that part of armour which most hinders a horseman's activity.
JOHNSON.

[3] *And witch the world*——] For bewitch, charm. POPE.

[4] *Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse*——
Meet, and ne'er part,————]
This reading I have restored from the first edition. The edition in 1623, reads:
Harry to Harry shall, not *horse to horse,*
Meet, and ne'er part.
Which has been followed by all the critics except sir Thomas Hanmer, who, justly remarking the impertinence of the negative, reads:

Harry,

Meet, and ne'er part, 'till one drop down a corse.—
O, that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be;
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily:
Dooms-day is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A publick road near Coventry.

Enter Falstaff, and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An it do, take it for thy labour; and if it

Harry to Harry shall, and *horse to horse*,
Meet, and ne'er part.

But the unexampled expression of *meeting to* for *meeting with*, or simply *meeting*, is yet left. The ancient reading is surely right.
JOHNSON.

make twenty, take them all, I'll anſwer the coinage. Bid my [5] lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewel. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not aſham'd of my ſoldiers, I am a [6] ſouc'd gurnet. I have miſ-us'd the king's preſs damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty ſoldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I preſs me none but good houſholders, yeomen's ſons: enquire me out contracted batchelors, ſuch as had been aſk'd twice on the bans; ſuch a commodity of warm ſlaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; ſuch as fear the report of a caliver, [7] worſe than a ſtruck

[5] —*lieutenant Peto* —] This paſſage proves that Peto did not go with the prince. JOHNSON.

[6] —*ſouc'd gurnet.*—] This is a diſh mentioned in that very laughable poem called *The Counter-ſcuffle*, 1658:

"Stuck thick with cloves upon the back,
"Well ſtuff'd with ſage, and for the ſmack,
"Daintily ſtrew'd with pepper black,
"*Souc'd gurnet.*"

Souc'd gurnet is an appellation of contempt very frequently employed in the old comedies. So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635:

"Punk! you *ſouc'd gurnet!*"

Again, in the Prologue to *Wily Beguiled*, 1623:

"Out you *ſouced gurnet*, you wool-fiſt!"

Among the Cotton MSS. is part of an old houſehold book for the year 1594 See *Veſp.* F. xvi:

"Supper. Paid for a *gurnard*, viii. d." STEEVENS.

[7] —*worſe than a ſtruck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck.*—] The repetition of the ſame image diſpoſed ſir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, to read, in oppoſition to all the copies, a *ſtruck deer*, which is indeed a proper expreſſion, but not likely to have been corrupted. Shakeſpeare, perhaps, wrote a *ſtruck ſorel*, which, being negligently read by a man not ſkilled in hunter's language, was eaſily changed to *ſtruck fowl*. *Sorel* is uſed in *Love's Labour's Loſt* for a young *deer*; and the terms of the chaſe were, in our author's time, familiar to the ears of every gentleman. JOHNSON.

One of the quartos and the folio read *ſtruck fool*. This may mean a fool who had been hurt by the recoil of an over-loaded gun which he had inadvertently diſcharged. *Foul*, however, ſeems

ſtruck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I preſt me none but ſuch toaſts and butter[8], with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their ſervices; and now my whole charge conſiſts of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, ſlaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his ſores: and ſuch as, indeed, were never ſoldiers; but diſcarded unjuſt ſervingmen, [9] younger ſons to younger brothers, revolted tapſters, and oſtlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world [1], and a long peace; [2] ten times more diſ-

ſeems to have been the word deſigned by the poet, who might have thought an oppoſition between *fowl*, i. e. domeſtic birds, and *wild-fowl*, ſufficient on this occaſion. He has almoſt the ſame expreſſion in *Much Ado about Nothing:* "Alas poor *hurt fowl!* now will he creep into ſedges." STEEVENS.

[8] —*ſuch toaſts and butter*,—] This term of contempt is uſed in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money:*

"They love young *toaſts and butter*, Bow-bell ſuckers."
STEEVENS.

[9] —*younger ſons to younger brothers*,—] Raleigh, in his *Diſcourſe on War*, uſes this very expreſſion for men of deſperate fortune and wild adventure. Which borrowed it from the other, I know not, but I think the play was printed before the diſcourſe.
JOHNSON.

Perhaps O. Cromwel was indebted to this ſpeech, for the ſarcaſm which he threw out on the ſoldiers commanded by Hambden: "Your troops are moſt of them *old decayed ſerving men* and *tapſters* &c." STEEVENS.

[1] —*cankers of a* calm world,—] So, in the *Puritan:* "—hatch'd and nouriſhed in the idle *calmneſs* of peace." Again, in *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*, 1595: "—all the *canker-wormes that breed on the ruſt of peace.*"
STEEVENS.

[2] —*ten times more diſhonourably ragged, than an old, fac'd ancient;*—] Shakeſpeare uſes this word ſo promiſcuouſly, to ſignify an enſign or ſtandard-bearer, and alſo the colours or ſtandard borne, that I cannot be at a certainty for his alluſion here. If the text be genuine, I think the meaning muſt be, as diſhonourably ragged as one that has been an enſign all his days; that has let age creep upon him, and never had merit enough to gain preferment. Dr. Warburton, who underſtands it in the ſecond con-

 ſtruction,

dishonourably ragged, than an old fac'd ancient; and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services; that you would think, I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and press'd the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had [3] gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out

struction, has suspected the text, and given the following ingenious emendation.——" How is an old-fac'd *ancient* or *ensign*, dishonourably ragged? on the contrary, nothing is esteemed more honourable than a ragged pair of colours. A very little alteration will restore it to its original sense, which contains a touch of the strongest and most fine-turn'd satire in the world.

—— *ten times more dishonourably ragged than an old feast ancient*, i. e. the *colours* used by the city-companies in their feasts and processions: for each company had one with its peculiar device, which was usually displayed and borne about on such occasions. Now nothing could be more witty or sarcastical than this comparison: for as Falstaff's raggamuffins were reduced to their tatter'd condition through their riotous excesses; so this old *feast ancient* became torn and shatter'd, not in any manly exercise of arms, but amidst the revels of drunken bacchanals." THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton's emendation is very acute and judicious; but I know not whether the licentiousness of our author's diction may not allow us to suppose that he meant to represent his soldiers, as *more ragged*, though less honourably ragged, *than an old ancient*. JOHNSON.

An old, fac'd ancient, is an old standard mended with a different colour. It should not be written in one word, as *old* and *fac'd* are distinct epithets. To *face* a gown is to *trim it*; an expression at present in use. In our author's time the *facings* of gowns were always of a colour different from the stuff itself. So, in this play:

" To *face* the garment of rebellion
" With some fine colour."

Again, in *Ram-alley* or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

" Your tawny coats with greasy *facings* here." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*gyves on*;——] i. e. shackles. POPE.

So,

out of priſon. There's but a ſhirt and a half in all my company: and the half-ſhirt is two napkins, tack'd together, and thrown over the ſhoulders like a herald's coat without ſleeves; and the ſhirt, to ſay the truth, ſtolen from my hoſt of ſaint Albans, or the red-noſe inn-keeper of Daintry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince Henry, and Weſtmoreland.

P. Henry. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? How now, mad wag? what a devil doſt thou in Warwickſhire?—My good lord of Weſtmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought, your honour had already been at Shrewſbury.

Weſt. 'Faith, ſir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we muſt away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant, as a cat to ſteal cream.

P. Henry. I think, to ſteal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; Whoſe fellows are theſe that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Henry. I did never ſee ſuch pitiful raſcals.

Fal. Tut, tut; [4] good enough to toſs; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better: tuſh, man, mortal men, mortal men.

Weſt. Ay, but, ſir John, methinks, they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

So, in the old Morality of *Hycke Scorner*:
"And I will go fetch a pair of *gyves*."
Again:
"They be yeomen of the wrethe that be ſhackled in *gyves*." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*good enough to toſs*;——] That is, to toſs upon a pike. JOHNSON.

Fal.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that: and for their bareness,—I am sure, they never learn'd that of me.

P. Henry. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamp'd?

West. He is, sir John; I fear, we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,
To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.
Wor. It may not be.
Doug. You give him then advantage.
Ver. Not a whit.
Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?
Ver. So do we.
Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.
Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.
Ver. Do not, my lord.
Doug. You do not counsel well;
You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.
Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
(And I dare well maintain it with my life)
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives;—
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.
Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of [5] such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: Certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay 'till all come in.
[*The trumpets sound a parley.*

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, sir Walter Blunt; And would to God,
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well: and even those some
Envy your great deservings, and good name;
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And heaven defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as, out of limit, and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty!
But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs; and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace

[5] —*such great leading*—] Such conduct, such experience in martial business. JOHNSON.

Such

Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty: If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,—
Which he confesseth to be manifold,——
He bids you name your griefs; and, with all speed,
You shall have your desires, with interest;
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
Herein mis-led by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father, and my uncle, and myself,
Did give him that same royalty he wears:
And,—when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded out-law sneaking home,—
My father gave him welcome to the shore:
And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery [6], and beg his peace;
With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,—
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less [7] came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.

[6] *To sue his livery,——*] This is a law-phrase belonging to the feudal tenures; meaning to sue out the delivery or possession of his lands from the Court of Wards, which, on the death of any of the tenants of the crown, seized their lands, 'till the heir *sued out his livery*. STEEVENS.

[7] *The more and less——*] i. e. the *greater* and the less. STEEVENS.

He

He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
[8] Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth:
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.——
In short time after, he depos'd the king;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And, in the neck of that, [9] task'd the whole state.
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March

[8] *Upon the naked shore* &c.] In this whole speech he alludes again to some passages in *Richard the Second.* JOHNSON.

[9] ——*task'd the whole state.*] I suppose it should be *tax'd* the whole state. JOHNSON.

Task'd is here used for *taxed*; it was once common to employ these words indiscriminately. *Memoirs of P. de Commines*, by Danett, folio, 4th edit. 1674, p. 136: "Duke Philip by the space of many years levied neither subsidies nor *tasks*." Again, in Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579: "——like a greedy surveiour, being sent into Fraunce to govern the countrie, robbed them and spoyled them of all their treasure with unreasonable *taskes*." Again, in *Gower de Confessione Amantis*, l. vii. fol. 145:

"Foryeve and graunt all that is asked,
"Of that his fader had *tasked*."

Again, in *Hannibal and Scipio*, 1637:

"——though some would *task*
"His borrowing from another play, &c."

Again, in Holinshed, p. 422: "There was a new and strange subsidie or *taske* granted to be levied for the king's use."

STEEVENS.

(Who

(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king) to be incag'd in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited:
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated my uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong:
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
[1] This head of safety; and, withal, to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, sir Walter; we'll withdraw a while
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so farewel.

Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray heaven, you do! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

York. The archbishop's palace.

Enter the archbishop of York, and Sir Michael.

York. Hie, good sir Michael; bear this [2] sealed brief,
With winged haste, to the lord mareshal;
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
To whom they are directed: if you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

[1] *This head of safety;*——] This army, from which I hope for protection. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*sealed brief,*] A *brief* is simply a letter. JOHNSON.

Sir Mich. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.
York. Like enough, you do.
To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must 'bide the touch: For, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with lord Harry: and I fear, sir Michael,—
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
(Whose power was [3] in the first proportion)
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
(Who with them was [4] a rated sinew too,
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies)—
I fear, the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.
Sir Mich. Why, my good lord, you need not fear;
There's Douglas and lord Mortimer.
York. No, Mortimer is not there.
Sir Mich. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry Percy,
And there's my lord of Worcester; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.
York. And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together;—
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

[3] ——*in the first proportion)*] Whose quota was larger than that of any other man in the confederacy. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*a rated sinew too,*] So the first edition, i. e. accounted a strong aid. POPE.

A rated sinew signifies a strength on which we reckoned; a help of which we made account. JOHNSON.

The folio reads:

Who with them was rated firmely *too.* STEEVENS.

Sir Mich. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well
oppos'd.

York. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed:
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,—
For he hath heard of our confederacy,——
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him;
Therefore, make haste: I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewel, sir Michael.

[*Exeunt.*

---

[5] ACT V. SCENE I.

The camp at Shrewsbury.

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Sir John Falstaff.

K. Henry. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill*! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Henry. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet [6] to his purposes;
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.

[5] *Act V.*] It seems proper to be remarked, that in the editions printed while the author lived, this play is not broken into acts. The division which was made by the players in the first folio, seems commodious enough, but, being without authority, may be changed by any editor who thinks himself able to make a better.

* —busky *hill!*——] *Busky* is woody. (*Bosquet* Fr.) Milton writes the word perhaps more properly, *bosky*. STEEVENS.
JOHNSON.

[6] ——— *to his purposes;*] That is, to the sun's, to that which the sun portends by his unusual appearance. JOHNSON.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Then with the loſers let it ſympathize;
For nothing can ſeem foul to thoſe that win.—

Trumpet. Enter Worceſter, and Vernon.

How now, my lord of Worceſter? 'tis not well,
That you and I ſhould meet upon ſuch terms
As now we meet: You have deceiv'd our truſt;
And made us doff our eaſy robes of peace,
To cruſh our old limbs in ungentle ſteel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What ſay you to't? will you again unknit
This churliſh knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached miſchief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do proteſt,
I have not ſought the day of this diſlike.

K. Henry. You have not ſought it! how comes it then?

[7] *Fal.* Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Henry.

[7] Fal. *Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.*
Prince. *Peace*, chevet, *peace.*]
This, I take to be an arbitrary refinement of Mr. Pope's; nor can I eaſily agree, that *chevet* is Shakeſpeare's word here. Why ſhould prince Henry call Falſtaff *bolſter*, for interpoſing in the diſcourſe betwixt the king and Worceſter? With ſubmiſſion, he does not take him up here for his unreaſonable ſize, but for his ill-tim'd and unſeaſonable chattering. I therefore have preſerved the reading of the old books. A *chewet*, or *chuet*, is a noiſy chattering bird, a pie. This carries a proper reproach to Falſtaff for his meddling and impertinent jeſt. And beſides, if the poet had intended that the prince ſhould fleer at Falſtaff on account of his corpulency, I doubt not but he would have called him *bolſter* in plain Engliſh, and not have wrapp'd up the abuſe in the French

P. Henry. Peace, chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks
Of favour, from myself, and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you, [8] my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time: You swore to us,—
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,——
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we sware our aid. But, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
What with our help; what with the absent king;

word *chewet*. In another passage of this play, the prince honestly calls him *quilt*. As to prince Henry, his stock in this language was so small, that when he comes to be king he hammers out one small sentence of it to princess Catharine, and tells her, *It is as easy for him to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French*. THEOBALD.

Peace, chewet, peace.] In an old book of cookery, printed in 1596, I find a receipt to make *chewets*, which from their ingredients seem to have been fat greasy puddings; and to these it is highly probable that the prince alludes. Both the quartos and folio spell the word as it now stands in the text, and as I found it in the book already mentioned. So, in Bacon's *Nat. Hist.* "As for *chuets*, which are likewise minced meat, instead of butter and fat, it were good to moisten them partly with cream, or almond and pistachio milk, &c." Cotgrave's *Dictionary* explains the French word *goubelet*, to be a kind of round pie resembling *our chuet*. STEEVENS.

[8] *my staff of office*——] See *Richard the Second*. JOHNSON.

What

What with the injuries of a wanton time [9];
The ſeeming ſufferances that you had borne;
And the contrarious winds, that held the king
So long in his unlucky Iriſh wars,
That all in England did repute him dead,—
And, from this ſwarm of fair advantages,
You took occaſion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general ſway into your hand:
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaſter;
And, being fed by us, you us'd us ſo
[1] As that ungentle gull, the cuckow's bird,
Uſeth the ſparrow: did oppreſs our neſt;
Grew by our feeding to ſo great a bulk,
That even our love durſt not come near your ſight,
For fear of ſwallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for ſafety ſake, to fly
Out of your ſight, and raiſe this preſent head:
Whereby [2] we ſtand oppoſed by ſuch means
As you yourſelf have forg'd againſt yourſelf;
By unkind uſage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

K. Henry. Theſe things, indeed you have [3] articulated,
Proclaim'd at market-croſſes, read in churches;

[9] ——*the injuries of a wanton time*;] i. e. the injuries done by king Richard in the wantonneſs of proſperity. MUSGRAVE.

[1] *As that ungentle gull, the cuckow's bird,*] The cuckow's chicken, who, being hatched and fed by the ſparrow, in whoſe neſt the cuckow's egg was laid, grows in time able to devour her nurſe. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*we ſtand oppoſed* &c.] We ſtand in oppoſition to you. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*articulated*,] i. e. exhibited in articles. So, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, &c. b. v:

"How to *articulate* with yielding wights."

Again, in the *Spaniſh Tragedy*:

"To end thoſe things *articulated* here."

Again, in the *Valiant Welchman*, 1615:

"Drums, beat aloud!—I'll not *articulate*." STEEVENS.

To face the garment of rebellion
With ſome fine colour [4], that may pleaſe the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poor diſcontents [5],
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation:
And never yet did inſurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cauſe;
Nor moody beggars, ſtarving for a time
Of pell-mell havock and confuſion.

P. Henry. In both our armies, there is many a ſoul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praiſe of Henry Percy. By my hopes,—
This preſent enterprize ſet off his head [6],—
I do not think, a braver gentleman,
[7] More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may ſpeak it to my ſhame,

[4] *To face the garment of rebellion*
With ſome fine colour,——]
This is an alluſion to our ancient fantaſtic habits, which were uſually *faced* or turned up with a colour different from that of which they were made. So, in the old *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date:
" His hoſen ſhall be freſhly garded
" Wyth *colours* two or thre." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*poor diſcontents*,] Poor *diſcontents* are *poor diſcontented people*, as we now ſay—*malecontents*. So, in Marſton's *Malcontent*, 1604:
" What, play I well the free-breath'd *diſcontent*?"
MALONE.

[6] ——*ſet off his head*,——] i. e. taken from his account.
MUSGRAVE.

[7] *More active-valiant, or more valiant-young*,] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *more valued young*. I think the preſent gingle has more of Shakeſpeare. JOHNSON.

The ſame kind of gingle is in Sidney's *Arcadia*:
" ———young-wiſe, wiſe-valiant,"—— STEEVENS.

I have

I have a truant been to chivalry;
And fo, I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my father's majefty,——
I am content, that he fhall take the odds
Of his great name and eftimation;
And will, to fave the blood on either fide,
Try fortune with him in a fingle fight.

K. Henry. And, prince of Wales, fo dare we venture thee,
Albeit, confiderations infinite
Do make againft it:—No, good Worcefter, no,
We love our people well; even thofe we love,
That are mif-led upon your coufin's part:
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
So tell your coufin, and bring me word
What he will do:—But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they fhall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair, take it advifedly.

[*Exit Worcefter, and Vernon.*

P. Henry. It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotfpur both together
Are confident againft the world in arms.

K. Henry. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their anfwer, we will fet on them:
And God befriend us, as our caufe is juft!

[*Exeunt King, Blunt, and Prince John.*

Fal. Hal, if thou fee me down in the battle, [8] and beftride me, fo; 'tis a point of friendfhip.

[8] ——*and beftride me,*——] In the battle of Agincourt, Henry, when king, did this act of friendfhip for his brother the duke of Gloucefter. STEEVENS.

P. Henry. Nothing but a coloſſus can do thee that friendſhip. Say thy prayers, and farewel.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Henry. Why, thou oweſt heaven a death.

[9] [*Exit Prince Henry.*

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be ſo forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour ſet to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no ſkill in ſurgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word, honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that dy'd o' Wedneſday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it inſenſible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? [illegible] will not ſuffer it:—therefore I'll none of it: [1] Honour is a mere ſcutcheon, and ſo ends my catechiſm. [*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Hotſpur's camp.

Enter Worceſter, and Vernon.

Wor. O, no, my nephew muſt not know, ſir Richard,

The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere beſt, he did.

[9] *Exit Prince Henry.*] This *exit* is remarked by Mr. Upton. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*Honour is a mere ſcutcheon,*——] This is very fine. The reward of brave actions formerly was only ſome honourable bearing in the ſhields of arms beſtowed upon deſervers. But Falſtaff having ſaid that *honour* often came not 'till after death, he calls it very wittily a *ſcutcheon*, which is the painted heraldry borne in funeral proceſſions: and by *mere ſcutcheon* is inſinuated, that whether alive or dead, honour was but a name. WARBURTON.

Wor.

Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not poſſible, it cannot be,
The king ſhould keep his word in loving us;
He will ſuſpect us ſtill, and find a time
To puniſh this offence in other faults:
[2] Suſpicion, all our lives, ſhall be ſtuck full of eyes:
For treaſon is but truſted like the fox;
Who, ne'er ſo tame, ſo cheriſh'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his anceſtors.
Look how we can, or ſad, or merrily,
Interpretation will miſquote our looks;
And we ſhall feed like oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſh'd, ſtill the nearer death.
My nephew's treſpaſs may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth, and heat of blood;
And [3] an adopted name of privilege,—
A hare-brain'd Hotſpur, govern'd by a ſpleen:
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's;—we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the ſpring of all, ſhall pay for all.
Therefore, good couſin, let not Harry know,
In any caſe, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll ſay, 'tis ſo.
Here comes your couſin.

Enter Hotſpur, and Douglas.

Hot. My uncle is return'd;—Deliver up
My lord of Weſtmoreland.—Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle preſently.

[2] *Suſpicion, all our lives, ſhall be ſtuck full of eyes:*] The ſame image of *ſuſpicion* is exhibited in a Latin tragedy, called *Roxana*, written about the ſame time by Dr. William Alablaſter.
JOHNSON.

All the old copies read—*ſuppoſition.* STEEVENS.

[3] ——— *an adopted name of privilege,*——
A hare brain'd Hotſpur,———]
The name of Hotſpur will privilege him from cenſure. JOHNSON.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.
Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.
Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.
[*Exit Douglas.*
Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.
Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!
Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—
By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
He calls us, rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter Douglas.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen, to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in king Henry's teeth,
[4] And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.
Wor. The prince of Wales stept forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.
Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his tasking [5]? seem'd it in contempt?
Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;

[4] *And Westmoreland, that was engag'd,—*] Engag'd is deliver-ed as an hostage. A few lines before, upon the return of Wor-cester, he orders Westmoreland to be dismissed. JOHNSON.

[5] *How shew'd his tasking?*——] Thus the quarto 1598. The others, with the folio read—*taxing*. STEEVENS.

Making

Making you ever better than his praise,
[6] By still dispraising praise, valu'd with you:
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
[7] He made a blushing cital of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there [8] a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause: But let me tell the world,—
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured
Upon his follies; never did I hear

[6] *By still dispraising praise, valu'd with you.*] This foolish line is indeed in the folio of 1623, but it is evidently the player's nonsense. WARBURTON.

This line is not only in the first folio, but in all the editions before it that I have seen. Why it should be censured as nonsense I know not. To vilify praise, compared or *valued* with merit superior to praise, is no harsh expression. There is another objection to be made. Prince Henry, in his challenge of Percy, had indeed commended him, but with no such hyperboles as might represent him above praise; and there seems to be no reason why Vernon should magnify the prince's candor beyond the truth. Did then Shakespeare forget the foregoing scene? or are some lines lost from the prince's speech? JOHNSON.

[7] *He made a blushing cital of himself:*] *Cital* for taxation. POPE.

Mr. Pope observes that by *cital* is meant *taxation*; but I rather think it means *recital*. The verb is used in that sense in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act IV. sc. i:

"———for we cite our faults,
"That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives."

Again, in *K. Hen.* V. act V. sc. ii:

"Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
"Which you have *cited*, &c."

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*, act V:

"—— ——I do digress too much,
"*Citing* my worthless praise." COLLINS.

[8] ——*he* master'd——] i. e. was master of. STEEVENS.

[9] Of any prince, so wild, at liberty:—
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.——
Arm, arm, with speed:——And, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now.—
O gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life [1] did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, Brave death, when princes die with us!
Now for our consciences,—the arms are fair,
When the intent for bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.
Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; Only this—
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal

[9] *Of any prince, so wild, at liberty:——*] Of any prince that played such pranks, and was not confined as a madman.
JOHNSON.

The quartos 1598, 1599, and 1608, read—*so wild* a libertie. Perhaps the author wrote—*so wild* a libertine. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"*Tye up* the *libertine* in a field of feasts." STEEVENS.

[1] If *life*——] Thus the old copies. Modern editors read: Though *life*. STEEVENS.

In the adventure of this perilous day.
[2] Now,—Eſperance!—Percy!—and ſet on.—
Sound all the lofty inſtruments of war,
And by that muſic let us all embrace:
[3] For, heaven to earth, ſome of us never ſhall
A ſecond time do ſuch a courteſy.
[*The trumpets ſound. They embrace, then exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Plain near Shrewſbury.

The King entereth with his power. Alarum to the battle. Then enter Douglas, and Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou croſſeſt me? what honour doſt thou ſeek
Upon my head?
Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me that thou art a king.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeneſs; for, inſtead of thee, king Harry,
This ſword hath ended him: ſo ſhall it thee,
Unleſs thou yield thee as my priſoner.
Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou ſhalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

[2] *Now—Eſperance!—*] This was the word of battle on Percy's ſide. See Hall's *Chronicle*, folio 22. POPE.

Eſperance, or *Eſperanza*, has always been the motto of the Percy family. *Eſperance en Dieu* is the preſent motto of the duke of Northumberland, and has been long uſed by his predeceſſors. Sometimes it was expreſſed *Eſperance ma Comforte*, which is ſtill legible at Alnwick caſtle over the great gate. PERCY.

[3] *For, heaven to earth,—*] i. e. One might wager heaven to earth. WARBURTON.

Fight,

Fight, Blunt is slain. Enter Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd [4] like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes [5]!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,

[4] Semblably *furnish'd*——] i. e. in resemblance, alike. This word occurs in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607:
"So *semblably* doth he with terror strike."
Again, in *The Case is Alter'd*, by Ben Jonson, 1609:
"*Semblably* prisoner to your general."
Again, in the 22d song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:
"The next, sir Walter Blunt, he with three others slew,
"All armed like the king, which he dead sure accounted;
"But after when he saw the king himself remounted,
"This hand of mine, quoth he, four kings this day have slain,
"And swore out of the earth he thought they sprang again." STEEVENS.

[5] *A fool go with thy soul whither it goes!*] The old copies read: Ah, *fool, go with thy soul*, &c. but this appears to be nonsense. I have ventured to omit a single letter, as well as to change the punctuation, on the authority of the following passage in the *Merchant of Venice*:
"With one fool's head I came to woo,
"But I go away with two."
Again, more appositely in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:
"Go, and a knave with thee."
See a note on *Timon*, act V. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

Until

Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away;
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Other alarums. Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Though I could 'scape [6] shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt;—there's honour for you: [7] Here's no vanity!—I am as

[6] ——*shot-free at London,*——] A play upon *shot*, as it means the part of a reckoning, and a missive weapon discharged from artillery. JOHNSON.

So, in *Aristippus or the Jovial Philosopher*, 1630: "——the best *shot* to be discharged is the tavern bill; the best alarum is the sounding of healths." Again, in *The Play of the Foure Ps*, 1569:

"Then after your drinking, how fall ye to winking?
"Sir, after drinking, while the *shot* is tinking."

Again, Heywood, in his *Epigrams on Proverbs*:

"And it is yll cc[illegible]mynge, I have heard say,
"To the end of a *shot*, and beginnyng of a fray."

STEEVENS.

[7] ——*Here's no vanity!*——] In our author's time the negative, in common speech, was used to design, ironically, the excess of a thing. Thus Ben Jonson, in *Every Man in his Humour*, says:

"O here's *no foppery!*
"'Death, I can endure the stocks better."

Meaning, as the passage shews, that the *foppery* was excessive. And so in many other places. But the Oxford editor not apprehending this, has alter'd it to—*there's vanity!* WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether this interpretation, though ingenious and well supported, is true. The words may mean, here is real honour, *no vanity*, or *no empty appearance.* JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Warburton is right: the same ironical kind of expression occurs in *The Mad Lover* of B. and Fletcher:

"———— ———— Here's *no villany!*
"I am glad I came to the hearing."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*:

"Here was *no subtle device* to get a wench!"

Again, in Shakespeare's *Taming the Shrew*: "Here's no knavery!"
Again, in the first part of *Jeronimo* &c. 1605:

"Here's *no fine villainy!* no damned brother!"

STEEVENS.

hot

hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: Heaven keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. What, ſtand'ſt thou idle here? lend me thy ſword:
Many a nobleman lies ſtark and ſtiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are unreveng'd: lend me thy ſword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while.—[8] Turk Gregory never did ſuch deeds in arms, as I have done this day. [9] I have paid Percy, I have made him ſure.

P. Henry. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I pr'ythee, lend me thy ſword.

Fal. Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'ſt not my ſword; but take my piſtol, if thou wilt.

P. Henry. Give it me: What, is it in the caſe?

[8] —*Turk Gregory never did ſuch deeds in arms,*—] Meaning Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand. This furious frier ſurmounted almoſt invincible obſtacles to deprive the emperor of his right of inveſtiture of biſhops, which his predeceſſors had long attempted in vain. Fox, in his hiſtory, hath made this Gregory ſo odious, that I don't doubt but the good Proteſtants of that time were well pleaſed to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and Pope in one.
WARBURTON.

[9] —*I have paid Percy, I have made him ſure.*
P. Henry. *He is, indeed; and* &c.]
The Prince's anſwer, which is apparently connected with Falſtaff's laſt words, does not cohere ſo well as if the knight had ſaid:
I have made him ſure; Percy's ſafe enough.
Perhaps a word or two like theſe may be loſt. JOHNSON.

Sure has two ſignifications; *certainly diſpoſed of*, and *ſafe*. Falſtaff uſes it in the *former* ſenſe, the Prince replies to it in the *latter*.
STEEVENS.

Fal.

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will [1] ſack a city. [*The Prince draws out a bottle of ſack* [2].

P. Henry. What, is it a time to jeſt and dally now?

[*Throws it at him, and exit.*

Fal. [3] If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, ſo: if he do not,—if I come in his, willingly, let him make [4] a carbonado of me. I like

[1] —— *ſack a city.*] A quibble on the word *ſack.* JOHNSON.

The ſame quibble may be found in *Ariſtippus*, or the *Jovial Philoſopher*, 1630: "——it may juſtly ſeem to have taken the name of *ſack* from the *ſacking* of cities." STEEVENS.

[2] —— *a bottle of ſack.*] The ſame comic circumſtance occurs in the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, (written long before the time of Shakeſpeare) bl. l. no date:

" *Glotony.* We ſhall have a warfare it ys told me.
" *Man.* Ye; where is thy harnes?
" *Glotony.* Mary, here may ye ſe,
" Here ys harnes inow.
" *Wrath.* Why haſt thou none other harnes but thys?
" *Glotony.* What the devyll harnes ſhould I mys,
" Without it be a *bottell*?
" Another *botell* I wyll go purvey,
" Leſt that drynk be ſcarce in the way,
" Or happely none to ſell." STEEVENS.

[3] *If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him.*——] Certainly, *he'll pierce him*, i. e. Prince Henry will, who is juſt gone out to ſeek him. Beſides, *I'll pierce him*, contradicts the whole turn and humour of the ſpeech. WARBURTON.

I rather take the conceit to be this. To *pierce* a veſſel is to *tap* it. Falſtaff takes up his bottle which the prince had toſſed at his head, and being about to animate himſelf with a draught, cries: *If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him*, and ſo draws the cork. I do not propoſe this with much confidence. JOHNSON.

Ben Jonſon has the ſame quibble in his *New Inn*, act III:

" Sir *Pierce* anon will *pierce* us a new hogſhead."

I believe Falſtaff makes this boaſt that the Prince may hear it; and continues the reſt of the ſpeech in a lower accent, or when he is out of hearing. Shakeſpeare has the ſame play on words in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, act IV. ſc. ii. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *a carbonado of me.*——] A *carbonado* is a piece of meat cut croſs-wiſe for the gridiron. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Spaniſh Gypſie* by Middleton and Rowley, 1653:

" *Carbonado* thou the old rogue my father,
" While you ſlice into collops the ruſty gammon his man."

STEEVENS.

not

not ſuch grinning honour as ſir Walter hath: Give me life: which if I can ſave, ſo; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the field.

Alarums. Excurſions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaſter, and the Earl of Weſtmoreland.

K. Henry. Harry, withdraw thyſelf; thou bleed'ſt[5] too much:—
Lord John of Lancaſter, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my lord, unleſs I did bleed too.

P. Henry. I beſeech your majeſty, make up,
Leſt your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Henry. I will do ſo:—
My lord of Weſtmoreland, lead him to his tent.

Weſt. Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

P. Henry. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And heaven forbid, a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould drive
The prince of Wales from ſuch a field as this;
Where ſtain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in maſſacres!

Lan. We breathe too long:—Come, couſin Weſtmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for heaven's ſake, come.
[*Exeunt P. John and Weſt.*

P. Henry. By heaven, thou haſt deceiv'd me, Lancaſter,
I did not think thee lord of ſuch a ſpirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do reſpect thee as my ſoul.

K. Henry. I ſaw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With luſtier maintenance than I did look for

[5] ——*thou bleed'ſt too much:*——] Hiſtory ſays, the Prince was wounded in the eye by an arrow. STEEVENS.

Of

Of ſuch an ungrown warrior.

P. Henry. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! [*Exit.*

Enter Douglas.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all thoſe
That wear thoſe colours on them.—What art thou,
That counterfeit'ſt the perſon of a king?

K. Henry. The king himſelf; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,
So many of his ſhadows thou haſt met,
And not the very king. I have two boys,
Seek Percy, and thyſelf, about the field:
But, ſeeing thou fall'ſt on me ſo luckily,
I will aſſay thee; ſo defend thyſelf.

Doug. I fear, thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'ſt thee like a king:
But mine, I am ſure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight; the King being in danger, enter Prince Henry.*

P. Henry. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the ſpirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the prince of Wales, that threatens thee;
Who never promiſeth, but he means to pay.—
[*They fight; Douglas flyeth.*
Cheerly, my lord; How fares your grace?—
Sir Nicholas Gawſey hath for ſuccour ſent,
And ſo hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton ſtraight.

K. Henry. Stay, and breathe a-while:—
Thou haſt redeem'd thy loſt opinion;
And ſhew'd, thou mak'ſt ſome tender of my life,

In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Henry. O heaven! they did me too much injury,
That ever said, I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Henry. Make up to Clifton, I'll to sir Nicholas Gawsey. [*Exit.*

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Henry. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Henry. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; And would to heaven,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Henry. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*Fight.*

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter

Enter Douglas; he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead. Percy is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth:
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than [6] those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my flesh:——
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for—— [*Dies.*

P. Henry. For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee well, great heart!—
[7] Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
[8] A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth

[6] ——*those proud titles thou hast won of me;*
They wound my thoughts,————
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time————*must have a stop.*———]
Hotspur in his last moments endeavours to console himself. The glory of the prince *wounds his thoughts*; but *thought*, being dependent on *life*, must cease with it, and will soon be at an end. *Life*, on which *thought* depends, is itself of no great value, being the *fool* and sport of *time*; of *time*, which, with all its dominion over sublunary things, *must* itself at last *be stopped*. JOHNSON.

Hotspur alludes to the *Fool* in our ancient Moralities. The same allusion occurs in *Measure for Measure* and *Love's Labour's Lost*. STEEVENS.

[7] *Ill-weav'd ambition*, &c.] A metaphor taken from cloth, which shrinks when it is ill-weav'd, when its texture is loose. JOHNSON.

[8] *A kingdom* &c.]
"*Carminibus confide bonis—jacet ecce Tibullus;*
"*Vix manet e toto parva quod urna capit.*" Ovid. JOHNSON.

Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so great a show of zeal:—
[9] But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[*He sees Falstaff on the ground.*

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewel!
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck [1] so fat a deer to-day,

[9] *But let my favours hide thy mangled face*;] We should read *favour*, face or countenance. He is stooping down here to kiss Hotspur. WARBURTON.

He rather covers his face with a scarf, to hide the ghastliness of death. JOHNSON.

[1] —*so* fair *a deer*—] This is the reading of the first edition, and of the other quartos. The first folio has *fat*, which was followed by all the editors.

There is in these lines a very natural mixture of the serious and ludicrous, produced by the view of Percy and Falstaff. I wish all play on words had been forborn. JOHNSON.

I find the same quibble in the *Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

"Life is as *dear* in *deer*, as 'tis in men."

Again, in *A Maidenhead well Lost*, 1632, a comedy by Heywood:

"There's no *deer* so *dear* to him, but he will kill it."

STEEVENS.

So *fat* a deer, seems to be the better reading, for Turbervile, in the *Terms of the Ages of all Beasts of Venerie and Chase*, observes: "—You shall say by any deare, a great deare, and not a *fayre* deare, unless it be a rowe, which in the fifth year is called a *fayre* rowe-bucke." TOLLET.

Though

Though [2] many dearer, in this bloody fray:—
Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by;
'Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

Falstaff, rising slowly.

Fal. Imbowell'd! if thou imbowel me to-day, I'll give you leave [3] to powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: To die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is—discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. I am afraid of this gun-powder Percy [4], though he be dead: How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may he not rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me.—Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. [*Takes Hotspur on his back.*

Re-enter Prince Henry, and John of Lancaster.

P. Henry. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

Lan. But, soft! who have we here?
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

[2] ——*many, dearer,*——] Many of greater value. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*to powder me,*——] To powder is to salt. JOHNSON.

[4] —— *this gun-powder Percy,*——] I have not any very early edition of this play; query, whether these words were not added after the *powder-plot*. FARMER.

They are found in the quartos 1598, and 1599. STEEVENS.

P. Henry. I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding
Upon the ground.——
Art thou alive? or is it fantasy
That plays upon our eye-sight? I pr'ythee, speak;
We will not trust our eyes, without our ears:—
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not [5] a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy: [*throwing the body down*] if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Henry. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you, I was down, and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believ'd, so; if not, let them, that should reward valour, bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh [6]: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Henry. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.——

[5] ——*a double man;*——] That is, I am not Falstaff and Percy together, though having Percy on my back, I seem double. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*I gave him this wound in the thigh:*——] The very learned lord Lyttelton observes, that Shakespeare has applied an action to Falstaff, which William of Malmsbury, tells us was really done by one of the conqueror's knights to the body of king Harold. I do not however believe that lord Lyttelton supposed Shakespeare to have read this old Monk. The story is told likewise by Matthew Paris and Matthew of Westminster; and by many of the English Chroniclers, Stowe, Speed, &c. &c. FARMER.

Come

Come bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt.*

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, heaven reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit, bearing off the body.*

SCENE V.

Another part of the field.

The trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, with Worcester, and Vernon, prisoners.

K. Henry. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Henry. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[*Exeunt Worcester, and Vernon, guarded.*

How goes the field?

P. Henry. The noble [7] Scot, lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the rest;
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruis'd,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. Henry. With all my heart.

P. Henry. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:
His valour, shewn upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries [8].

K. Henry. Then this remains,—that we divide our power.—
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself,—and you, son Harry,—will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day;
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave 'till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

[7] *The noble Scot,*——] The old copies bestow this epithet both on Percy and Douglas. Modern editors had changed it, in the first instance, to *gallant.* STEEVENS.

[8] Here Mr. Pope inserts the following speech from the quartos:
" *Lan.* I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
" Which I shall give away immediately."
But Dr. Johnson judiciously supposes it to have been rejected by Shakespeare himself. STEEVENS.

Mr.

Mr. TOLLET'S *Opinion concerning the* MORRIS DANCERS *upon his Window.*

THE celebration of May-day, which is represented upon my window of painted glass, is a very ancient custom, that has been observed by noble and royal personages, as well as by the vulgar. It is mentioned in Chaucer's *Court of Love*, that early on May-day "furth goth al the court both most and lest, to fetche the flouris fresh, and braunch, and blome." Historians record, that in the beginning of his reign, Henry the Eighth with his courtiers "rose on May-day very early to fetch May or green boughs, and they went with their bows and arrows shooting to the wood." Stowe's *Survey of London* informs us, that "every parish there, or two or three parishes joining together, had their Mayings; and did fetch in May-poles, with diverse warlike shews, with good archers, Morrice Dancers, and other devices for pastime all the day long." * Shakespeare says it was "impossible to make the people sleep on May-morning; and that they rose early to observe the rite of May." The court of king James the First, and the populace, long preserved the observance of the day, as Spelman's *Glossary* remarks under the word, Maiuma.

Better judges may decide, that the institution of this festivity originated from the Roman Floralia, or from the Celtic la Beltine, while I conceive it derived to us from our Gothic ancestors. *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*, lib. xv. c. 8. says "that after their long winter from the beginning of October to the end of April, the northern nations have a custom to welcome the returning splendor of the sun with dancing, and mutually to feast each other, rejoicing that a better season for fishing and hunting was approached." In honour of May-day the Goths and southern Swedes had a mock battle between summer and winter, which ceremony is retained in the Isle of Man, where the Danes and Norwegians had been for a long time masters. It appears from Holinshed's *Chronicle*, vol. III. p. 314, or in the year 1306, that, before that time, in country towns the young folks chose a summer king and queen for sport to dance about May-poles. There can be no doubt but their majesties had proper attendants, or such as would best divert the spectators; and we may presume, that some of the characters varied, as fashions and customs altered. About half a century afterwards, a great addition seems to have been made to the diversion by the introduction of the Morris or Moorish dance into it, which, as Mr.

* *Henry* VIII. act V. sc. iii. and *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act IV. sc. i.

Peck

Peck in his *Memoirs of Milton* with great probability conjectures, was first brought into England in the time of Edward III. when John of Gaunt returned from Spain, where he had been to assist Peter king of Castile, against Henry the Bastard. "This dance," says Mr. Peck, "was usually performed abroad by an equal number of young men, who danced in their shirts with ribbands and little bells about their legs. But here in England they have always an odd person besides, being a * boy dressed in a girl's habit, whom they call Maid Marian, an old favourite character in the sport." "Thus," as he observes in the words of † Shakespeare, "they made more matter for a May-morning: having as a pancake for Shrove-tuesday, a Morris for May-day."

We are authorized by the poets, Ben Jonson and Drayton, to call some of the representations on my window Morris Dancers, though I am uncertain whether it exhibits one Moorish personage, as none of them have black or tawny faces, nor do they brandish ‡ swords or staves in their hands, nor are they in their shirts adorned with ribbons. We find in *Olaus Magnus*, that the northern nations danced with brass bells about their knees, and such we have upon several of these figures, who may perhaps be the original English performers in a May-game before the introduction of the real Morris dance. However this may be, the window exhibits a favourite diversion of our ancestors in all its principal parts. I shall endeavour to explain some of the characters, and in compliment to the lady I will begin the description with the front rank, in which she is stationed. I am fortunate enough to have Mr. Steevens think with me, that figure 1 may be designed for the Bavian fool, or the fool with the slabbering bib, as Bavon in Cotgrave's *French Dictionary* means a bib for a slabbering child; and this figure has such a bib, and a childish simplicity in his countenance. Mr. Steevens refers to a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by which it appears that the Bavian in the Morris dance was a tumbler, and mimicked the barking of a dog. I apprehend that several of the Morris

* It is evident from several authors, that Maid Marian's part was frequently performed by a young woman, and often by one, as I think, of unsullied reputation. Our Marian's deportment is decent and graceful.

† *Twelfth Night*, act III. sc. iv. *All's Well that ends Well*, act II. sc. ii.

‡ In the Morisco the dancers held swords in their hands with the points upward, says Dr Johnson's note in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act III sc ix. The Goths did the same in their military dance, says *Olaus Magnus*, lib. xv c 23. Haydocke's translation of *Lomazzo on Painting*, 1598, book ii. p. 5[illegible], says: "There are other actions of dancing used, as of those who are represented with weapons in their hands going round in a ring, capering skilfully, *shaking their weapons* after the manner of the Morris with divers actions of meeting &c." "Others hanging Morris bells upon their ankles"

dancers

dancers on my window tumbled occasionally, and exerted the chief feat of their activity, when they were aside the May-pole; and I apprehend that jigs, horn-pipes, and the hay, were their chief dances.

It will certainly be tedious to describe the colours of the dresses, but the task is attempted upon an intimation, that it might not be altogether unacceptable. The Bavian's cap is red, faced with yellow, his bib yellow, his doublet blue, his hose red, and his shoes black.

Figure 2 is the celebrated Maid Marian, who, as queen of May, has a golden crown on her head, and in her left hand a flower, as the emblem of summer. The flower seems designed for a red pink, but the pointals are omitted by the engraver, who copied from a drawing with the like mistake. *Olaus Magnus* mentions the artificial raising of flowers for the celebration of May-day; and the supposition of the like * practice here will account for the queen of May having in her hand any particular flower before the season of its natural production in this climate. Her vesture was once fashionable in the highest degree. It was anciently the custom for maiden ladies to wear their hair † dishevelled at their coronations, their nuptials, and perhaps on all splendid solemnities. Margaret, the eldest daughter of Henry VII. was married to James, king of Scotland, with the crown upon her head: her hair hanging down. Betwixt the crown and the hair was a very rich coif hanging down behind the whole length of the body.—This single example sufficiently explains the dress of Marian's head. Her coif is purple, her surcoat blue, her cuffs white, the skirts of her robe yellow, the sleeves of a carnation colour, and her stomacher red with a yellow lace in cross bars. In Shakespeare's play of *Henry VIII.* Anne Bullen at her coronation is *in her hair*, or as Holinshed says, "her hair hanged down," but on her head she had a coif with a circlet about it full of rich stones.

Figure 3 is a friar in the full clerical tonsure, with the chaplet of white and red beads in his right hand; and, expressive of his professed humility, his eyes are cast upon the ground. His corded girdle and his russet habit denote him to be of the Franciscan order, or one of the grey friars, as they were commonly called from the colour of their apparel, which was a russet or a brown russet, as Holinshed, 1586, vol. III. p. 789, observes. The mixture of colours in his habit may be resembled to a grey cloud, faintly tinged with red by the beams of the rising sun, and streak-

* Markham's translation of Heresbatch's Husbandry, 1631, observes, "that gilliflowers, set in pots and carried into vaults or cellars, have flowered all the winter long, through the warmness of the place.

† Leland's *Collectanea*, 1770, vol. IV. p. 219, 293. vol. V. p. 332, and Holinshed, vol. III. p. 801, 931; and see Capilli in Spelman's *Glossary*.

ed with black; and such perhaps was Shakespeare's Aurora, or "the morn in russet mantle clad." *Hamlet*, act I. sc. i. The friar's stockings are red, his red girdle is ornamented with a golden twist, and with a golden tassel. At his girdle hangs a wallet for the reception of provision, the only revenue of the mendicant orders of religious, who were named Walleteers or budget-bearers. It was * customary in former times for the priest and people in procession to go to some adjoining wood on May-day morning, and return in a sort of triumph with a May-pole, boughs, flowers, garlands, and such like tokens of the spring; and as the grey friars were held in very great esteem, perhaps on this occasion their attendance was frequently requested. Most of Shakespeare's friars are Franciscans. Mr. Steevens ingeniously suggests, that as Marian was the name of Robin Hood's beloved mistress, and as she was the queen of May, the Morris friar was designed for friar Tuck, chaplain to Robin Huid, king of May, as Robin Hood is styled in sir David Dalrymple's extracts from the book of the *Universal Kirk* in the year 1576.

Figure 4 has been taken to be Marian's gentleman-usher. Mr. Steevens considers him as Marian's paramour, who in delicacy appears uncovered before her; and as it was a custom for betrothed persons to wear some mark for a token of their mutual engagement, he thinks that the cross-shaped flower on the head of this figure, and the flower in Marian's hand, denote their espousals or contract. Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, April, speaks of the flowers worn of paramours to be the pink, the purple columbine, gilliflowers, carnations, and sops in wine. I suppose the flower in Marian's hand to be a pink, and this to be a stock-gilliflower, or the Hesperis, dame's violet or queen's gilliflower; but perhaps it may be designed for an ornamental ribbon. An eminent botanist apprehends the flower upon the man's head to be an Epimedium. Many particulars of this figure resemble Absolon, the parish clerk in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, such as his curled and golden hair, his kirtle of watchet, his red hose, and Paul's windows corvin on his shoes, that is, his shoes pinked and cut into holes like the windows of St. Paul's ancient church. My window plainly exhibits upon his right thigh a yellow scrip or pouch, in which he might as treasurer to the company put the collected pence, which he might receive, though the cordelier must by the rules of his order carry no money about him. If this figure should not be allowed to be a parish clerk, I incline to call him Hocus Pocus, or some juggler attendant upon the master of the hobby-horse, as "faire de tours de (jouer de la) gibeciere," in Boyer's French Dictionary, signifies to play tricks by virtue of Hocus Pocus. His

* See Maii inductio in Cowel's *Law-Dictionary*. When the parish priests were inhibited by the diocesan to assist in the May games, the Franciscans might give attendance, as being exempted from episcopal jurisdiction.

red

red stomacher has a yellow lace, and his shoes are yellow. Ben Jonson mentions "Hokos Pokos in a juggler's jerkin," which Skinner derives from kirtlekin; that is, a short kirtle, and such seems to be the coat of this figure.

Figure 5 is the famous hobby-horse, who was often forgotten or disused in the Morris dance, even after Maid Marian, the friar, and the fool, were continued in it, as is intimated in Ben * Jonson's masque of the *Metamorphosed Gipsies*, and in his *Entertainment of the Queen and Prince at Althorpe*. Our hobby is a spirited horse of pasteboard in which the master † dances, and displays tricks of legerdemain, such as the threading of the needle, the mimicking of the whigh-hie, and the daggers in the nose, &c. as Ben Jonson, edit. 1756, vol. I. p. 171, acquaints us, and thereby explains the swords in the man's cheeks. What is stuck in the horse's mouth I apprehend to be a ladle ornamented with a ribbon. Its use was to receive the spectators' pecuniary donations. The crimson foot-cloth, fretted with gold, the golden bit, the purple bridle with a golden tassel, and studded with gold; the man's purple mantle with a golden border, which is latticed with purple, his golden crown, purple cap with a red feather, and with a golden knop, induce me to think him to be the king of May; though he now appears as a juggler and a buffoon. We are to recollect the simplicity of ancient times, which knew not polite literature, and delighted in jesters, tumblers, jugglers, and pantomimes. The emperor Lewis the Debonair not only sent for such actors upon great festivals, but out of complaisance to the people was obliged to assist at their plays, though he was averse to publick shews. Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Kenelworth with Italian tumblers, Morris dancers, &c. The colour of the hobby-horse is a reddish white, like the beautiful blossom of a peach-tree. The man's coat or doublet is the only one upon the window that has buttons upon it, and the right side of it is yellow, and the left

* Vol. VI. p. 93. of Whalley's edition, 1756:
"*Clo.* They should be Morris dancers by their gingle, but they have no napkins.
"*Coc.* No, nor a hobby-horse.
"*Clo.* Oh, he's *often* forgotten, that's no rule; but there is no Maid Marian nor friar amongst them, which is the surer mark."
Vol. V. p. 211:
"But see, the hobby-horse is forgot.
"Fool, it must be your lot,
"To supply his want with faces,
"And some other buffoon graces."

† Dr. Plot's *History of Staffordshire*, p. 434, mentions a dance by a hobby-horse and six others.

red

red. Such a particoloured * jacket, and hose in the like manner, were occasionally fashionable from Chaucer's days to Ben Jonson's, who in Epigram 73, speaks of a "partie-per-pale picture, one half drawn in solemn Cyprus, the other cobweb lawn."

Figure 6 seems to be a clown, peasant, or † yeoman, by his brown visage, notted hair, and robust limbs. In Beaumont's and Fletcher's play of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, a clown is placed next to the Bavian fool in the Morris dance; and this figure is next to him in the file or in the downward line. His bonnet is red, faced with yellow, his jacket red, his sleeves yellow, striped across or rayed with red, the upper part of his hose is like the sleeves, and the lower part is a coarse deep purple, his shoes red.

Figure 7, by the superior neatness of his dress may be a franklin or a gentleman of fortune. His hair is curled, his bonnet purple, his doublet red with gathered sleeves, and his yellow stomacher is laced with red. His hose red, striped across or rayed with a whitish brown, and spotted brown. His codpiece is yellow and so are his shoes.

Figure 8, the May-pole is painted yellow and black in spiral lines. Spelman's *Glossary* mentions the custom of erecting a tall May-pole painted with various colours. Shakespeare, in the play of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, act III sc. ii. speaks of a painted May-pole. Upon our pole are displayed St. George's red cross or the banner of England, and a white pennon or streamer emblazoned with a red cross terminating like the blade of a sword, but the delineation thereof is much faded. It is plain however from an inspection of the window, that the upright line of the cross, which is disunited in the engraving, should be continuous ‡. Keysler, in p. 78 of his *Northern and Celtic Antiquities*, gives us perhaps the original of

* Holinshed, 1586, vol. III. p 326, 805, 812, 844, 963. Whalley's edition of Ben Jonson, vol. VI. p. 248. Stowe's *Survey of London*, 1720, book v p. 164, 166. Urry's *Chaucer*, p. 198.

† So, in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, the yeoman is thus described. "A nott hede had he, with a brown visage."

Again, in the *Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612: "—your notheaded country gentleman."

‡ St. James was the apostle and patron of Spain, and the knights of his order were the most honourable there; and the ensign that they wore, was white, charged with a red cross in the form of a sword. The pennon or streamer upon the May pole seems to contain such a cross. If this conjecture be admitted, we have the banner of England and the ensign of Spain upon the May-pole; and perhaps from this circumstance we may infer that the glass was painted during the marriage of king Henry VIII. and Katharine of Spain. For an account of the ensign of the knights of St. James, see Ashmole's *Hist. of the Order of the Garter*, and Mariana's *Hist. of Spain*.

May-

May-poles; and that the French used to erect them appears also from Mezeray's *History of their King Henry* IV, and from a passage in Stowe's *Chronicle* in the year 1560. Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton acquaint us that the May-games, and particularly some of the characters in them became exceptionable to the puritanical humour of former times. By an ordinance of the Rump Parliament in April 1644, all May-poles were taken down and removed by the constables and church-wardens, &c. After the Restoration they were permitted to be erected again. I apprehend they are now generally unregarded and unfrequented, but we still on May-day adorn our doors in the country with flowers and the boughs of birch, which tree was especially honoured on the same festival by our Gothic ancestors.

To prove figure 9 to be Tom the piper, Mr. Steevens has very happily quoted these lines from Drayton's third Eclogue:

"Myself above Tom Piper to advance,
"Who so bestirs him in the Morris dance
"For penny wage."

His tabour, tabour stick, and pipe, attest his profession; the feather in his cap, his sword, and silver-tinctured shield, may denote him to be a squire minstrel, or a minstrel of the superior order. Chaucer, 1721, p. 181. says: "Minstrels used a red hat." Tom Piper's bonnet is red, faced or turned up with yellow, his doublet blue, the sleeves blue, turned up with yellow, something like red muffitees at his wrists, over his doublet is a red garment, like a short cloak with arm holes, and with a yellow cape, his hose red, and garnished across and perpendicularly on the thighs, with a narrow yellow lace. This ornamental trimming seems to be called gimp-thigh'd in Grey's edition of *Butler's Hudibras*; and something almost similar occurs in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act IV. sc. ii. where the poet mentions, "Rhimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose." His shoes are brown.

Figures 10 and 11 have been thought to be Flemings or Spaniards, and the latter a Morisco. The bonnet of figure 10 is red, turned up with blue, his jacket red with red sleeves down the arms, his stomacher white with a red lace, his hose yellow, striped across or rayed with blue, and spotted blue, the under part of his hose blue, his shoes are pinked, and they are of a light colour. I am at a loss to name the pennant-like slips waving from his shoulders, but I will venture to call them side-sleeves or long sleeves, slit into two or three parts. The poet Hoccleve, or Occleve, about the reign of Richard the Second, or of Henry the Fourth, mentions side-sleeves of pennyless grooms, which swept the ground; and do not the two following quotations infer the use or fashion of two pairs of sleeves upon one gown or doublet? It is asked in the appendix to Bulwer's *Artificial Changeling*: "What use is there of any other than arming sleeves, which answer the proportion of the arm?" In *Much ado about Nothing*, act. III. sc. iv. a lady's gown is described with

down-

down-sleeves, and side-sleeves, that is, as I conceive it, with sleeves down the arms, and with another pair of sleeves, slit open before from the shoulder to the bottom or almost to the bottom, and by this means unsustained by the arms and hanging down by her sides to the ground or as low as her gown. If such sleeves were slit downwards into four parts, they would be quartered; and Holinshed says: "that at a royal mummery, Henry VIII. and fifteen others appeared in Almain jackets, with long quartered sleeves;" and I consider the bipartite or tripartite sleeves of figures 10 and 11 as only a small variation of that fashion. Mr. Steevens thinks the winged sleeves of figures 10 and 11 are alluded to in Beaumont and Fletcher in the *Pilgrim*:

——"That fairy rogue that haunted me
"He has sleeves like dragon's wings."

And he thinks that from these perhaps the fluttering streamers of the present Morris dancers in Sussex may be derived. Markham's *Art of Angling*, 1635, orders the angler's apparel to be "without hanging sleeves, waving loose, like sails."

Figure 11 has upon his head a silver coronet, a purple cap with a red feather, and with a golden knop. In my opinion he personates a nobleman, for I incline to think that various ranks of life were meant to be represented upon my window. He has a post of honour, or, "a station in the valued * file," which here seems to be the middle row, and which according to my conjecture comprehends the queen, the king, the May-pole, and the nobleman. The golden crown upon the head of the master of the hobby-horse denotes preeminence of rank over figure 11, not only by the greater value of the † metal, but by the superior number of points raised upon it. The shoes are blackish, the hose red, striped across or rayed with brown or with a darker red, his cod-piece yellow, his doublet yellow, with yellow side-sleeves, and red arming sleeves, or down-sleeves. The form of his doublet is remarkable. There is great variety in the dresses and attitudes of the Morris dancers on the window, but an ocular observation will give a more accurate idea of this and of other particulars than a verbal description.

Figure 12 is the counterfeit fool, that was kept in the royal palace, and in all great houses, to make sport for the family. He appears with all the badges of his office; the bauble in his hand, and a coxcomb hood with asses ears on his head. The top of the hood into the form of a cock's neck and head, with a bell at the

* The right hand file is the first in dignity and account, or in degree of value, according to count Mansfield's *Directions of War*, 1624.

† The ancient kings of France wore gilded helmets; the dukes and counts wore silvered ones. See Selden's *Titles of Honour for the raised points of Coronets.*

latter;

latter; and Minshew's *Dictionary*, 1627, under the word *cock's-comb*, observes, that "natural idiots and fools have [accustomed] and still do accustome themselves to weare in their cappes cocke's feathers or a hat with a necke and head of a cocke on the top, and a bell thereon, &c." His hood is blue, guarded or edged with yellow at its scalloped bottom, his doublet is red, striped across or rayed with a deeper red, and edged with yellow, his girdle yellow, his left side hose yellow with a red shoe, and his right side hose blue, soled with red leather. Stowe's *Chronicle*, 1614, p. 899, mentions a pair of cloath-stockings soled with white leather called "cashambles," that is, "Chausses semelles de cuir," as Mr. Anstis, on the Knighthood of the Bath, observes. The fool's bauble and the carved head with asses ears upon it are all yellow. There is in *Olaus Magnus*, 1555, p. 524, a delineation of a fool, or jester, with several bells upon his habit, with a bauble in his hand, and he has on his head a hood with asses ears, a feather, and the resemblance of the comb of a cock. Such jesters seem to have been formerly much caressed by the northern nations, especially in the court of Denmark; and perhaps our ancient *joculator regis* might mean such a person.

A gentleman of the highest class in historical literature apprehends, that the representation upon my window is that of a Morris dance procession about a May-pole; and he inclines to think, yet with many doubts of its propriety in a modern painting, that the personages in it rank in the boustrophedon form. By this arrangement, says he, the piece seems to form a regular whole, and the train is begun and ended by a fool in the following manner: figure 12 is the well-known fool; figure 11 is a Morisco, and figure 10 a Spaniard, persons peculiarly pertinent to the Morris dance; and he remarks that the Spaniard obviously forms a sort of middle term betwixt the Moorish and the English characters, having the great fantastical sleeve of the one, and the laced stomacher of the other. Figure 9 is Tom the piper. Figure 8 the May-pole. Then follow the English characters, representing, as he apprehends, the five great ranks of civil life; figure 7 is the franklin or private gentleman. Figure 6 is a plain churl or villane. He takes figure 5, the man within the hobby-horse, to be perhaps a Moorish king, and from many circumstances of superior grandeur plainly pointed out as the greatest personage of the piece, the monarch of the May, and the intended consort of our English Maid Marian. Figure 4 is a nobleman. Figure 3 the friar, representative of all the clergy. Figure 2 is Maid Marian, queen of May. Figure 1, the lesser fool closes the rear.

My description commences where this concludes, or I have reversed this gentleman's arrangement, by which in either way the train begins and ends with a fool; but I will not assert that such a disposition was designedly observed by the painter.

With regard to the antiquity of the painted glass there is no me-

 morial

morial or traditional account transmitted to us; nor is there any date in the room but this, 1621, which is over a door, and which indicates in my opinion the year of building the house. The book of *Sports or lawful Recreations upon Sunday after Evening-prayers, and upon Holy-days*, published by king James in 1618, allowed May-games, Morris dances, and the setting up of May-poles; and as Ben Jonson's Masque of the *Metamorphosed Gipsies* intimates, that Maid Marian, and the friar, together with the often forgotten hobby-horse, were sometimes continued in the Morris dance as late as the year 1621, I once thought that the glass might be stained about that time; but my present objections to this are the following ones. It seems from the prologue to the play of *Henry VIII.* that Shakespeare's fools should be dressed "in a long motley coat, guarded with yellow;" but the fool upon my window is not so habited, and he has upon his head a hood, which I apprehend might be the coverture of the fool's head before the days of Shakespeare, when it was a cap with a comb like a cock's, as both Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson assert, and they seem justified in doing so from king Lear's fool giving Kent his cap, and calling it his coxcomb. I am uncertain, whether any judgment can be formed from the manner of spelling the inscrolled inscription upon the May-pole, upon which is displayed the old banner of England, and not the union flag of Great Britain, or St. George's red cross and St. Andrew's white cross joined together, which was ordered by king James in 1606, as Stowe's *Chronicle* certifies. Only one of the doublets has buttons, which I conceive were common in queen Elizabeth's reign; nor have any of the figures ruffs, which fashion commenced in the latter days of Henry VIII. and from their want of beards also I am inclined to suppose they were delineated before the year 1535, when king "Henry VIII. commanded all about his court to poll their heads, and caused his own to be polled, and his beard to be notted, and no more shaven." Probably the glass was painted in his youthful days, when he delighted in May-games, unless it may be judged to be of much higher antiquity by almost two centuries.

Such are my conjectures upon a subject of much obscurity; but it is high time to resign it to one more conversant with the history of our ancient dresses. TOLLET.

HENRY IV.

PART II.

INDUCTION.

[1] *Enter Rumour*, [2] *painted full of tongues.*

Rum. Open your ears; For which of you will ſtop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour ſpeaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping weſt,

[1] *Enter Rumour,*—] This ſpeech of Rumour is not inelegant or unpoetical, but is wholly uſeleſs, ſince we are told nothing which the firſt ſcene does not clearly and naturally diſcover. The only end of ſuch prologues is to inform the audience of ſome facts previous to the action, of which they can have no knowledge from the perſons of the drama. JOHNSON.

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.] This the author probably drew from Holinſhed's *Deſcription of a Pageant*, exhibited in the court of Henry VIII. with uncommon coſt and magnificence: "Then entered a perſon called *Report*, apparelled in crimſon fattin, *full of toongs*, or chronicles." Vol. III. p. 805. This however might be the common way of repreſenting this perſonage in maſques, which were frequent in his own times. WARTON.

Stephen Hawes, in his *Paſtime of Pleaſure*, had long ago exhibited her *(Rumour)* in the ſame manner:

"A goodly lady, envyroned about
"With *tongues* of fire."———

And ſo had ſir Thomas Moore, in one of his Pageants:

"*Fame* I am called, mervayle you nothing
"Thoughe with *tonges* I am compaſſed all arounde."

Not to mention her elaborate portrait by Chaucer, in *The Booke of Fame*; and by John Higgins, one of the aſſiſtants in *The Mirror for Magiſtrates*, in his *Legend of King Albanacte*. FARMER.

In a maſque preſented on St. Stephen's night, 1614, by Thomas Campion, *Rumour* comes on in a ſkin-coat *full of* winged *tongues*.

Rumor is likewiſe a character in *Sir Clyomon Knight of the Golden Shield* &c. 1599. STEEVENS.

[2] ———*painted full of tongues.*] This direction, which is only to be found in the firſt edition in quarto of 1600, explains a paſſage in what follows, otherwiſe obſcure. POPE.

Making the wind my poſt-horſe, ſtill unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual ſlanders ride;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with falſe reports.
I ſpeak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the ſmile of ſafety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful muſters, and prepar'd defence;
Whilſt the big year, ſwoll'n with ſome other grief,
Is thought with child by the ſtern tyrant war,
And no ſuch matter? [3] Rumour is a pipe
Blown by ſurmiſes, jealouſies, conjectures;
And of ſo eaſy and ſo plain a ſtop,
That the blunt monſter with uncounted heads,
The ſtill-diſcordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my houſhold? Why is Rumour here?
I run before king Harry's victory;
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewſbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotſpur, and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To ſpeak ſo true at firſt? my office is
To noiſe abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotſpur's ſword;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peaſant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewſbury
[4] And this worm-eaten hold of ragged ſtone,

Where

[3] ——*Rumour is a pipe*] Here the poet imagines himſelf deſcribing *Rumour*, and forgets that *Rumour* is the ſpeaker.

JOHNSON.

[4] *And this worm-eaten* hole *of ragged ſtone.*] Northumberland had retired and fortified himſelf in his caſtle, a place of ſtrength

in

Where Hotſpur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-ſick: the poſts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me; From Rumour's tongues
They bring ſmooth comforts falſe, worſe than true wrongs. [*Exit.*

in thoſe times, though the building might be impaired by its antiquity; and, therefore, I believe our poet wrote:

And this worm-eaten hold *of ragged ſtone.* THEOBALD.

Theobald is certainly right. So, in *The Wars of Cyrus* &c. 1594:

" Beſieg'd his fortreſs with his men at arms,
" Where only I and that Libanio ſtay'd
" By whom I live. For when the *hold* was loſt &c."

Again, in *K. Henry* VI. P. III:

" She is hard by with twenty thouſand men,
" And therefore fortify your *hold*, my lord."

STEEVENS.

Perſons Repreſented.

King Henry the Fourth.

Persons	
Henry, *Prince of Wales, afterwards King,* John, duke of Bedford, Humphrey, duke of Gloſter, Thomas duke of Clarence.	*his ſons.*
Earl of Northumberland, Scroop, Archbiſhop of York, Lord Mowbray, Lord Haſtings, Lord Bardolph, Sir John Colevile, Travers, Morton,	*againſt the king.*
Earl of Warwick, Earl of Weſtmoreland, Gower, Harcourt, Lord Chief Juſtice,	*of the king's party.*

Falſtaff, Poins, Bardolph, Piſtol, Peto, and Page.
Shallow, and Silence, *country juſtices.*
Davy, *ſervant to Shallow.*
Phang and Snare, *two ſerjeants.*

Recruits	
Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bullcalf,	*recruits.*

Lady Northumberland.
Lady Percy.
Hoſteſs Quickly.
Doll Tear-ſheet.

Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

SCENE, *England.*

[1] SECOND PART OF HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Northumberland's castle, at Warkworth.

The Porter at the gate; Enter lord Bardolph.

Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?—Where is the earl?

Port. What ſhall I ſay you are?

Bard. Tell thou the earl,
That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

[1] *Second Part of Henry IV.*] The tranſactions comprized in this hiſtory take up about nine years. The action commences with the account of Hotſpur's being defeated and killed; and cloſes with the death of king Henry IV. and the coronation of king Henry V. THEOBALD.

This play was enter'd at Stationers' Hall, Auguſt 23. 1600. STEEVENS.

Mr. Upton thinks theſe two plays improperly called *The Firſt* and *Second Parts of Henry the Fourth*. The firſt play ends, he ſays, with the peaceful ſettlement of Henry in the kingdom by the defeat of the rebels. This is hardly true; for the rebels are not yet finally ſuppreſſed. The ſecond, he tells us, ſhews Henry the Fifth in the various lights of a good-natured rake, till, on his father's death, he aſſumes a more manly character. This is true; but this repreſentation gives us no idea of a dramatic action. Theſe two plays will appear to every reader, who ſhall peruſe them without ambition of critical diſcoveries, to be ſo connected, that the ſecond is merely a ſequel to the firſt; to be two only becauſe they are too long to be one. JOHNSON.

Port.

Port. His lordſhip is walk'd forth into the orchard;
Pleaſe it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himſelf will anſwer.

Enter Northumberland.

Bard. Here comes the earl.
North. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of ſome ſtratagem:
The times are wild; contention, like a horſe
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke looſe,
And bears down all before him.
Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewſbury.
North. Good, an heaven will!
Bard. As good as heart can wiſh:—
The king is almoſt wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your ſon,
Prince Harry ſlain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas: young prince John,
And Weſtmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk ſir John,
Is priſoner to your ſon: O, ſuch a day,
So fought, ſo follow'd, and ſo fairly won,
Came not, 'till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæſar's fortunes!
North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewſbury?
Bard. I ſpake with one, my lord, that came from thence;
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me theſe news for true.
North. Here comes my ſervant Travers, whom I ſent
On Tueſday laſt to liſten after news.
Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way;
And he is furniſh'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter

Enter Travers.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

Tra. My lord, ſir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him, came, ſpurring hard,
A gentleman almoſt forſpent[2] with ſpeed,
That ſtopp'd by me to breathe his bloody'd horſe:
He aſk'd the way to Cheſter; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewſbury.
He told me, that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's ſpur was cold:
With that, he gave his able horſe the head,
And, bending forward, ſtruck his [3] armed heels
Againſt the panting ſides of his [4] poor jade
Up to the [5] rowel-head; and, ſtarting ſo,
[6] He ſeem'd in running to devour the way,

[2] ——forſpent *with ſpeed,*] To *forſpend* is to waſte, to exhauſt. So, in ſir A. Gorges' tranſlation of *Lucan*, b. vii:

"——crabbed ſires *forſpent* with age." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*armed heels*] Thus the quarto 1600. The folio 1623, reads *able heels*; the modern editors, without authority, *agile heels*. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*poor jade*] *Poor jade* is uſed not in contempt, but in compaſſion. *Poor jade* means the horſe wearied with his journey.

Jade, however, ſeems anciently to have ſignify'd what we now call a *hackney*; a beaſt employed in drudgery, oppoſed to a horſe kept for ſhow, or to be rid by its maſter. So, in a comedy called *A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594:

"Beſides, I'll give you the keeping of a dozen *jades*,
"And now and then meat for you and your *horſe*."

This is ſaid by a *farmer* to a *courtier*. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*rowel-head*;——] I think that I have obſerved in old prints the *rowel* of thoſe times to have been only a ſingle ſpike. JOHNSON.

[6] *He ſeem'd in running to devour the way,*] So, in *The Book of Job*, chap. xxxix: "He *ſwalloweth* the ground in fierceneſs and rage." The ſame expreſſion occurs in Ben Jonſon's *Sejanus:*

"But with that ſpeed and heat of appetite
"With which they greedily *devour the way*
"To ſome great ſports." STEEVENS.

Staying

Staying no longer queſtion.

North. Ha!——Again.
Said he, young Harry Percy's ſpur was cold?
Of Hotſpur [7], coldſpur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck?

Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what;—
If my young lord your ſon have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a [8] ſilken point
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

North. Why ſhould the gentleman, that rode by
Travers,
Give then ſuch inſtances of loſs?

Bard. Who, he?
He was [9] ſome hilding fellow, that had ſtol'n
The horſe he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spoke at adventure. Look, here comes more news.

Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this man's brow, [1] like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragick volume:
So looks the ſtrond, whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witneſs'd uſurpation——
Say, Morton, did'ſt thou come from Shrewſbury?

Mort. I ran from Shrewſbury, my noble lord;

[7] *Of* Hotſpur, *coldſpur?*——] *Hotſpur* ſeems to have been a very common term for a man of vehemence and precipitation. Stanyhurſt, who tranſlated four books of *Virgil*, in 1584, renders the following line:

Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile.
"To couch not mounting of mayſter vanquiſher *hoatſpur*."
STEEVENS.

[8] ——*ſilken point*] A *point* is a ſtring tagged, or lace.
JOHNSON.

[9] ——*ſome hilding fellow*,——] For *hilderling*, i. e. baſe, degenerate. POPE.

[1] ——*like to a title-leaf*,——] It may not be amiſs to obſerve, that in the time of our poet, the title-page to an elegy as well as every intermediate leaf, was totally black. I have ſeveral in my poſſeſſion, written by Chapman the tranſlator of *Homer*, and ornamented in this manner. STEEVENS.

Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son, and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, [2] so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
This would'st thou say,—Your son did thus, and thus;
Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

Mort. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet:
But for my lord your son,——

North. Why, he is dead.
See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,

[2] ——*so woe-begone,*] This word was common enough amongst the old Scottish and English poets, as G. Douglas, Chaucer, lord Buckhurst, Fairfax; and signifies, *far gone in woe.* WARBURTON.

So, in the *Spanish Tragedy:*
"Awake, revenge, or we are *wo-begone!*"
Again, in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia,* 1607: "If there were an end of woe, it were nothing to be *woe-begone.*" Again, in *Arden of Feversham,* 1592:
"So *woe-begone,* so inly charg'd with woe."
Again, in a *Looking-Glass for London and England,* 1617:
"Fair Alvida, look not so *woe-begone.*"

Dr. Bentley is said to have thought this passage corrupt, and therefore (with a greater degree of gravity than my readers will probably express) proposed the following emendation:
"So dead so dull in look, *Ucalegon*
"Drew Priam's curtain &c."
The name of *Ucalegon* is found in the third book of the *Iliad,* and the second of the Æneid. STEEVENS.

Hath,

Hath, by inſtinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet ſpeak, Morton;
Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies;
And I will take it as a ſweet diſgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me ſuch wrong.

Mort. You are too great to be by me gainſaid:
[3] Your ſpirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. [4] Yet, for all this, ſay not that Percy's dead.
I ſee a ſtrange confeſſion in thine eye:
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head; and [5] hold'ſt it fear, or ſin,
To ſpeak a truth. [6] If he be ſlain, ſay ſo:
The tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth ſin, that doth belie the dead;

[3] *Your ſpirit*——] The impreſſion upon your mind, by which you conceive the death of your ſon. JOHNSON.

[4] *Yet, for all this, ſay not* &c.] The contradiction in the firſt part of this ſpeech might be imputed to the diſtraction of Northumberland's mind; but the calmneſs of the reflection, contained in the laſt lines, ſeems not much to countenance ſuch a ſuppoſition. I will venture to diſtribute this paſſage in a manner which will, I hope, ſeem more commodious; but do not wiſh the reader to forget, that the moſt commodious is not always the true reading:

Bard. *Yet for all this, ſay not that Percy's dead.*
North. *I ſee a ſtrange confeſſion in thine eye;*
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head, and hold'ſt it fear, or ſin,
To ſpeak a truth. If he be ſlain, ſay ſo.
The tongue offends not, that reports his death;
And he doth ſin, that doth belie the dead,
Not he that ſaith the dead is not alive.
Morton. *Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome news*
Hath but a loſing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a ſullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Here is a natural interpoſition of Bardolph at the beginning, who is not pleaſed to hear his news confuted, and a proper preparation of Morton for the tale which he is unwilling to tell.
JOHNSON.

[5] ——*hold'ſt it* fear, *or ſin,*] *Fear* for danger.
WARBURTON.

[6] *If he be ſlain, ſay ſo:*] The words *ſay ſo* are in the firſt folio, but not in the quarto: they are neceſſary to the verſe, but the ſenſe proceeds as well without them. JOHNSON.

Not

Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mort. I am sorry, I should force you to believe
That, which I would to heaven I had not seen:
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rend'ring faint quittance [7], wearied and out-breath'd,
To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death (whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp)
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops:
[8] For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which

[7] ——*faint* quittance,——] *Quittance* is return. By *faint quittance* is meant a *faint return of blows*. So, in another play:
"We shall forget the office of our hand
"Sooner than *quittance* of desert and merit." STEEVENS.

[8] *For from his metal was his party steel'd;*
Which once in him abated, ——]
The word *metal* is one of those hacknied metaphorical terms, which resumes so much of a literal sense as not to need the idea (from whence the figure is taken) to be kept up. So that it may with elegance enough be said, *his metal was abated,* as well as *his courage was abated.* See what is said on this subject in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act V. But when the writer shews, as here, both before and after:
"——*his party steel'd*——
"*Turn'd on themselves like dull and heavy lead,*"
that his intention was not to drop the idea from whence he took his metaphor, then he cannot say with propriety and elegance, his *metal was abated*; because what he predicates of *metal*, must be then conveyed in a term conformable to the metaphor. Hence I conclude that Shakespeare wrote:
Which once in him rebated—— i. e. blunted.
WARBURTON.

Here is a great effort to produce little effect. The commentator

Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed;
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field: Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner: and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
[9] 'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs; and, in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is,—that the king hath won; and hath sent out
A speedy power, to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
And Westmoreland: this is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physick; and these news
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,

tator does not seem fully to understand the word *abated*, which is not here put for the general idea of *diminished*, nor for the notion of *blunted*, as applied to a single edge. *Abated* means *reduced to a lower temper*, or, as the workmen call it, *let down*. JOHNSON.

[9] *'Gan vail his stomach*,——] Began to fall his courage, to let his spirits sink under his fortune. JOHNSON.

Thus, to *vail the bonnet* is to pull it off. So, in the *Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

"And make the king *vail bonnet* to us both."

To *vail* a staff is to let it fall in token of respect. Thus, in the same play:

"And for the ancient custom of *vail-staff*,
"Keep it still; claim privilege from me:
"If any ask a reason, why? or how?
"Say English Edward *vail'd his staff* to you."

STEEVENS.

Like

Like ſtrengthleſs hinges, [1] buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even ſo my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themſelves: hence therefore, thou nice crutch;
A ſcaly gauntlet now, with joints of ſteel,
Muſt glove this hand: and hence, thou ſickly quoif;
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, fleſh'd with conqueſt, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; And approach
[2] The rugged'ſt hour that time and ſpight dare bring,
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heaven kiſs earth! Now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a ſtage,
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one ſpirit of the firſt-born Cain
Reign in all boſoms, that, each heart being ſet
On bloody courſes, the rude ſcene may end,
[3] And darkneſs be the burier of the dead!

Bard. [4] This ſtrained paſſion doth you wrong, my lord:

Sweet

[1] —*buckle*—] Bend; yield to preſſure. JOHNSON.

[2] *The rugged'ſt hour* &c.] The old edition:

The ragged'ſt *hour that time and ſpight dare bring*
To frown &c.

There is no conſonance of metaphors betwixt *ragged* and *frown*; nor, indeed, any dignity in the image. On both accounts, therefore, I ſuſpect our author wrote, as I have reformed the text:

The rugged'ſt *hour* &c. THEOBALD.

[3] *And darkneſs* &c.] The concluſion of this noble ſpeech is extremely ſtriking. There is no need to ſuppoſe it exactly philoſophical; *darkneſs*, in poetry, may be abſence of eyes, as well as privation of light. Yet we may remark, that by an ancient opinion it has been held, that if the human race, for whom the world was made, were extirpated, the whole ſyſtem of ſublunary nature would ceaſe. JOHNSON.

[4] *This ſtrained paſſion* &c.] This line is only in the firſt edition,

where

Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mort. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
[5] You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you said,—
Let us make head. It was your presurmise,
That, in the dole of blows [6] your son might drop:
You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:
You were advis'd, his flesh was capable
Of wounds, and scars; and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd;
Yet did you say,—Go forth; and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action: What hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,

where it is spoken by Umfrevile, who speaks no where else. It seems necessary to the connection. POPE.

Umfrevile is spoken of in this very scene as absent; the line was therefore properly allotted to Bardolph, or perhaps might yet more properly be given to Travers, who is present, and yet is made to say nothing on this very interesting occasion. STEEVENS.

[5] *You cast the event of war,* &c.] The fourteen lines from hence to Bardolph's next speech, are not to be found in the first editions till that in folio of 1623. A very great number of other lines in this play are inserted after the first edition in like manner, but of such spirit and mastery generally, that the insertions are plainly by Shakespeare himself. POPE.

To this note I have nothing to add, but that the editor speaks of more editions than I believe him to have seen, there having been but one edition yet discovered by me that precedes the first folio. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *in the* dole *of blows* ——] The *dole* of blows is the *distribution* of blows. *Dole* originally signified the portion of alms (consisting either of meat or money) that was given away at the door of a nobleman. So, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Isenbras*, bl. l. no date:

"Every day she made a *dole*
"Of many florences gold and hole."

Again, in the *Island Princess* by B. and Fletcher:

"——dealing large *doles* of death." STEEVENS.

More

More than that being which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss,
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
Choak'd the respect of likely peril fear'd;
And, since we are o'er-set, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth; body, and goods.

Mort. 'Tis more than time: And, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,——
[7] The gentle archbishop of York is up,
With well-appointed powers; he is a man,
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corps,
But shadows, and the shews of men, to fight:
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls;
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink potions; that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond: But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones:
Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause;
[8] Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;

[7] *The gentle* &c.] These one-and-twenty lines were added since the first edition. JOHNSON.

[8] *Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,*] That is, stands over his country to defend her as she lies bleeding on the ground. So Falstaff before says to the prince, *If thou see me down, Hal, and bestride me, so; it is an office of friendship.* JOHNSON.

 And

[9] And more, and leſs, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to ſpeak truth,
This preſent grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counſel every man
The apteſt way for ſafety, and revenge:
Get poſts, and letters, and make friends with ſpeed;
Never ſo few, and never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A ſtreet in London.

Enter Sir John Falſtaff, with his page bearing his ſword and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant! [1] what ſays the doctor to my water?

Page.

[9] *And more, and leſs,*—] *More* and *leſs* means *greater* and *leſs*. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*what ſays the doctor to my water?*] The method of inveſtigating diſeaſes by the inſpection of urine only, was once ſo much the faſhion, that Linacre, the founder of the College of Phyſicians, formed a ſtatute to reſtrain apothecaries from carrying the *water* of their patients to a doctor, and afterwards giving medicines in conſequence of the opinions they received concerning it. This ſtatute was, ſoon after, followed by another, which forbade the doctors themſelves to pronounce on any diſorder from ſuch an uncertain diagnoſtic.

John Day, the author of a comedy called *Law Tricks, or Who would have thought it?* 1608, deſcribes an apothecary thus:
"——his houſe is ſet round with patients twice or thrice a day, and becauſe they'll be ſure not to want drink, every one brings *his own water* in an urinal with him."

Again, in B. and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady:*
"I'll make her cry ſo much, that the phyſician,
"If ſhe fall ſick upon it, ſhall want *urine*
"To find the cauſe by."

It will ſcarce be believed hereafter, that in the years 1775 and 1776, a German, who had been a ſervant in a public riding-ſchool, (from which he was diſcharged for inſufficiency) revived this exploded practice of *water-caſting*. After he had amply encreaſed the

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water: but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird[2] at me: The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whorson [3] mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. [4] I was never mann'd with an

the bills of mortality, and been publicly hung up to the ridicule of those who had too much sense to consult him, as a monument of the folly of his patients, he retired with a princely fortune, and perhaps is now indulging a hearty laugh at the expence of English credulity. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*to* gird *at me:*——] i. e. to gibe. So, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594, a comedy by Lilly: "We maids are mad wenches; we *gird* them and flout them &c." Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 6:

"————this wondred error grow'th
"At which our critics *gird*." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*mandrake,*——] *Mandrake* is a root supposed to have the shape of a man; it is now counterfeited with the root of briony. JOHNSON.

[4] *I was never mann'd*——] That is, I never before had an agate for my *man*. JOHNSON.

I was never mann'd with an agate 'till now:——] Alluding to the little figures cut in *agates*, and other hard stones, for seals: and therefore he says, *I will set you neither in gold nor silver*. The Oxford editor alters this to *aglet*, a tag to the points then in use (a word indeed which our author uses to express the same thought): but *aglets*, though they were sometimes of gold or silver, were never *set* in those metals. WARBURTON.

It appears from a passage in B. and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*, that it was usual for justices of peace either to wear an *agate* in a ring, or as an appendage to their gold chain:

"——Thou wilt spit as formally, and shew thy *agate* and hatch'd chain, as well as the best of them."

 The

an agate 'till now: but I will neither set you in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel; [5] the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledg'd. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal. Heaven may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: [6] he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a batchelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him.——What said master Dombledon [7] about the sattin for my short cloak, and slops?

Page.

The same allusion is employed on the same occasion in the *Isle of Gull*, 1633:

"Grace, you *Agate*! hast not forgot that yet?"

The virtues of the *agate* were anciently supposed to protect the wearer from any misfortune. So, in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593: "——the man that hath the stone *agathes* about him, is surely defenced against adversity." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*the juvenal*, &c.] This term, which has already occurred in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Love's Labour's Lost*, is used in many places by Chaucer, and always signifies a young man. So, in *Westward Hoe*, 1607.

"What would'st? I am one of his *juvenals*."

Again, in *The Art of Jugling or Legerdemain*, 1612 "——but thou my pretty *Juvenall*, &c. must lick it up for a restorative &c." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*he may keep it still as a face-royal*,——] That is, a face exempt from the touch of vulgar hands. So a *stag-royal* is not to be hunted, a *mine-royal* is not to be dug. JOHNSON.

Perhaps this quibbling allusion is to the English *real*, *rial*, or *royal*. The poet seems to mean that a barber can no more earn six-pence by his *face-royal*, than by the face stamped on the coin called a *royal*; the one requiring as little shaving as the other. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*Dombledon*——] Thus the folio. The quarto 1600 reads—*Dommelton*. This name seems to have been a made one, and designed to afford some apparent meaning. The author might

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he lik'd not the security.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter!—A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! [8] to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security!—The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and [9] if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon—security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I look'd he should have sent me two and twenty yards of sattin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and [1] the lightness of his wife shines

have written—*Double-done*, from his making the same charge twice in his books, or charging twice as much for a commodity as it is worth. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*to bear in hand*——] Is, to keep in expectation. JOHNSON.

So, in Macbeth:

"——How you were *borne in hand*, how crost——" STEEVENS.

[9] ——*if a man is* thorough *with them in honest taking up*,——] That is, *if a man by taking up goods* is in their debt. To be *thorough* seems to be the same with the present phrase to be *in with* a tradesman. JOHNSON.

So, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour:*

"I will *take up*, and bring myself into credit."

So again, in *Northward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607: "They will *take up*, I warrant you, where they may be trusted." Again, in the same piece: "Sattin gowns must be *taken up*." Again, in *Love Restored*, one of Ben Jonson's masques: "A pretty fine speech was *taken up* o' th' poet too, which if he never be paid for now, 'tis no matter." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*the lightness of his wife shines through it, and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him.*—] This joke seems evidently to have been taken from that of Plautus: "*Quò ambulas tu, qui Vulcanum in cornu conclusum geris?*" Amph. act I. scene i. and much improved. We need not doubt that a joke was here

ſhines through it: and yet cannot he ſee, though he have his own lanthorn to light him.——Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worſhip a horſe.

Fal. [2] I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horſe in Smithfield: if I could get me but a wife in the ſtews, I were mann'd, hors'd, and wiv'd.

here intended by Plautus; for the proverbial term of *horns* for *cuckoldom*, is very ancient, as appears by Artemidorus, who ſays: Προειπεῖν αὐτῷ ὅτι ἡ γυνή σου πορνεύσει, καὶ τὸ λεγόμενον, κέρατα αὐτῷ ποιήσει, καὶ οὕτως ἀπέβη. Ὀνειρ. lib. ii. cap. 12. And he copied from thoſe before him. WARBURTON.

The ſame thought occurs in the *Two Maids of Moreclacke*, 1609:

"————your wrongs
"Shine through the *horn*, as candles in the eve,
"To light out others." STEEVENS.

[2] *I bought him in Paul's,*——] At that time the reſort of idle people, cheats, and knights of the poſt. WARBURTON.

In an old *Collection of Proverbs*, I find the following:

"Who goes to Weſtminſter for a wife, to *St. Paul's* for a man, and to Smithfield for a horſe, may meet with a whore, a knave, and a jade."

In a pamphlet by Dr. Lodge, called *Wit's Miſerie, and the World's Madneſſe*, 1596, the devil is deſcribed thus:

"In *Powls* hee walketh like a gallant courtier, where if he meet ſome rich chuffes worth the gulling, at every word he ſpeaketh, he makes a mouſe an elephant, and telleth them of wonders, done in Spaine by his anceſtors, &c. &c."

I ſhould not have troubled the reader with this quotation, but that it in ſome meaſure familiarizes the character of Piſtol, which (from other paſſages in the ſame pamphlet) appears to have been no uncommon one in the time of Shakeſpeare. Dr. Lodge concludes his deſcription thus:——"His courage is boaſting, his learning ignorance, his ability weakneſs, and his end beggary."

Again, in *Ram-alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"——get thee a gray cloak and a hat,
"And walk in *Paul's* among thy caſhier'd mates
"As melancholy as the beſt."

I learn from a paſſage in Greene's *Diſputation between a He Coneycatcher and a She Coneycatcher*, 1592, that *St. Paul's* was a privileged place, ſo that no debtor could be arreſted within its precincts. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter the Lord Chief Justice,[3] *and Servants*.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for ſtriking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait cloſe, I will not ſee him.

Ch. Juſt. What's he that goes there?

Serv. Falſtaff, an't pleaſe your lordſhip.

Ch. Juſt. He that was in queſtion for the robbery?

Serv. He, my lord: but he hath ſince done good ſervice at Shrewſbury; and, as I hear, is now going with ſome charge to the lord John of Lancaſter.

Ch. Juſt. What, to York? Call him back again.

Serv. Sir John Falſtaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deaf.

Page, You muſt ſpeak louder, my maſter is deaf.

Ch. Juſt. I am ſure, he is, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I muſt ſpeak with him.

Serv. Sir John,——

Fal. What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack ſubjects? do not the rebels want ſoldiers? Though it be a ſhame to be on any ſide but one, it is worſe ſhame to beg than to be on the worſt ſide, were it worſe than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You miſtake me, ſir.

Fal. Why, ſir, did I ſay you were an honeſt man? ſetting my knighthood and my ſoldierſhip aſide, I had lied in my throat if I had ſaid ſo.

Serv. I pray you, ſir, then ſet your knighthood and your ſoldierſhip aſide; and give me leave to tell

[3] ——*Chief Juſtice*——] This judge was ſir William Gaſcoigne Chief Juſtice of the King's Bench. He died December 17, 1413, and was buried in Harwood church in Yorkſhire. His effigy, in judicial robes, is on his monument. STEEVENS.

you,

you, you lie in your throat, if you ſay I am any other than an honeſt man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me ſo! I lay aſide that which grows to me! If thou get'ſt any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'ſt leave, thou wert better be hang'd: You [4] hunt-counter, hence! avaunt!

Serv. Sir, my lord would ſpeak with you.

Ch. Juſt. Sir John Falſtaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord!—God give your lordſhip good time of day. I am glad to ſee your lordſhip abroad: I heard ſay, your lordſhip was ſick: I hope, your lordſhip goes abroad by advice. Your lordſhip, though not clean paſt your youth, hath yet ſome ſmack of age in you, ſome reliſh of the ſaltneſs of time; and I moſt humbly beſeech your lordſhip, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Juſt. Sir John, I ſent for you before your expedition to Shrewſbury.

Fal. If it pleaſe your lordſhip, I hear, his majeſty is return'd with ſome diſcomfort from Wales.

Ch. Juſt. I talk not of his majeſty:—You would not come when I ſent for you.

Fal. And I hear moreover, his highneſs is fallen into this ſame whoreſon apoplexy.

Ch. Juſt. Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me ſpeak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't pleaſe your lordſhip; a kind of ſleeping in the blood, a whoreſon tingling.

Ch. Juſt. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

4 ——*hunt-counter*,——] That is, blunderer. He does not, I think, allude to any relation between the judge's ſervant and the counter-priſon. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation may be ſupported by the following paſſage in B. Jonſon's *Tale of a Tub*:

" ——Do you mean to make a hare
" Of me, *to hunt counter* thus, and make theſe doubles,
" And you mean no ſuch thing as you ſend about?"

Again, in *Hamlet*:

" O, this is *counter*, you falſe Daniſh dogs." STEEVENS.

Fal.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from ſtudy, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cauſe of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafneſs.

Ch. Juſt. I think, you are fallen into the diſeaſe; for you hear not what I ſay to you.

[5] *Fal.* Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't pleaſe you, it is the diſeaſe of not liſtening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Juſt. To puniſh you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your phyſician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord; but not ſo patient: your lordſhip may miniſter the potion of impriſonment to me, in reſpect of poverty; but how I ſhould be your patient to follow your preſcriptions, the wiſe may make ſome dram of a ſcruple, or, indeed, a ſcruple itſelf.

Ch. Juſt. I ſent for you, when there were matters againſt you for your life, to come ſpeak with me.

Fal. As I was then adviſed by my learned counſel in the laws of this land-ſervice, I did not come.

Ch. Juſt. Well, the truth is, ſir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in leſs.

Ch. Juſt. Your means are very ſlender, and your waſte great.

[5] Fal. *Very well, my lord, very well:*—] In the quarto edition, printed in 1600, this ſpeech ſtands thus:

Old. *Very well, my lord, very well:*——

I had not obſerved this, when I wrote my note to *The Firſt Part of Henry IV.* concerning the tradition of Falſtaff's character having been firſt called Oldcaſtle. This almoſt amounts to a ſelf-evident proof of the thing being ſo: and that the play being printed from the ſtage manuſcript, Oldcaſtle had been all along altered into Falſtaff, except in this ſingle place by an overſight; of which the printers not being aware, continued theſe initial traces of the original name. THEOBALD.

I am unconvinced by Mr. Theobald's remark. *Old.* might have been the beginning of ſome actor's name. Thus we have *Kempe* and *Cowley* inſtead of *Dogberry* and *Verges* in the 4to edit. of *Much Ado*, &c. 1600. STEEVENS.

Fal.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my me were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have mis-led the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath mis-led me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and [6] he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. [7] A wassel candle, my lord; all tallow: but if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. [8] You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal.

[6] —— *he my dog.*] I do not understand this joke. Dogs lead the blind, but why does a dog lead the fat? JOHNSON.

If the *Fellow's great Belly* prevented him from *seeing his* way, he would want a *dog*, as well as a *blind* man. FARMER.

[7] *A wassel candle*, &c.] A *wassel candle* is a large candle lighted up at a feast. There is a poor quibble upon the word *wax*, which signifies increase as well as the matter of the honey-comb. JOHNSON.

[8] *You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.*] What a precious collator has Mr. Pope approved himself in this passage! Besides, if this were the true reading, Falstaff could not have made the witty and humourous evasion he has done in his reply. I have restored the reading of the oldest quarto. The Lord Chief Justice calls Falstaff the prince's *ill angel* or genius:

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, [9] I cannot tell: Virtue is of so little regard [1] in these coster-monger times, that true valour is turn'd bear-herd: Pregnancy [2] is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scrowl of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind

nius: which Falstaff turns off by saying, an *ill angel* (meaning the coin called an *angel) is light*; but, surely, it cannot be said that he wants weight: *ergo*—the inference is obvious. Now money may be called *ill*, or *bad*; but it is never called *evil*, with regard to its being under weight. This Mr. Pope will facetiously call restoring lost puns: but if the author wrote a pun, and it happens to be lost in an editor's indolence, I shall, in spite of his grimace, venture at bringing it back to light. THEOBALD.

"As *light* as a clipt angel," is a comparison frequently used in the old comedies. Again, in *Merry Tricks* or *Ram alley*, 1611:

" ——The law speaks profit does it not?——
" Faith, some *bad Angels* haunt us now and then.

STEEVENS.

[9] *I cannot tell:*—] I cannot be taken in a reckoning; I cannot pass current. JOHNSON.

[1] ———*in these coster-monger times*,—] In these times when the prevalence of trade has produced that meanness that rates the merit of every thing by money. JOHNSON.

A *coster-monger* is a *costard*-monger, a dealer in apples called by that name, because they are shaped like a *costard*, i. e. a man's head.

STEEVENS.

[2] *Pregnancy*, &c.] *Pregnancy* is readiness. So in *Hamlet*, " How *pregnant* his replies are?" STEEVENS.

short?

short? your chin double? [3] your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? [4] and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hallowing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o'the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have check'd him for it; and the young lion repents: marry, not in ashes, and sack-cloth; but in new silk, and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!

Fal. Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath sever'd you and prince Harry: I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

3 ——*your wit single?*—] We call a man single-witted, who attains but one species of knowledge. This sense I know not how to apply to Falstaff, and rather think that the Chief Justice hints at a calamity always incident to a grey-hair'd wit, whose misfortune is, that his merriment is unfashionable. His allusions are to forgotten facts; his illustrations are drawn from notions obscured by time; his *wit* is therefore *single*, such as none has any part in but himself. JOHNSON.

I believe all that Shakespeare meant was, that he had more *fat* than *wit*; that though his body was bloated by intemperance to twice its original size, yet his wit was not increased in proportion to it. STEEVENS.

4 —*antiquity?*] To use the word *antiquity* for old age is not peculiar to *Shakespeare*. So in *Two Tragedies in one*, &c. 1601:

"For false illusion of the magistrates
"With borrow'd shapes of false *antiquity*." STEEVENS.

Fal.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty ſweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiſs my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the lord, I take but two ſhirts out with me, and I mean not to ſweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandiſh any thing but my bottle, [5] I would I might never ſpit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thruſt upon it: Well, I cannot laſt ever: [6] But it was always yet the trick of our Engliſh nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs ſay, I am an old man, you ſhould give me reſt. I would to God, my name were not ſo terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with a ruſt, than to be ſcour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Juſt. Well, be honeſt, be honeſt; And heaven bleſs your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordſhip lend me a thouſand pound, to furniſh me forth?

Ch. Juſt. Not a penny, not a penny; [7] you are too impatient to bear croſſes. Fare you well: Commend me to my couſin Weſtmoreland. [*Exit.*

Fal.

[5] ——— *would I might never* ſpit white *again.*] i. e. May I never have my ſtomach inflamed again with liquor; for, to *ſpit white* is the conſequence of inward heat.

So in *Mother Bombie*, a comedy, 1594.

"They have ſod their livers in ſack theſe forty years; that "makes them *ſpit white broth* as they do." Again, in the *Virgin Martyr* by Maſſinger:

"—I could not have *ſpit white* for want of drink."

STEEVENS.

[6] *But it was always, &c.*] This ſpeech in the folio concludes at *I cannot laſt ever.* All the reſt is reſtored from the quarto. A clear proof of the ſuperior value of thoſe editions, when compared with the publication of the players. STEEVENS.

[7] ——— *you are too impatient to bear croſſes.*] I believe a quibble was here intended. Falſtaff has juſt aſked his lordſhip to lend him *a thouſand pound*, and he tells him in return, that he is not

Fal. If I do, fillip me with [8] a three-man beetle.— A man can no more ſeparate age and covetouſneſs, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and ſo both the degrees prevent [9] my curſes.—Boy!——

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purſe?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy againſt this conſumption of the purſe: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the diſeaſe is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaſter; this to the prince; this to the earl of Weſtmoreland; and this to old miſtreſs Urſula, whom I have weekly ſworn to marry ſince I perceiv'd the firſt white hair on my chin: About it; you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my penſion ſhall ſeem the more reaſonable: A good wit will make uſe of any thing; I will turn diſeaſes to commodity [1]. [*Exit.*

to be entruſted with money. A *croſs* is a coin ſo called, becauſe ſtamped with a croſs.

So in *Love's Labour's loſt*, act I. ſcene iii.

"——*croſſes* love him not."

Again, in *As you like it*,

"If I ſhould bear you, I ſhould bear no *croſs*."

And in Heywood's *Epigrams upon Proverbs*, 1562:

"*Of makyng a Croſſe.*

"I will make a *croſſe* upon his gate: ye, *croſſe* on;

"Thy *croſſes* be on gates all, in thy purſe none."

STEEVENS.

[8] ——*a three-man beetle.*—] A beetle weilded by three men. POPE.

[9] ——*prevent* my curſes.] To *prevent*, means in this place to *anticipate*. So in the *Pſalms*—"Mine eyes *prevent* the night watches." STEEVENS.

[1] ——to *commodity*.] i. e. Profit, ſelf-intereſt. So in *K. John*:

"*Commodity*, the bias of the world." STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE III.

The archbishop of York's palace.

Enter the archbishop of York, lord Hastings, Thomas Mowbray (earl marshal) and lord Bardolph.

York. Thus have you heard our cause, and know our means;
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:—
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bard. The question then, lord Hastings, standeth thus;—
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him, we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point;
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not [2] step too far
'Till we had his assistance by the hand:
For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

York. 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph; for, indeed,
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

[2] ——*step too far*] The four following lines were added in the second edition. JOHNSON.

 Bard.

Bard. It was, my lord; who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself with project of a power
Much smaller[3] than the smallest of his thoughts:
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

Bard. [4] Yes, in this present quality of war,
Indeed of instant action: A cause on foot

Lives

[3] *Much smaller*] i. e. which turned out to be much smaller. MUSGRAVE.

[4] *Yes, if this present quality of war,*
Indeed the instant action:] These first twenty lines were first inserted in the folio of 1623.

The first clause of this passage is evidently corrupted. All the folio editions and Mr. Rowe's concur in the same reading, which Mr. Pope altered thus:

Yes, if this present quality of war
Impede *the instant act.*

This has been silently followed by Mr. Theobald, Sir Thomas Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton; but the corruption is certainly deeper; for in the present reading Bardolph makes the inconvenience of *hope* to be that it may cause delay, when indeed the whole tenor of his argument is to recommend delay to the rest that are too forward. I know not what to propose, and am afraid that something is omitted, and that the injury is irremediable. Yet, perhaps, the alteration requisite is no more than this:

Yes, in *this present quality of war,*
Indeed of *instant action.*

It never, says Hastings, *did harm to lay down likelihoods of hope.* *Yes*, says Bardolph, it has done harm *in this present quality of war*, in a state of things such as is now before us, *of war, indeed of instant action.* This is obscure, but Mr. Pope's reading is still less reasonable. JOHNSON.

I have adopted Dr. Johnson's emendation, though I think we might read:

——*if this present quality of war*
Impel *the instant action.*

Hastings says, it never yet did hurt to lay down likelihoods and

forms

Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection:
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices; or, at least,[5] desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up) should we survey
The plot of situation, and the model;
Consent upon a sure foundation;
Question surveyors; know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else,
We fortify in paper, and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:
Like one, that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth)
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The very utmost man of expectation;
I think, we are a body strong enough,

forms of hope. Yes, says Bardolph, it has in every case like ours, where an army inferior in number, and waiting for supplies, has, without that reinforcement, *impell'd*, or hastily brought on, an immediate action. STEEVENS.

If we may be allowed to read—*instanc'd*, the text may mean —Yes, it has done harm in every case like ours; indeed it did harm in young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury, which the archbishop of York has just *instanced* or given as an example. TOLLET.

[5] — *at least*,] Perhaps we should read *at last*. STEEVENS.

Even

Even as we are, to equal with the king.

Bard. What! is the king but five and twenty thousand?

Hast. To us, no more; nay, not so much, lord Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the French,[6]
And one against Glendower; perforce, a third
Must take up us: So is the unfirm king
In three divided; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

York. That he should draw his several strengths together,
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. [7] If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?

Hast. The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland:
Against the Welsh, himself, and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

York. [8] Let us on;
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,

[6] —*one power against the French,*] During this rebellion of Northumberland and the Archbishop, a French army of twelve thousand men landed at Milford Haven in Wales, for the aid of Owen Glendower. See Holinshed, p. 531. STEEVENS.

[7] *If he should do so,*] This passage is read in the first edition thus: *If he should do so, French and Welsh he leaves his back unarm'd, they baying him at the heels, never fear that.* These lines, which were evidently printed from an interlined copy not understood, are properly regulated in the next edition, and are here only mentioned to shew what errors may be suspected to remain. JOHNSON.

[8] *Let us on,* &c.] This excellent speech of York was one of the passages added by Shakespeare after his first edition. POPE.

Their

Their over-greedy love hath surfeited :——
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolinbroke,
Before he was what thou would'st have him be?
And being now trimm'd up in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'st now, *O earth, give us that king again,*
And take thou this! O thoughts of men accurst!
Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A street in London.

Enter Hostess; Phang, and his boy, with her; and Snare following.

Host. Master Phang, have you enter'd the action?

Phang. It is enter'd.

Host. Where is your yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman? will a' stand to't?

Phang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O lord, ay; good master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Phang. Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.

Host. Ay, good master Snare; I have enter'd him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabb'd me in mine own house, and that most beastly: he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Phang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither; I'll be at your elbow.

Phang. An I but fist him once; [9] an he come but within my vice;—

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score:—Good master Phang, hold him sure;—good master Snare, let him not scape. He comes continuantly to Pye-corner, (saving your manhoods) to buy a saddle; and he's indited to dinner to the [1] lubbar's head in Lumbart-street, to master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is enter'd, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. [2] A hundred

[9] ——*if he come but within my vice;*—] Vice or grasp; a metaphor taken from a smith's vice: there is another reading in the old edition, *view*, which I think not so good. POPE.

[1] ——*lubbar's head*——] This is, I suppose, a colloquial corruption of the Libbard's-head. JOHNSON.

[2] *A hundred mark is a long* one——] A long *one?* a long what? It is almost needless to observe, how familiar it is with our poet to play the chimes upon words similar in sound, and differing in signification; and therefore I make no question but he wrote:

A hundred mark is a long lone *for a poor lone woman to bear:* i. e. 100 mark is a good round sum for a poor widow to venture on trust. THEOBALD.

dred mark is a long loan for a poor lone woman[3] to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fub'd off, and fub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.—

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, and the Page.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant [4] malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Phang, and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? who's mare's dead? what's the matter?

Phang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the kennel.

Host. Throw me in the kennel? I'll throw thee in the kennel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue!—Murder, murder! O thou [5] honey-suckle villain!

[3] —*a poor lone woman*] A *lone woman* is a desolate, unfriended woman. So in Maurice Kyffin's Translation of Terence's *Andria*, 1588: "Moreover this Glycerie is a *lone Woman*;" —"tum hæc *sola* est mulier." In the first part of *K. Henry* IV. Mrs. Quickly had a husband alive. She is now a widow.

STEEVENS.

[4] —*malmsey-nose*—] That is, red nose, from the effect of malmsey wine. JOHNSON.

In the old song of *Sir Simon the King* the burthen of each stanza is this:

"Says old Sir Simon the king,
"Says old Sir Simon the king,
"With his ale-dropt hose,
"And his *malmsey-nose*,
"Sing hey ding, ding a ding." PERCY.

[5] —*honey-suckle villain!—honey-seed rogue!*—] The landlady's corruption of homicidal and homicide. THEOBALD.

villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O thou honey-ſeed rogue! thou art a honey-ſeed; [6] a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Phang. A reſcue! a reſcue!

Hoſt. Good people, bring a reſcue or two.—[7] Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-ſeed!

[8] *Fal.* Away, you ſcullion! you rampallian! you fuſtilarian! [9] I'll tickle your cataſtrophe [1].

Enter the Chief Juſtice, attended.

Ch. Juſt. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

[6] ——— *a man-queller,* ——] Wicliff, in his *Tranſlation of the New Teſtament,* uſes this word for *carnifex,* Mark vi. 27. "Herod ſent a *man-queller,* and commanded his head to be "brought." STEEVENS.

[7] ——— *Thou wo't, wo't thou?* &c.] The firſt folio reads, I think, leſs properly, *thou wilt not? thou wilt not?* JOHNSON.

[8] Fal. *Away, you ſcullion!*—] This ſpeech is given to the Page in all the editions to the folio of 1664. It is more proper for Falſtaff, but that the boy muſt not ſtand quite ſilent and uſeleſs on the ſtage. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*rampallian!*—*fuſtilarian!*—] The firſt of theſe terms of abuſe may be derived from *ramper,* Fr. *to be low in the world.* The other from *fuſtis,* a club; i. e. a perſon whoſe weapon of defence is a cudgel, not being entitled to wear a ſword.

The following paſſage however, in *A new Trick to cheat the Devil,* 1639, ſeems to point out another derivation of *Rampallian:*

"And bold *Rampallian* like, ſwear and drink drunk."

It may therefore mean a *ramping* riotous ſtrumpet. Thus in *Greene's Ghoſt haunting Coneycatchers,*——"Here was *Wilee Beguily* rightly acted, and an aged *rampalion* put beſide her ſchoole-tricks." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*I'll tickle your cataſtrophe.*] This expreſſion occurs ſeveral times in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton,* 1626:

"Oh, it *tickles our cataſtrophe.*"

Again:

———"to ſeduce my blind cuſtomers, I *tickle his cataſtrophe* for this." STEEVENS.

Hoſt.

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, sir John? what, are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and business?
You should have been well on your way to York.—
Stand from him, fellow; Wherefore hang'st thou on him?

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of East-cheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have: he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o'nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare,[2] if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not asham'd, to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon

[2] —— *to ride the* Mare,] The Hostess had threatened to ride Falstaff like the *Incubus* or *Night-mare*; but his allusion, (if it be not a wanton one) is to the *Gallows*, which was ludicrously called the *Timber*, or *two-legg'd Mare*. So, in *Like will to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier*, 1587. The *Vice* is talking of *Tyburn*:

"This piece of land wherto you inheritors are,
"Is called the land of the *two-legged Mare*.
"In this piece of ground there is a *Mare* indeed,
"Which is the quickest *Mare* in England for speed."

Again:

"I will help to bridle the *two-legged Mare*
"And both you for to *ride* need not to spare."

STEEVENS.

a parcel-

[3] a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head [4] for likening his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech [5], the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar [6]; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not,

[3] —*a parcel-gilt goblet,*—] A parcel-gilt goblet is a goblet only gilt over, not of solid gold.

So, in B. Jonson's *Alchemist:*

" ——————or changing
" His *parcel-gilt* to massy gold."

The same expression occurs in many other old plays.

So, in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, by John Day, 1608:

" She's *parcel* poet, *parcel* fidler already, and they com-
" monly sing three parts in one."

Again, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

" I am little better than a *parcel-gilt* bawd."

Again, in *A Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612:

" You *parcel* bawd, all usher, answer me."

Holinshed, describing the arrangement of Wolsey's plate, says —" and in the council-chamber was all white, and *parcel-gilt* " plate." STEEVENS.

[4] —*for likening* his father *to a singing-man*—] Such is the reading of the first edition; all the rest have *for likening* him *to a singing-man.* The original edition is right; the prince might allow familiarities with himself, and yet very properly break the knight's head when he ridiculed his father. JOHNSON.

[5] —*goodwife* Keech, *the butcher's wife,*] A *Keech* is the fat of an ox rolled up by the butcher into a round lump. STEEVENS.

[6] —*a mess of vinegar;*] So, in *Mucedorus:*

" I tell you all the *messes* are on the table already,
" There wants not so much as a *mess of mustard.*"

Again, in an ancient interlude published by *Rastel*; no title or date:

" Ye mary sometyme in a messe of *vergesse.*"

A *mess* seems to have been the common term for a small proportion of any thing belonging to the kitchen. STEEVENS.

when

when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sawciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; [7] I know, you have practis'd upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Host. Yes, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo [8] this sneap without

[7] —*I know you have practised*—] In the first quarto it is read thus—*You have*, as it appears to me, *practised upon the easy yielding spirit of this woman*, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person. Without this, the following exhortation of the chief justice is less proper. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*this sneap*——] A Yorkshire word for *rebuke*. POPE.

Sneap signifies to *check*; as children easily *sneaped*; herbs and fruits *sneaped* with cold weather. See *Ray's Collection*.

Again, in Brome's *Antipodes*, 1638:

"Do you *sneap* me too, my lord?

Again:

"No need to come hither to be *sneap'd*."

Again:

out reply. You call honourable boldneſs, impudent ſawcineſs: if a man will make curt'ſy, and ſay nothing, he is virtuous: No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your ſuitor; I ſay to you, I do deſire deliverance from theſe officers, being upon haſty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Juſt. You ſpeak as having power to do wrong: but [9] anſwer in the effect of your reputation, and ſatisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hoſteſs. [*Taking her aſide.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Ch. Juſt. Now, maſter Gower; What news?

Gower. The king, my lord, and Henry prince of Wales
Are near at hand: the reſt the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman,——

Hoſt. Nay, you ſaid ſo before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;——Come, no more words of it.

Hoſt. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I muſt be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapeſtry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glaſſes, glaſſes, is the only drinking: and for thy walls,—a pretty ſlight drollery, or the ſtory of the prodigal, or the [1] German hunting in water-work, is worth

Again:
"——— even as now I was not
"When you *ſneap'd* me, my lord." STEEVENS.

[9] ——— *anſwer in the effect of your reputation,*—] That is, anſwer in a manner ſuitable to your character. JOHNSON.

[1] *German hunting in water-work,*——] i. e. In water colours. WARBURTON.

So, in Holinſhed, p. 819: "The king for himſelf had a houſe of timber, &c. and for his other lodgings he had great and goodlie tents of blew *waterwork* garniſhed with yellow and white." It appears from the ſame Chronicle, p. 840, that theſe *painted cloths* were brought from Holland. The *German* hunting was therefore

worth a thousand of [2] these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action: Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; do'st not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pray thee, sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to supper: You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on. [3] [*To the officers.*

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Officers, &c.*

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

therefore a subject very likely to be adopted by the artists of that country. STEEVENS.

The *German* hunting, is, I suppose, hunting the *wild boar*. Shakespeare in another place speaks of "a full-acorn'd boar, *a German* one." FARMER.

[2] ——*these bed-hangings,*—] We should read dead-hangings, i. e. faded. WARBURTON.

I think the present reading may well stand. He recommends painted canvas instead of tapestry, which he calls *bed-hangings*, in contempt, as fitter to make curtains than to hang walls.

JOHNSON.

[3] [*To the officers.*] I rather suspect that the words *hook on, hook on*, are addressed to Bardolph, and mean, go you with her, hang upon her, and keep her in the same humour. In this sense the expression is used in *The Guardian*, by Massenger:

"*Hook on*, follow him, harpies." STEEVENS.

Gower. [4] At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: What's the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gower. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,
Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland, and the archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently:
Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gower. I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Continues in London.

Enter prince Henry, and Poins.

P. Henry. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

[4] *At Basingstoke*——] The quarto reads, at *Billingsgate.* The players set down the name of the place which was the most familiar to them. STEEVENS.

Poins.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.

P. Henry. 'Faith, it does me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew vilely in me, to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Henry. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; *viz.* these, and those that were the peach-colour'd ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—but that, the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: [5] and God knows, whether those that

[5] —*and God knows* &c.] This passage Mr. Pope restored from the first edition. I think it may as well be omitted. It is omitted in the first folio, and in all subsequent editions before Mr. Pope's, and was perhaps expunged by the author. The editors, unwilling to lose any thing of Shakespeare's, not only insert what he has added, but recall what he has rejected.

JOHNSON.

I have not met with positive evidence that Shakespeare rejected any passages whatever. Such proof may indeed be inferred from those of the quartos which were published in his life-time, and are declared (in their titles) to have been enlarged and corrected by his own hand. These I would follow, in preference to the folio, and should at all times be cautious of opposing its authority to that of the elder copies. Of the play in question, there is no quarto extant but that in 1600, and therefore we are unauthorized to assert that a single passage was omitted by consent of the poet himself. When the folio (as it often does) will support me in the omission of a sacred name, I am happy to avail myself

that bawl out the ruins of thy linen, ſhall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives ſay, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world encreaſes, and kindreds are mightily ſtrengthen'd.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd ſo hard, you ſhould talk ſo idly? Tell me, how many good young princes would do ſo, their fathers being ſo ſick as yours at this time is?

P. Henry. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Henry. It ſhall ſerve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I ſtand the puſh of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Henry. Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I ſhould be ſad, now my father is ſick: albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleaſes me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be ſad, and ſad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly, upon ſuch a ſubject.

P. Henry. By this hand, thou think'ſt me as far in the devil's book, as thou, and Falſtaff, for obduracy and perſiſtency: Let the end try the man. But I tell thee,—my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is ſo ſick: and keeping ſuch vile company as thou art, hath in reaſon taken from me [6] all oſtentation of ſorrow.

Poins. The reaſon?

P. Henry. What would'ſt thou think of me, if I ſhould weep?

Poins. I would think thee a moſt princely hypocrite.

myſelf of the choice it offers; but otherwiſe do not think I have a right to expunge what Shakeſpeare ſhould ſeem to have written, on the bare authority of the player-editors. I have therefore reſtored the paſſage in queſtion, to the text. STEEVENS.

[6] ——— *all oſtentation of ſorrow.*] Oſtentation is here not boaſtful ſhew, but ſimply ſhew. *Merchant of Venice:*

" ——— one well ſtudied in a ſad *oſtent*
" To pleaſe his grandame." JOHNSON.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. It would be every man's thought: and thou art a bleſſed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your moſt worſhipful thought, to think ſo?

Poins. Why, becauſe you have been ſo lewd, and ſo much engraffed to Falſtaff.

P. Henry. And to thee.

Poins. Nay, by this light, I am well ſpoken of, I can hear it with my own ears: the worſt that they can ſay of me is, that I am a ſecond brother, and that I am a [7] proper fellow of my hands; and thoſe two things, I confeſs, I cannot help. Look, look, here comes Bardolph.

P. Henry. And the boy that I gave Falſtaff: he had him from me chriſtian; and ſee, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

Enter Bardolph, and Page.

Bard. 'Save your grace!

P. Henry. And yours, moſt noble Bardolph!

[8] *Bard.* [*to the page.*] Come, you virtuous aſs, you baſhful fool, muſt you be bluſhing? wherefore bluſh you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it ſuch a matter, to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Page. He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could diſcern no part of his face

[7] ——*proper fellow of my hands;*——] A tall or proper fellow of his hands was a ſtout fighting man. JOHNSON.

[8] Poins. *Come, you virtuous aſs,* &c.] Though all editions give this ſpeech to Poins, it ſeems evident, by the page's immediate reply, that it muſt be placed to Bardolph: for Bardolph had called to the boy from an ale-houſe, and, 'tis likely, made him half-drunk; and, the boy being aſhamed of it, it is natural for Bardolph, a bold unbred fellow, to banter him on his aukward baſhfulneſs. THEOBALD.

from the window: at last, I spy'd his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peep'd through.

P. Henry. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbet, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

P. Henry. Instruct us, boy: What dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, [9] Althea dream'd she was deliver'd of a firebrand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Henry. A crown's-worth of good interpretation.—There it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is six-pence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

P. Henry. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my good lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

P. Henry. Deliver'd with good respect.—And how doth [1] the martlemas your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir?

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician: but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Henry. I do allow [2] this wen to be as familiar

[9] —*Althea dream'd* &c.] Shakespeare is here mistaken in his mythology, and has confounded Althea's firebrand with Hecuba's. The firebrand of Althea was real: but Hecuba, when she was big with Paris, dreamed that she was delivered of a firebrand that consumed the kingdom. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*the martlemas, your master?*] That is, the autumn, or rather the latter spring. The old fellow with juvenile passions. JOHNSON.

Martlemas is corrupted from *Martinmas*, the feast of St. *Martin*, the eleventh of November. The corruption is general in all the old plays. So, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

"A piece of beef hung up since *Martlemas*." STEEVENS.

[2] —— *this wen*——] This swoln excrescence of a man. JOHNSON.

with

with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for, look you, how he writes.

Poins reads. *John Falstaff, knight,*——Every man must know that, as oft as he hath occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they say, *There is some of the king's blood spilt: How comes that?* says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: [3] the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap; *I am the king's poor cousin, sir.*

P. Henry. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:—

Poins. *Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.*—Why, this is a certificate.

[4] *P. Henry.* Peace!

Poins. [5] *I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity:*—sure he means brevity in breath; short-winded.—*I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewel. Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to*

[3] ——*the answer is as ready as a* borrow'd *cap;*—] But how is a borrow'd cap so ready? Read *a borrower's cap,* and then there is some humour in it: for a man that goes to borrow money, is of all others the most complaisant; his cap is always at hand. WARBURTON.

[4] *P. Henry.*] All the editors, except Sir Thomas Hanmer, have left this letter in confusion, making the prince read part, and Poins part. I have followed his correction. JOHNSON.

[5] *I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity:*—] The old copy reads *Romans,* which Dr. Warburton very properly corrected, though he is wrong when he appropriates the character to M. Brutus, who affected great brevity of style. I suppose by the *honourable Roman* is intended Julius Cæsar, whose *veni, vidi, vici,* seems to be alluded to in the beginning of the letter. *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee.* The very words of Cæsar are afterwards quoted by Falstaff. REVISAL.

say, as thou usest him) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John, with my brothers and sisters; and sir John, with all Europe.

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Henry. [6] That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

P. Henry. Well, thus we play the fool with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Henry. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old [7] frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord; in East-cheap.

P. Henry. What company?

Page. [8] Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.

[6] *That's to make him eat* twenty *of his words.*] Why just twenty, when the letter contained above eight times twenty? We should read *plenty*; and in this word the joke, as slender as it is, consists. WARBURTON.

It is not surely uncommon to put a certain number for an uncertain one. Thus in the *Tempest*, *Miranda* talks of playing "for a *score* of kingdoms." *Bushy*, in *K. Richard* II. observes that "each substance of a grief has *twenty* shadows." In *Julius Cæsar*, Cæsar says that the slave's hand "did burn like *twenty* torches." In *K. Lear* we meet with "*twenty* silly ducking observants," and "not a nose among *twenty*."

Robert Green, the pamphleteer, indeed obliged an apparitor to eat his citation, wax and all. In the play of *Sir John Oldcastle* the Sumner is compelled to do the like: and says on the occasion, —"Ill eat my *word*." Harpoole replies, "I meane you shall eat more than your own *word*, I'll make you eate all the *words* in the processe." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*frank?*] Frank is sty. POPE.

[8] *Ephesians*, &c.] Ephesian was a term in the cant of these times, of which I know not the precise notion: it was, perhaps, a toper. So the host in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"It is thine host, thine *Ephesian* calls." JOHNSON.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old miſtreſs Quickly, and miſtreſs Doll Tear-ſheet [9].

P. Henry. [1] What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, ſir, and a kinſwoman of my maſter's.

P. Henry. Even ſuch kin, as the pariſh heifers are to the town bull.—Shall we ſteal upon them, Ned, at ſupper?

Poins. I am your ſhadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Henry. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your maſter, that I am yet come to town: There's for your ſilence.

Bard. I have no tongue, ſir.

Page. And for mine, ſir,—I will govern it.

P. Henry. Fare ye well; go.—This Doll Tear-ſheet ſhould be ſome road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between ſaint Alban's and London.

P. Henry. How might we ſee Falſtaff beſtow himſelf to-night in his true colours, and not ourſelves be ſeen?

Poins. [2] Put on two leather jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Henry.

[9] *Doll Tear-ſheet.*] Shakeſpeare might have taken the hint for this name from the following paſſage in the *Playe of Robyn Hoode, very proper to be played in Maye games*, bl. l. no date:

"She is a trul of truſt, to ſerve a frier at his luſt,
"A prycker, a prauncer, a *terer of ſhetes*, &c."
STEEVENS.

[1] *What pagan may that be?*] Pagan ſeems to have been a cant term, implying irregularity either of birth or manners.

So, in *The Captain*, a comedy by B. and Fletcher:

"Three little children, one of them was mine;
"Upon my conſcience the other two were *Pagans*."

In the *City Madam* of Maſſinger it is uſed (as here) for a proſtitute:

"———in all theſe places
"I've had my ſeveral *Pagans* billeted." STEEVENS.

[2] *Put on two leather jerkins*——] This was a plot very un-

P. Henry. From a god to a bull? [3] a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine: for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Warkworth Castle.

Enter Northumberland, lady Northumberland, and lady Percy.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

L. North. I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

L. Percy. Oh, yet, for heaven's sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,

likely to succeed where the prince and the drawers were all known; but it produces merriment, which our author found more useful than probability. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*a heavy descension!*] Other readings have it *declension.* Mr. Pope chose the first. On which Mr. Theobald says, "But why not declension? are not the terms properly synonimous?" If so, might not Mr Pope say, in his turn, then why not *descension*? But it is not so; and *descension* was preferred with judgment: for *descension* signifies a voluntary going down; *declension*, a natural and necessary. Thus when we speak of the sun poetically, as a chariotteer, we should say his *descension*: if physically, as a mere globe of light, his *declension.*

WARBURTON.

Descension is the reading of the first edition.

Mr. Upton proposes that we should read thus by transposition: *From a god to a bull, a low transformation!— from a prince to a prentice, a heavy declension!* This reading is elegant, and perhaps right. JOHNSON.

When

When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers; [4] but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost; yours, and your son's.
For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!
For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun [5]
In the grey vault of heaven: and, by his light,
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts; he was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
[6] He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait:
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him: So that, in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him!
O miracle of men!—him did you leave,
(Second to none, unseconded by you)
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible:—so you left him:
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,

[4] —*but he did* long *in vain.*] Theobald very elegantly conjectures the poet wrote
—*but he did* look *in vain.* STEEVENS.

[5] ——*as the* sun
In the grey *vault of heaven:*] So, in one of our author's poems to his mistress:
"And truly not the morning *sun* of heaven
"Better becomes the *grey* cheeks of the east, &c."
STEEVENS.

[6] *He had no legs,* &c.] The twenty two following lines are of those added by Shakespeare after his first edition. POPE.

To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others, than with him; let them alone;
The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there;
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

L. North. O, fly to Scotland,
'Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

L. Percy. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves: So did your son;
He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough,
[7] To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my mind,
As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.

[7] *To rain upon remembrance*——] Alluding to the plant, rosemary, so called, and used in funerals.
Thus, in *The Winter's Tale:*
"For you there's *rosemary* and rue, these keep
"Seeming and favour all the winter long:
"*Grace* and *remembrance* be unto you both, &c."
For as rue was called *herb of grace*, from its being used in exorcisms; so rosemary was called *remembrance*, from its being a cephalic.
WARBURTON.

Fain

Fain would I go to meet the archbiſhop,
But many thouſand reaſons hold me back:——
I will reſolve for Scotland; there am I,
'Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London.

The Boar's-head tavern in Eaſt-cheap.

Enter two Drawers.

1 *Draw.* What the devil haſt thou brought there? apple-Johns? thou know'ſt, ſir John cannot endure an apple-John [8].

2 *Draw.* Maſs, thou ſay'ſt true: The prince once ſet a diſh of apple-Johns before him, and told him, there were five more ſir Johns: and, putting off his hat, ſaid, *I will now take my leave of theſe ſix dry, round, old, wither'd knights.* It anger'd him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why then, cover, and ſet them down: And ſee if thou can'ſt find out [9] Sneak's noiſe; miſtreſs Tear-ſheet

[8] ——*an* apple-John.] So in *The Ball* by Chapman and Shirley, 1639:

"——— thy man *Apple-John*, that looks
"As he had been a ſennight in the ſtraw,
"A ripening for the market."

This apple will keep two years, but becomes very wrinkled and ſhrivelled. It is called by the French,—*Deux-ans.* STEEVENS.

[9] ———*Sneak's noiſe*;—] Sneak was a ſtreet minſtrel, and therefore the drawer goes out to liſten if he can hear him in the neighbourhood." JOHNSON.

A *noiſe of muſicians* anciently ſignified a concert or company of them. In the old play of *Henry* V. (not that of Shakeſpeare) there is this paſſage:

"——there came the young prince, and two or three more
"of his companions, and called for wine good ſtore, and then
"they ſent for a *noyſe of muſitians*, &c.

Falſtaff addreſſes them as a company in another ſcene of this play.

So

Tear-sheet would fain hear some music. [1] Dispatch:—The room where they supp'd, is too hot; they'll come in straight.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince, and master Poins anon: and they will put on two of our jerkins, and aprons; and sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* Then [2] here will be old utis: It will be an excellent stratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll see, if I can find out Sneak. [*Exit.*

Enter

So, again, in *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, a comedy, printed 1598, the count says,

"Oh that we had a *noise of musicians*, to play to this antick as "we go."

Again, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*:

"Why, Sir George; send for Spindle's *noise* presently."

Again, in the comedy of *All Fools*, by Chapman, 1602:

"——you must get us music too:
"Call in a cleanly *noise*; the rogues grow lousy."

Again, in *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607:

"——All the *noise* that went with him, poor fellows, have had "their fiddle-cases pull'd over their ears."

Again, in *Wily Beguiled*:

"That we will, i'faith Peg; we'll have a whole *noise* of fidlers "there."

Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

"There's seven score *noise* at least of English fidlers"

Heywood, in his *Iron Age*, 1632, has taken two expressions from these plays of Henry IV. and put them into the mouth of *Thersites* addressing himself to *Achilles*:

"Where's this great *sword and buckler man* of Greece?
"We shall have him in one of *Sneak's noise*,
"And come peaking into the tents of the Greeks,
"With,—will you have any music, gentlemen?"

Among Ben Jonson's *Leges convivales*, is

Fidicen, nisi accersitus, non venito. STEEVENS.

[1] *Dispatch:* &c.] This period is from the first edition. POPE.

[2] ——*here will be old utis:*——] *Utis*, an old word yet in use in some counties, signifying a merry festival, from the French *huit*, *octo*, ab A. S. Eahta, *Octavæ festi alicujus*.—— Skinner. POPE.

Old

Enter Hostess and Doll Tearsheet.

Host. Sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulsidge beats [3] as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose: But, i'faith, you have drank too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere we can say,—What's this? How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that was well said; A good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes sir John.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. *When Arthur first in court* [4]—Empty the jordan.—*and was a worthy king:* How now, mistress Doll?
[*Exit Drawer.*

Old, in this place, does not mean ancient, but was formerly a common augmentative in colloquial language. *Old Utis* signifies festivity in a great degree.

So, in *Lingua*, 1607:

"——there's *old* moving among them."

Again, in Decker's comedy, called, *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it:*

"We shall have *old* breaking of necks then."

Again, in *Soliman and Perseda:*

"I shall have *old* laughing."

Again, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

"Here will be *old* filching when the press comes out of Paul's."

STEEVENS.

[3] —*your pulsidge beats* &c.] One would almost regard this speech as a burlesque on the following passage in the interlude called the *Repentance of Mary Magdelene*, 1567. *Infidelity* says to *Mary:*

"Let me fele your poulses mistresse Mary, be you sicke?
"By my troth in as good tempre as any woman can be:
"Your vaines are as full of blood, lusty and quicke,
"In better taking truly I did you never see." STEEVENS.

[4] *When Arthur first in court*——] The entire ballad is published in the first volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry.* STEEVENS.

Host.

Host. [5] Sick of a calm: yea, good ſooth.

Fal. [6] So is all her ſect; if they be once in a calm, they are ſick.

Dol. You muddy raſcal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. [7] You make fat raſcals, miſtreſs Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diſeaſes make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diſeaſes, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay, marry; our chains, and our jewels.

Fal.

[5] *Sick of a* calm:—] I ſuppoſe ſhe means to ſay *of a qualm*. STEEVENS.

[6] *So is all her* ſect;—] I know not why *ſect* is printed in all the copies: I believe *ſex* is meant. JOHNSON.

Sect is, I believe, right. Falſtaff means all of her profeſſion. In *Mother Bombie*, a comedy, 1594, the word is frequently uſed:

"*Sil.* I am none of that *ſect*.

"*Can.* Thy loving *ſect* is an ancient *ſect*, and an honour-"able," &c.

Since the foregoing quotations were given, I have found *ſect* ſo often printed for *ſex* in the old plays, that I ſuppoſe theſe words were anciently ſynonymous. Thus, in Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1631: "Deceives our *ſect* of fame and chaſtity."

Again, in B. and Fletcher's *Valentinian:*

"———Modeſty was made
"When ſhe was firſt intended: when ſhe bluſhes,
"It is the holieſt thing to look upon,
"The pureſt temple of her *ſect*, that ever
"Made nature a bleſt founder."

Again, in Whetſtone's *Arbour of Vertue*, 1576:

"Who, for that theſe barons ſo wrought a ſhaunder to her *ſect*,
"Their fooliſh, raſh, and judgment falſe, ſhe ſharplie did detect."

STEEVENS.

[7] *You make fat* raſcals,—] Falſtaff alludes to a phraſe of the foreſt. *Lean* deer are called *raſcal* deer. He tells her ſhe calls him wrong, being *fat* he cannot be a *raſcal*. JOHNSON.

So, in B. and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Peſtle:*

"The heavy hart, the blowing buck, the *raſcal*, and
"the pricket."

Again,

Fal. [8] *Your brooches, pearls, and owches*;—for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: To come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon [9] the charg'd chambers bravely:——

Dol.

Again, in *The Two angry Women of Abington*, 1599:
"What take you?—Deer.—You'll ne'er strike *rascal*?
Again, in Quarles's *Virgin Widow*, 1656:
"——and have known a *rascal* from a fat deer." STEEVENS.

[8] *Your* brooches, *pearls, and* owches;—] *Brooches* were chains of gold that women wore formerly about their necks. *Owches* were bosses of gold set with diamonds. POPE.

I believe Falstaff gives these splendid names as we give that of *carbuncle*, to something very different from gems and ornaments: but the passage deserves not a laborious research. JOHNSON.

Your brooches, pearls, and owches,] Is a line in an old song, but I forget where I met with it. Dr. Johnson may be supported in his conjecture by a passage in *The Widow's Tears*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1612:
"——As many aches in his bones as there are *ouches* in his skin."
Again, in the *Duke's Mistress*, by Shirley, 1638. *Valerio* speaking of a lady's *nose*, says:
"It has a comely length, and is well studded
"With *gems* of price; the goldsmith would give money for't."

Mr. Pope has rightly interpreted *ouches* in their literal sense. So, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599: "——three scarfs, bracelets, chains, and *ouches*." It appears likewise from a passage in the ancient satire called *Cocke Lorelles Bote*, printed by *Wynkyn de Worde*, that the makers of these ornaments were called *owchers*.
"Owchers, *skynners, and cutlers*."

Dugdale, page 234, in his account of the will of T. de Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, in the time of King Edward III. says: "his jewels he thus disposed: to his daughter Stafford, an *ouche* called the eagle, which the prince gave him; to his daughter Alice, his next best *ouche*." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*the charg'd* chambers—] To understand this quibble, it is necessary to say, that a *chamber* signifies not only an apartment, but a piece of ordnance.

So, in *The Fleire*, a comedy, 1610:
"——he has taught my ladies to make fireworks; they can deal in *chambers* already, as well as all the gunners that make them fly off with a train at Lambeth, when the mayor and aldermen land at Westminster."

Again,

Dol. Hang yourſelf, you muddy conger, hang yourſelf!

Hoſt. Why, this is the old faſhion; you two never meet, but you fall to ſome diſcord: you are both, in good troth, as [1] rheumatic [2] as two dry toaſts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-jere! one muſt bear, and that muſt be you: you are the weaker veſſel, as they ſay, the emptier veſſel. [*To Doll.*

Dol. Can a weak empty veſſel bear ſuch a huge full hogſhead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux ſtuff in him; you have not ſeen a hulk better ſtuff'd in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I ſhall ever ſee thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, [3] ancient Piſtol's below, and would ſpeak with you.

Dol. Hang him, ſwaggering raſcal! let him not

Again, in the *Puritan Widow*, 1605:
"——only your *chambers* are licenſed to play upon you, and drabs enow to *give fire* to them."

A *chamber* is likewiſe that part in a mine where the powder is lodged. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*rheumatic*—] She would ſay ſplenetic. HANMER.

I believe ſhe means what ſhe ſays. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man in his Humour*:

"*Cob.* Why I have my *rewme*, and can be angry."

So, in our author's *Henry* V.

"He did in ſome ſort handle women; but then he was
"*rheumatic*," &c.

Rheumatic, in the cant language of the times, ſignified capricious, humourſome. In this ſenſe it appears to be uſed in many of the old plays. STEEVENS.

[2] —*as two dry toaſts*;—] Which cannot meet but they grate one another. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*ancient Piſtol*——] Is the ſame as *enſign Piſtol.* Falſtaff was captain, Peto lieutenant, and Piſtol enſign, or *ancient.* JOHNSON.

come

come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dſt rogue in England.

Hoſt. If he ſwagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I muſt live amongſt my neighbours; I'll no ſwaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very beſt:—Shut the door;—there comes no ſwaggerers here: I have not liv'd all this while, to have ſwaggering now;—ſhut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Doſt thou hear, hoſteſs?——

Hoſt. Pray you, pacify yourſelf, ſir John; there comes no ſwaggerers here.

Fal. Doſt thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Hoſt. Tilly-fally, ſir John, never tell me; your ancient ſwaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before maſter Tiſick, the deputy, the other day: and, as he ſaid to me,—it was no longer ago than Wedneſday laſt,—*Neighbour Quickly*, ſays he;—maſter Dumb, our miniſter, was by then;—*Neighbour Quickly*, ſays he, *receive thoſe that are civil*; *for*, ſaith he, *you are in an ill name*;—now he ſaid ſo, I can tell whereupon; *for*, ſays he, *you are an honeſt woman, and well thought on*; *therefore take heed what gueſts you receive*: *Receive*, ſays he, *no ſwaggering companions*——There comes none here;—you would bleſs you to hear what he ſaid:—no, I'll no ſwaggerers.

Fal. He's no ſwaggerer, hoſteſs; [4] a tame cheater, he; you may ſtroak him as gently as a puppy-greyhound:

[4] ——*a tame cheater,*—] Gameſter and cheater were, in Shakeſpeare's age, ſynonimous terms. Ben Jonſon has an epigram on Captain Hazard the *cheater*.

Greene in his *Mihil Mumchance* has the following paſſage: "They call their art by a new-found name, as *cheating*, themſelves *cheators*, and the dice *cheters*, borrowing the term from among our lawyers, with whom all ſuch caſuals as fall to the lord at the holding of his leets, as waifes, ſtraies, and ſuch like, be called *chetes*, and are accuſtomably ſaid to be *eſcheted* to the lord's uſe." Hence perhaps the derivation of the verb—to *cheat*, which I do not recollect to have met with among our moſt ancient writers. In the *Bell-man of London* by T. Deckar, 5th edit. 1640,

hound: he will not ſwagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any ſhew of reſiſtance.—Call him up, drawer.

Hoſt. Cheater, call you him? [5] I will bar no honeſt man my houſe, nor no cheater: But I do not love ſwaggering by my troth; I am the worſe, when one ſays—ſwagger: feel, maſters, how I ſhake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hoſteſs.

Hoſt. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aſpen leaf: I cannot abide ſwaggerers.

Enter Piſtol, Bardolph, and Page.

Piſt. 'Save you, ſir John!

Fal. Welcome, ancient Piſtol. Here, Piſtol, I charge you with a cup of ſack: do you diſcharge upon mine hoſteſs.

Piſt. I will diſcharge upon her, ſir John, with two bullets.

Fa. She is piſtol-proof, ſir; you ſhall hardly offend her.

Hoſt. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets:

1640, the ſame derivation of the word is given. "Of all which lawes, the higheſt in place is the *cheating* law, or the art of winning money by falſe dyce. Thoſe that practice this ſtudy call themſelves *cheaters*, the dyce *cheators*, and the money which they purchaſe *cheate*: borrowing the terme from our common lawyers, with whom all ſuch caſuals as fall to the lord at the holding of his leetes, as waiſes, ſtraies, and ſuch like, are ſaid to be *eſcheated* to the lordes uſe, and are called *cheates*." This account of the word is likewiſe given in *A Manifeſt Detection of Dice-play*, printed by Vele in the reign of *Henry* VIII. STEEVENS.

[5] *I will bar no honeſt man my houſe, nor no cheater:*—] The humour of this conſiſts in the woman's miſtaking the title of *cheater*, (which our anceſtors gave to him whom we now, with better manners, call a *gameſter*) for that officer of the exchequer called an *eſcheator*, well known to the common people of that time; and named, either corruptly or ſatirically, a *cheater*. WARBURTON.

I'll

I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleaſure, I[6].

Piſt. Then to you, miſtreſs Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I ſcorn you, ſcurvy companion. What! you poor, baſe, raſcally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your maſter.

Piſt. I know you, miſtreſs Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purſe raſcal! you filthy bung[7], away! by this wine, I'll thruſt my knife in your mouldy chaps,[8] an you play the ſaucy cuttle with me.

[6] *I'll drink no more——for no man's pleaſure, I.——*] This ſhould not be printed as a broken ſentence. The duplication of the pronoun was very common: in the *London Prodigal* we have, "I ſcorn ſervice, I." "I am an aſs, I," ſays the ſtage-keeper in the induction to *Bartholomew Fair*; and Kendal thus tranſlates a well-known epigram of Martial:

"I love thee not, *Sabidius*,
"I cannot tell thee why:
"I can ſaie naught but this alone,
"I do not love thee, I."

In Kendall's collection there are many tranſlations from Claudian, Auſonius, the Anthologia, &c. FARMER.

So, in *K. Richard* III. act III. ſc. ii.

"I do not like theſe ſeveral councils, *I*." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"I will not budge for no man's pleaſure, *I*."

Again, in *K. Edw.* II. by Marlow, 1622:

"*I* am none of theſe common peaſants, *I*."

The French ſtill uſe this idiom.—Je ſuis Pariſien, *moi*.

MALONE.

[7] ——*filthy bung,*——] In the cant of thievery, to *nip a bung* was to cut a purſe; and among an explanation of many of theſe terms in *Martin Mark-all's Apologie to the Bel-man of London*, 1610, it is ſaid that "*Bung* is now uſed for a *pocket*, heretofore for a *purſe*." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*an you play the ſaucy* cuttle *with me.*] It appears from Greene's *Art of Conny-catching*, that *cuttle* and *cuttle-boung* were the cant terms for the knife uſed by the ſharpers of that age to cut the bottoms of purſes, which were then worn hanging at the girdle. Or the alluſion may be to the foul language thrown out by Piſtol, which ſhe means to compare with ſuch filth as the *cuttle-fiſh* ejects. STEEVENS.

Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale jugler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—[9] What, with two [1] points on your shoulder? much!

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. [2] No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater [3], art thou not asham'd to be call'd—captain? If captains

[9] ——*what, with two points on your shoulder?* much!] *Much* was a common expression of disdain at that time, of the same sense with that more modern one, *Marry come up*. The Oxford editor, not apprehending this, alters it to *march*. WARBURTON.

I cannot but think the emendation right. This use of *much* I do not remember; nor is it here proved by any example. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton is right. *Much!* is used thus in B. Jonson's *Volpone*:

"——But you shall eat it. *Much!*

Again, in *Every Man in his Humour*:

"*Much*, wench! or *much*, son!"

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

"To charge me bring my grain unto the markets:
"Ay, *much!* when I have neither barn nor garner."

STEEVENS.

[1] *—points—*] As a mark of his commission. JOHNSON.

[2] *No more, Pistol*, &c.] This is from the old edition of 1600. POPE.

[3] *Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater*, &c.] Pistol's character seems to have been a common one on the stage in the time of Shakespeare. In a *Woman's a Weathercock* by N. Field, 1612, there is another personage exactly of the same stamp, who is thus described:

"Thou unspeakable rascal, thou a soldier!
"That with thy slops and cat-a-mountain face,
"Thy blather chops, and thy robustious words,
"Fright'st the poor whore, and terribly dost exact
"A weekly subsidy, twelve pence a piece,
"Whereon thou livest; and on my conscience,
"Thou snap'st besides with cheats and cut-purses."

MALONE.

were

were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! [4] He lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes, and dry'd cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word captain [5] as odious as the word occupy; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—I could tear her:—I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damn'd first;—To Pluto's damned

[4] *He lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes, and dry'd cakes.*] That is, he lives at other mens cost, but is not admitted to their tables, and gets only what is too stale to be eaten in the house.

JOHNSON.

It means rather, that he lives on the refuse provisions of bawdy-houses and pastry-cooks shops. *Stew'd prunes,* when mouldy, were perhaps formerly sold at a cheap rate, as stale pyes and *cakes* are at present. The allusion to *stew'd prunes,* and all that is necessary to be known on that subject, has been already explained in the first part of this historical play.

STEEVENS.

[5] ——*as odious as the word* occupy;——] So, B. Jonson in his *Discoveries:* "Many, out of their own obscene apprehensions, refuse proper and fit words; as, *occupy,* nature," &c.

STEEVENS.

Occupant seems to have been formerly a term for a woman of the town, as *occupier* was for a wencher. So in Marston's *Satires,* 1599: "——— He with his *occupant*
"Are cling'd so close, like dew-worms in the morne,
"That he'll not stir."

Again: "Whose senses some damn'd *occupant* bereaves."

Again, in a song by Sir T. Overbury, 1632:
"Here's water to quench maiden's fires,
"Here's spirits for old *occupiers.*" MALONE.

 lake,

lake, to the infernal deep, where Erebus and tortures vile also. [6] Hold hook and line, say I. Down! down, dogs! down, [7] faitors! [8] Have we not Hiren here?

Host.

[6] *Hold hook and line,*——] These words are introduced in ridicule, by B. Jonson in *The Case is alter'd*, 1609. Of absurd and fustian passages from many plays, in which Shakespeare had been a performer, I have always supposed no small part of *Pistol's* character to be composed: and the pieces themselves being now irretrievably lost, the humour of his allusions is not a little obscured. STEEVENS.

[7] *faitors!*] *Faitours*, says Minshew's Dictionary, is a corruption of the French word *faiseurs*, i. e. *factores*, doers; and it is used in the statute 7 *Rich.* II. c. 5. for evil-doers, or rather for idle livers; from the French, *faitard*, which in Cotgrave's Dictionary signifies slothful, idle, &c. TOLLET.

down *faitors*. i. e. traitors, rascals. So Spenser:

"Into new woes, unweeting, was I cast
"By this false *faitour*."

The word often occurs in the *Chester Mysteries*. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *Have we not Hiren here?*] I have been told that the words —— *have we not Hiren here*, are taken from a very old play, entitled, *Hiren, or the Fayre Greeke*, and are spoken by Mahomet when his Bassas upbraided him with having lost so many provinces through an attachment to effeminate pleasures. Pistol, with some humour, is made to repeat these words before Falstaff and his messmates, as he points to Doll Tear-sheet, in the same manner as the Turkish monarch had pointed to *Hiren (Irene)* before the whole assembled divan. This dramatic piece I have never seen; but it is mentioned in that very useful and curious book *The Companion to the Play-house*, as the work of W. Barksted, published in 1611. Mr. Oldys in a MS. note confirms this circumstance.

It appears likewise from the "Merry conceited Jests of *George Peele, Gentleman*," who was master of arts in 1579, that a play called *Mahomet and Irene the fair Greek*, had been acted, but was written down by the hero of this pamphlet.

In an old comedy, 1608, called *Law Tricks; or, Who would have thought it?* the same quotation is likewise introduced, and on a similar occasion. The prince Polymetes says:

"What ominous news can Polymetes daunt?
"*Have we not Hiren here?*"

Again, in Massinger's *Old Law*:

"*Clown.* No dancing for me, we have Siren here.
"*Cook.* Syren! 'twas *Hiren* the fair Greek, man.

Again,

Hoſt. Good captain Peeſel, be quiet; it is very late: I beſeek you now, aggravate your choler.

Piſt. Theſe be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horſes,
And [9] hollow-pamper'd jades of Aſia,
Which

Again, in *Decker's Satiromaſtix*:
"——thereſore whilſt *we have Hiren here*, ſpeak my little fiſh-waſhers."

Again, in *Love's Miſtreſs*, a maſque by T. Heywood, 1636:
"——ſay ſhe is a foul beaſt in your eyes, yet ſhe is my *Hyren*."

Mr. *Tollet* obſerves, that in *Adams's Spiritual Navigator*, &c. 1615, there is the following paſſage: "There be ſirens in the ſea of the world. Syrens? *Hirens*, as they are now called. What a number of theſe ſirens, *Hirens*, cockatrices, courteghians,—in plain Engliſh, harlots,—ſwimme amongſt us?" Piſtol may therefore mean, Have we not a *ſtrumpet* here? and why I am thus uſed by her? STEEVENS.

[9] *hollow-pamper'd jades of Aſia*, &c.] Theſe lines are in part a quotation out of an old abſurd fuſtian play, entitled, *Tamburlain's Conqueſts; or, The Scythian Shepherd.* THEOBALD.

Theſe lines are addreſſed by Tamburlaine to the captive princes who draw his chariot:

"Holla, you pamper'd jades of Aſia,
"What! can you draw but twenty miles a day?"

The ſame paſſage is burleſqued by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Coxcomb.*

I was ſurprized to find a ſimile, much and juſtly celebrated by the admirers of *Spenſer's Fairy Queen*, inſerted almoſt word for word in the ſecond part of this tragedy. The earlieſt edition of thoſe books of *The Fairy Queen*, in one of which it is to be found, was publiſhed in 1590, and *Tamburlaine* had been repreſented in or before the year 1588, as appears from the preface to *Perimedes the Blackſmith*, by Robert Greene. The firſt copy, however, that I have met with, is in 1590, and the next in 1593. In the year 1590 both parts of it were entered on the books of the Stationers' Company.

"Like to an almond-tree ymounted high
"On top of green Selinis, all alone,
"With bloſſoms brave bedecked daintily,
"Whoſe tender locks do tremble every one
"At every little breath that under heaven is blown."

Spenſer.

Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with [1] Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs[2]; give crowns like pins;
[3] Have we not Hiren here?

Host.

" Like to an almond-tree ymounted high
" Upon the lofty and celestial mount
" Of ever-green Selinis, quaintly deck'd
" With bloom more bright than Erycina's brows;
" Whose tender blossoms tremble every one
" At every little breath from heaven is blown."

Marlow's Tamburlaine.
STEEVENS.

[1] ——*Cannibals,*] *Cannibal* is used by a blunder for *Hannibal*. This was afterwards copied by Congreve's Bluff and Wittol. Bluff is a character apparently taken from this of ancient Pistol.
JOHNSON.

Perhaps the character of a bully on the English stage might have been originally taken from Pistol; but Congreve seems to have copied his Nol Bluff more immediately from Jonson's Captain Bobadil. STEEVENS.

[2] *Die men like dogs;*—] This expression I find in *Ram-alley* or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

" Your lieutenant's an ass.
" How an ass? *Die men like dogs?*" STEEVENS.

[3] ——*Have we not Hiren here?*

Host. *O' my word, captain, there's none such here.*] i. e. Shall I fear that have this trusty and invincible sword by my side? For, as king Arthur's swords were called Caliburne and Ron; as Edward the Confessor's, Curtana; as Charlemagne's, Joyeuse; Orlando's, Durindana; Rinaldo's, Fusberta; and Rogero's, Balisarda; so Pistol, in imitation of these heroes, calls his sword Hiren. I have been told, Amadis du Gaul had a sword of this name. Hirir is to strike: from hence it seems probable that Hiren may be derived; and so signify a swashing, cutting sword.—But what wonderful humour is there in the good hostess so innocently mistaking Pistol's drift, fancying that he meant to fight for a
whore

Host. O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-jere! do you think, I would deny her? I pray, be quiet.

Pist. Then, [4] Feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis: Come, give's some sack.

[5] *Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.*—

Fear

whore in the house, and therefore telling him, *O' my word, captain, there's none such here; what the good-jer! do you think, I would deny her?* THEOBALD.

As it appears from a former note, that *Hiren* was sometimes a cant term for a mistress or harlot, Pistol may be supposed to give it on this occasion, as an endearing name, to his sword, in the same spirit of fondness that he frequently calls it —*sweetheart.* Pistol delights in bestowing titles on his weapon. In this scene he also calls it—*Atropos.* STEEVENS.

——*have we not* Hiren *here?*] I know not whence Shakespeare derived this allusion to Arthur's lance. "Accinctus etiam Caliburno gladio optimo, lancea nomine IRON, dexteram suam decoravit," M. Westmonasteriensis, p. 98. BOWLE. Geoffery of Monmouth, p. 65, reads *Ron* instead of *Iron.* STEEVENS.

4 ——*feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis:*] This is a burlesque on a line in an old play called *The Battel of Alcazar*, &c. printed in 1594, in which Muley Mahomet enters to his wife with lion's flesh on his sword:

> "Feed then, and faint not, my faire Calypolis."

And again, in the same play:

> "Hold thee, Calipolis; feed, and faint no more."

And again:

> "*Feed and be fat*, that we may meet the foe,
> "With strength and terrour to revenge our wrong."

This line is quoted in several of the old plays; and Decker, in his *Satiromastix*, 1602, has introduced Shakespeare's burlesque of it:

"Feed and be fat my fair *Calipolis:* stir not my beauteous wriggle-tails." STEEVENS.

It is likewise quoted by Marston in his *What you will*, as it stands in Shakespeare. MALONE.

5 —*Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.*—] Sir Tho. Hanmer reads: "Si fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta," which is undoubtedly the true reading, but perhaps it was intended that Pistol should corrupt it. JOHNSON.

 Pistol

Fear we broad-ſides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me ſome ſack;—and, ſweet-heart, lye thou there. [*Laying down his ſword.*
[6] Come we to full points here; and are *et cetera's* nothing?

Fal. Piſtol, I would be quiet.

Piſt. [7] Sweet knight, I kiſs thy neif: What! we have ſeen the ſeven ſtars.

Dol. Thruſt him down ſtairs; I cannot endure ſuch a fuſtian raſcal.

Piſt. Thruſt him down ſtairs! know we not [8] Galloway nags?

Piſtol is only a copy of Hannibal Gonſaga, who vaunted on yielding himſelf a priſoner, as you may read in an old collection of tales, called *Wits, Fits, and Fancies:*

"Si fortuna me tormenta,
"Il ſperanza me contenta."

And ſir Richard Hawkins, in his *Voyage to the South Sea,* 1593, throws out the ſame gingling diſtich on the loſs of his pinnace. FARMER.

[6] *Come we to full points here;* &c.] That is, ſhall we ſtop here, ſhall we have no further entertainment? JOHNSON.

[7] *Sweet knight, I kiſs thy neif:*] i. e. I kiſs thy fiſt. Mr. Pope will have it, that *neif* here is from *nativa*; i. e. a woman-ſlave that is born in one's houſe; and that Piſtol would kiſs Falſtaff's domeſtic miſtreſs Doll Tear-ſheet. THEOBALD.

Nief, neif, and *naif,* are certainly law-terms for a woman-ſlave. So in *Thoroton's Antiq. of Nottinghamſhire,*——"Every "*naif* or ſhe-villain, that took a huſband or committed forni-"cation, paid *marchet* for redemption of her blood 5s. and "4d."

Again, in *Stanyhurſt's* Virgil, 1582:

Me FAMULAM *famuloque Heleno tranſmiſit habendam.*
"Me his *nyeſe* to his ſervaunt Helenus full firmelye betroathed."

I believe *neif* is uſed by Shakeſpeare for *fiſt.* It is ſtill employed in that ſenſe in the northern counties, and by B. Jonſon in his *Poetaſter:*

"Reach me thy *neif.*"

Again, in *The Witch of Edmonton,* by Rowley:

"Oh, ſweet Ningle, thy *neif* once again."

STEEVENS.

[8] —*Galloway nags?*] That is, common hackneys. JOHNSON.

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, [9] like a shove-groat shilling: nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrew?——Then death
Rock me asleep [1], abridge my doleful days!
Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!
[*Snatching up his sword.*

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.
[*Drawing, and driving Pistol out.*

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, before I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; murther, I warrant now.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whorson little valiant villain, you!

Host. Are you not hurt i'the groin? methought, he made a shrewd thrust at your belly. [*Re-enter Bard.*

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

[9] ——*like a shove-groat shilling:*] This expression occurs in *Every Man in his Humour*: "made it run as smooth off the "tongue as a *shove-groat shilling*."
So again, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611:
"Away slid I, man, like a *shovel-board shilling*."
Again, in *Humour's Ordinary* by Samuel Rowlands. Satire 4.
"At *shove-groat*, venter-point, or crosse and pile."
I suppose it to have been a piece of polished metal made use of in the play of shovel-board. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*then death*
Rock me asleep,—] This is a fragment of an ancient song supposed to have been written by Anne Boleyn:
"*O death rock me on slepe,*
"Bring me on quiet rest, &c."
For the entire song, see sir John Hawkins's *General Hist. of Music*, vol. III. p. 31. STEEVENS.

Bard.

Bard. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st? Come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whorson chops:—Ah, rogue! I love thee.—Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies: Ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou do'st, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter musick.

Page. The musick is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play;—Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I'faith, and thou follow'd'st him like a church. Thou whorson [2] little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter, behind, prince Henry and Poins, disguised like drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak [3] like a death's head; do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol.

[2] —*little* tidy *Bartholomew boar-pig,*—] For *tidy* sir Thomas Hanmer reads *tiny*; but they are both words of endearment, and equally proper. *Bartholomew boar-pig* is a little pig made of paste, sold at Bartholomew fair, and given to children for a fairing.
JOHNSON.

Tidy has two significations, *timely*, and *neat*. In the first of these senses, I believe, it is used in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:
"—I myself have given good, *tidie* lambs." STEEVENS.

[3] —*like a death's head*;] It appears from the following passage in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605, that it was the custom for

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good ſhallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They ſay, Poins hath a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon!—his wit is as thick as [4] Tewkſbury muſtard; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet [5].

Dol. Why doth the prince love him ſo then?

Fal. Becauſe their legs are both of a bigneſs; and he plays at quoits well; and [6] eats conger and fennel; and

for the bawds of that age to wear a *death's head* in a ring, very probably with the common motto, *memento mori*. Cocledemoy, ſpeaking of ſome of theſe, ſays: — "as for their death, how can "it be bad, ſince their wickedneſs is always before their eyes, and "a *death's head* moſt commonly on their middle finger." Again, in Maſſinger's *Old Law*:——"ſell ſome of my cloaths to buy "thee a *death's head* and put upon thy middle finger: your leaſt "conſidering *bawds* do ſo much."

Again, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607:

"——as if I were a *bawd*, no ring pleaſes me but a *death's-head*." STEEVENS.

[4] —*Tewkſbury muſtard*; &c.] Tewkſbury is a market-town in the county of Glouceſter, formerly noted for muſtard-balls made there, and ſent into other parts. Dr. GRAY

[5] ——*in a* mallet.] So, in Milton's Proſe Works, 1738, vol. I. p. 300: "Though the fancy of this doubt be as obtuſe and ſad as any *mallet*." TOLLET.

[6] —— *eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends* &c.] Theſe qualifications I do not underſtand. JOHNSON.

Conger with fennel was formerly regarded as a provocative. It is mentioned by B. Jonſon in his *Bartholomew-Fair*,—"like a "long lac'd *conger* with green *fennel* in the joll of it." And in *Philaſter*, one of the ladies adviſes the wanton Spaniſh prince to abſtain from this article of luxury.

Greene likewiſe in his *Quip for an upſtart Courtier*, calls *fennel* "women's weeds"—"fit generally for that ſex, ſith while they are maidens they wiſh wantonly."

The qualification that follows, viz. that of ſwallowing *candles' ends by way of flap-dragons*, ſeems to indicate no more than that the prince loved him becauſe he was always ready to do any thing for his amuſement, however abſurd or unnatural. Naſh, in *Pierce Pennyleſs his Supplication to the Devil*, adviſes hard drinkers, —"to

and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg [7]; and breeds no bate with telling of [8] discreet stories: and such other gambol faculties he hath, that shew a

——"to have some shooing horne to pull on their wine, as a "rasher on the coals, or a red herring; or to stir it about with a "*candle's end* to make it taste the better," &c.

And Ben Jonson in his *News from the Moon*, &c. a masque, speaks of those who eat *candles ends*, as an act of love and gallantry; and B. and Fletcher in *Monsieur Thomas*: "——carouse her "health in cans, and *candles' ends*."

In Rowley's *Match at Midnight*, 1633, a captain says, that his "corporal was lately choak'd at Delf by swallowing a *flap-"dragon*."

Again, in Shirley's *Constant Maid*, 1640,—"or he might spit *flap-dragons* from his fire of sack, to light us."

Again, in TEKNOΓAMIA; *or*, *The Marriages of the Arts*. 1618: ——"like a *flap-dragon*, or a piece of bread sop'd in aqua vitæ, "and set a fire."

Again, in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605:—"have I not "been drunk to your health, swallow'd *flap-dragons*, eat glasses, "drank urine, stabb'd arms, and done all the offices of protested "gallantry for your sake?"

Again, in *The Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612:——"as familiarly "as pikes do gudgeons, and with as much facility as Dutchmen "swallow *flap-dragons*." STEEVENS.

A *flap-dragon* is some small combustible body, fired at one end, and put afloat in a glass of liquor. It is an act of a toper's dexterity to toss off the glass in such a manner as to prevent the *flap-dragon* from doing mischief. JOHNSON.

[7] —*wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg*;] The learned editor of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1775, observes that such is part of the description of a smart abbot, by an anonymous writer of the thirteenth century. "*Ocreas habebat in cruribus, quasi innatæ essent, sine plicâ porrectas*." MS. Bod. James. n. 6. p. 121. STEEVENS.

[8] —*discreet stories*:—] We should read *indiscreet*. WARBURTON.

I suppose by *discreet stories*, is meant what suspicious masters and mistresses of families would call *prudential information*; i. e. what ought to be known, and yet is disgraceful to the teller. Among the virtues of John Rugby, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Quickly adds, that "he is *no tell-tale*, no breed-bate." STEEVENS.

weak

weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is ſuch another; the weight of a hair will turn the ſcales between their averdupois.

P. Henry. Would not this [9] nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. Henry. Look, if the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not ſtrange, that deſire ſhould ſo many years out-live performance?

Fal. Kiſs me, Doll.

P. Henry. [1] Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what ſays the almanack to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon [2], his man, be not [3] liſping to his maſter's old tables; his note-book, his counſel-keeper.

Fal.

[9] —*nave of a wheel* —] *Nave* and *knave* are eaſily reconciled, but why *nave of a wheel?* I ſuppoſe from his roundneſs. He was called *round man* in contempt before. JOHNSON.

So, in the play repreſented before the king and queen in *Hamlet:*

"Break all the ſpokes and fellies of her wheel,
"And bowl the *round nave* down the ſteep of heaven."

STEEVENS.

[1] *Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction!*] This was indeed a prodigy. The aſtrologers, ſays Ficinus, remark, that Saturn and Venus are never conjoined. JOHNSON.

[2] —*the fiery* Trigon, &c.] *Trigonum igneum* is the aſtronomical term when the upper planets meet in a fiery ſign. So, in Warner's *Albions England*, 1602. B. 6. chap. 31.

"Even at the *firie Trigon* ſhall your chief aſcendant be."

Again, in *Pierce's Supererogation, or a new Praiſe of the old Aſſe*, &c. by Gabriel Harvey, 1593: "—now the warring planet was expected in perſon, and the *fiery Trigon* ſeemed to give the alarm." STEEVENS.

[3] —*liſping to his maſter's old tables*, &c.] We ſhould read, claſping too *his maſter's old tables*, &c. i. e. embracing his maſter's caſt-off whore, and now his bawd [*his note-book, his counſel-keeper*]. We have the ſame phraſe again in *Cymbeline:*

"You claſp young Cupid's tables." WARBURTON.

This emendation is very ſpecious. I think it right. JOHNSON.

I believe

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of [4]? I shall receive money on thursday: thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou'lt set me a weeping, an thou say'st so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome 'till thy return.——Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

I believe the old reading to be the true one. Bardolph was very probably drunk, and might *lisp* a little in his courtship; or might assume an affected softness of speech, like Chaucer's *Frere*: late edit. Prol. v. 266:

"Somwhat he *lisped* for his wantonnesse,
"To make his English swete upon his tonge."

Or, like the *Page* in the *Mad Lover* of Beaumont and Fletcher, who "*Lisps* when he list to catch a chambermaid."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: "—He can carve too and *lisp*."
STEEVENS.

Certainly the word *clasping* better preserves the *integrity of the metaphor*, or perhaps, as the expression is *old tables*, we might read *licking*: Bardolph was *kissing* the *hostess*; and old ivory books were commonly cleaned by *licking* them. FARMER.

4 ——*a* kirtle *of?*] I know not exactly what a *kirtle* is. The following passages may serve to shew that it was something different from a *gown*. "How unkindly she takes the matter, and cannot be reconciled with less than a *gown* or a *kirtle* of silk." *Greene's Art of Legerdemaine*, &c. 1612. Again, in one of *Stanyhurst's* poems, 1582:

"This *gowne* your lovemate, that *kirtle* costlye she craveth."

Bale, in his *Actes of English Votaries*, says that Roger earl of Shrewsbury sent "to Clungake in France, for the *kyrtle* of holy Hugh the abbot." Perhaps *kirtle*, in its common acceptation, means a *petticoat*. "Half a dozen taffata gowns or sattin *kirtles*." *Cynthia's Revels* by Ben. Jonson. STEEVENS.

P. Henry. Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

Fal. [5] Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—and art not thou Poins, his brother?

P. Henry. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Henry. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! welcome to London.—Now heaven bless that sweet face of thine! what, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome. [*Leaning his hand upon Doll.*

Dol. How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Henry. You whoreson [6] candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Host. 'Blessing o' your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Henry. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew, I was at your back; and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think, thou wast within hearing.

P. Henry. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

[5] *Ha! a bastard* &c.] The improbability of this scene is scarcely balanced by the humour. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*candle-mine*,——] Thou inexhaustible magazine of tallow. JOHNSON.

Fal.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

P. Henry. No! to dispraise me; and call me—pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I disprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him:—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.

P. Henry. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is the boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil out-bids him too.

P. Henry. For the women,——

Fal. For one of them,—she is in hell already, [7] and burns, poor soul! For the other,—I owe her money; and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that: Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

[7] ——*and burns, poor soul!*] This is sir T. Hanmer's reading. Undoubtedly right. The other editions had, *She is in hell already, and burns poor souls.* The venereal disease was called in these times the *brennynge* or *burning*. JOHNSON.

Host.

Host. All victuallers [8] do so: What's a joint of mutton or two, in a whole Lent?

P. Henry. You, gentlewoman,——

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

Enter Peto.

P. Henry. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts,
Come from the north: and, as I came along,
I met, and overtook, a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for sir John Falstaff.

P. Henry. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword, and cloak:—Falstaff, good night.
[*Exeunt Prince, and Poins.*

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpick'd. More

[8] ——*all* victuallers *do so:*] The brothels were formerly skreened under pretext of being *victualling houses* and *taverns*.

So, in Webster and Rowley's *Cure for a Cuckold:*

"This informer comes into Turnbull Street to a *victualling house*, and there falls in league with a *wench*, &c." — Now Sir this fellow, in revenge, informs against the *bawd* that kept the house, &c."

Again, in *Gascoigne's Glass of Government*, 1575:

"——at a house with a *red lattice* you shall find an old *bawd* called Pandarina, and a young *damsel* called Lamia." Barrett in his *Alvearie*, 1580, defines a *victualling house* thus: "A tavern where meate is eaten *out of due season*." STEEVENS.

knocking at the door?—How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You muſt away to court, ſir, preſently; a dozen captains ſtay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the muſicians, ſirrah [*To the Page*].—Farewel, hoſteſs;—farewel, Doll.—You ſee, my good wenches, how men of merit are ſought after: the undeſerver may ſleep, when the man of action is call'd on. Farewel, good wenches:—If I be not ſent away poſt, I will ſee you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot ſpeak;—If my heart be not ready to burſt:—Well, ſweet Jack, have a care of thyſelf.

Fal. Farewel, Farewel. [*Exeunt Fal. and Bard.*

Hoſt. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee theſe twenty nine years, come peſcod-time; but an honeſter, and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*within*] Miſtreſs Tear-ſheet,——

Hoſt. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid miſtreſs Tear-ſheet come to my maſter.

Hoſt. [9] O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. [1] SCENE I.

The palace.

Enter king Henry in his night-gown, with a Page.

K. Henry. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read theſe letters,

[9] *O run, Doll, run; run good Doll.*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads, *O run, Doll run, run: Good Doll, come: ſhe comes blubber'd: Yea, will you come, Doll?* STEEVENS.

[1] This firſt ſcene is not in my copy of the firſt edition. JOHNSON.

There are two copies of the ſame date; and in one of theſe, the ſcene has been added. STEEVENS.

And

And well consider of them: Make good speed.——
[*Exit Page.*
How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, ly'st thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why ly'st thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
[2] A watch-case, or a common larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the [3] slippery clouds,
That,

[2] *A watch-case*, &c.] This alludes to the watchman set in garrison-towns upon some eminence attending upon an alarum-bell, which he was to ring out in case of fire, or any approaching danger. He had a case or box to shelter him from the weather, but at his utmost peril he was not to sleep whilst he was upon duty. These alarum-bells are mentioned in several other places of Shakespeare. HANMER.

[3] ——*slippery* clouds,] The modern editors read *shrowds*. The old copy, ——*in the slippery* clouds; but I know not what advantage is gained by the alteration, for *shrowds* had anciently the same meaning as *clouds*. I could bring many instances of this use of the word from *Drayton*. So in his *Miracles of Moses*:

"And the sterne thunder from the airy *shrowds*,
"To the sad world, in fear and horror spake."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Poem on Inigo Jones*:

"And peering forth of Iris in the *shrowds*."

That, with the hurly [4], death itſelf awakes?
Can'ſt thou, O partial ſleep! give thy repoſe
To the wet ſea-boy in an hour ſo rude;
And, in the calmeſt and moſt ſtilleſt night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? [5] Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneaſy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter Warwick, and Surrey.

War. Many good morrows to your majeſty!
K. Henry. Is it good morrow, lords?
War. 'Tis one o'clock, and paſt.

A moderate tempeſt would hang the waves in the *ſhrowds* of a ſhip; a great one might poetically be ſaid to ſuſpend them on the the *clouds*, which were too *ſlippery* to retain them.

So, in *Julius Cæſar:*

"———I have ſeen
"Th' ambitious ocean ſwell, and rage and foam
"To be exalted with the threatening *clouds*."

Drayton's *airy ſhrowds* are the airy covertures of heaven; which plain language are the clouds. STEEVENS.

[4] *That, with the* hurly,] *Hurly* is noiſe, derived from the French *hurler* to howl, as *hurly-burly* from *Hurluberlu*, Fr.
STEEVENS.

[5] ——*Then, happy low, lie down!*] Evidently corrupted from *happy lowly clown*. Theſe two lines making the juſt concluſion from what preceded. "If ſleep will fly a king and conſort itſelf "with beggars, then happy the *lowly clown*, and uneaſy the "crown'd head." WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has not admitted this emendation into his text. I am glad to do it the juſtice which its author has neglected.
JOHNSON.

The ſenſe of the old reading ſeems to be this: "You, who "are happy in your humble ſituations, lay down your heads to "reſt! the head that wears a crown lies too uneaſy to expect "ſuch a bleſſing." Had not Shakeſpeare thought it neceſſary to ſubject himſelf to the tyranny of rhime, he would probably have ſaid:——"then happy low, ſleep on!"

Sir *W. D'Avenant* has the ſame thought in his *Law for Lovers:*
"*How ſoundly they ſleep whoſe pillows lie low!*"
STEEVENS.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. [6] Why, then, good morrow to you. Well, my lords,
Have you read o'er the letters that I ſent you?
War. We have, my liege.
K. Henry. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diſeaſes grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
War. [7] It is but as a body, yet, diſtemper'd;
Which to its former ſtrength may be reſtor'd,
With good advice, and little medicine:——
[8] My lord Northumberland will ſoon be cool'd.
K. Henry. O heaven! that one might read the book of fate;
And ſee the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of ſolid firmneſs) melt itſelf
Into the ſea! and, other times, to ſee

[6] In the old edition:
Why then good morrow to you all, *my lords:*
Have you read o'er, &c.] The king ſends letters to Surrey and Warwick, with charge that they ſhould read them and attend him Accordingly here Surrey and Warwick come, and nobody elſe. The king would hardly have ſaid, "Good morrow to you all," to two peers. THEOBALD.

Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton have received this emendation, and read *well* for *all.* The reading either way is of no importance. JOHNSON.

[7] *It is but as a body*, yet, *diſtemper'd*,] What would he have more? We ſhould read:
It is but as a body ſlight *diſtemper'd.* WARBURTON.

The preſent reading is right. *Diſtemper*, that is, according to the old phyſic, a diſproportionate mixture of humours, or inequality of innate heat and radical humidity, is leſs than actual *diſeaſe*, being only the ſtate which foreruns or produces diſeaſes. The difference between *diſtemper* and *diſeaſe* ſeems to be much the ſame as between *diſpoſition* and *habit.* JOHNSON.

[8] *My lord Northumberland will ſoon be* cool'd.] I believe Shakeſpeare wrote *ſchool'd*; tutor'd, and brought to ſubmiſſion. WARBURTON.

Cool'd is certainly right. JOHNSON.

The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! [9] O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone,
Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and, in two years after,
Were they at wars: It is but eight years, since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. [1] But which of you was by,
(You, [2] cousin Nevil, as I may remember) [*To Warwick*.
When Richard,—with his eye brim-full of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;—

[9] ———*O, if this were seen*, &c.] These four lines are supplied from the edition of 1600. WARBURTON.

My copy wants the whole scene, and therefore these lines.

There is some difficulty in the line,

What perils past, what crosses to ensue;

because it seems to make past perils equally terrible with ensuing crosses. JOHNSON.

[1] *But which of you was by*, &c.] He refers to *King Richard*, act V. scene ii. But whether the king's or the author's memory fails him, so it was, that Warwick was not present at that conversation. JOHNSON.

[2] *Cousin Nevil*,] Shakespeare has mistaken the name of the present nobleman. The earldom of Warwick was at this time in the family of *Beauchamp*, and did not come into that of the *Nevils* till many years after, in the latter end of the reign of king Henry VI. when it descended to *Anne Beauchamp*, (the daughter of the earl here introduced) who was married to *Richard Nevil*, earl of Salisbury. STEEVENS.

Though

Though then, heaven knows, I had no ſuch intent;
But that neceſſity ſo bow'd the ſtate,
That I and greatneſs were compell'd to kiſs:——
The time ſhall come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul ſin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption:—ſo went on,
Foretelling this ſame time's condition,
And the diviſion of our amity.

War. There is a hiſtory in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:
The which obſerv'd, a man may propheſy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life; which in their ſeeds,
And weak beginnings, lie entreaſured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
[3] And, by the neceſſary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect gueſs,
That great Northumberland, then falſe to him,
Would, of that ſeed, grow to a greater falſeneſs;
Which ſhould not find a ground to root upon,
Unleſs on you.

K. Henry. [4] Are theſe things then neceſſities?
Then let us meet them like neceſſities:—
And that ſame word even now cries out on us;
They ſay, the biſhop and Northumberland
Are fifty thouſand ſtrong.

[3] *And, by the neceſſary form of* this,] I think we might better read:

The neceſſary form of things.

The word *this* has no very evident antecedent. JOHNSON.

If any change were wanting, I would read:

And by the neceſſary form of theſe,

i. e. the *things* mentioned in the preceding line. STEEVENS.

[4] *Are theſe things then neceſſities?*
Then let us meet them like neceſſities:—] I am inclined to read:

Then let us meet them like neceſſity.

That is, with the reſiſtleſs violence of neceſſity; then comes more aptly the following line:

And that ſame word *even now cries out on us.*

That is, the word *neceſſity.* JOHNSON.

War. It cannot be, my lord;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd:—Please it your grace,
To go to bed; upon my life, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance, that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Henry. I will take your counsel:
And, were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, [5] unto the Holy Land. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Justice Shallow's seat in Glocestershire [6].

Enter Shallow meeting Silence. Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bull-calf, Servants, &c. behind.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer,

[5] ——*unto the Holy Land.*] This play, like the former, proceeds in one unbroken tenor through the first edition, and there is therefore no evidence that the division of the acts was made by the author. Since, then, every editor has the same right to mark the intervals of action as the players, who made the present distribution, I should propose that this scene may be added to the foregoing act, and the remove from London to Glocestershire be made in the intermediate time, but that it would shorten the next act too much, which has not even now its due proportion to the rest. JOHNSON.

[6] *Justice Shallow's seat in Glocestershire.*] From the following passage in *The Returne from Parnassus*, 1606, we may conclude that *Kempe* was the original *Justice Shallow.*—*Burbage* and *Kempe* are introduced instructing some Cambridge students to act.—*Burbage* makes one of the students repeat some lines of *Hieronymo* and *K. Rich.* III. *Kempe* says to another, "Now for you—methinks you

ſtirrer, [7] by the rood. And how doth my good couſin Silence?

Sil[8]. Good morrow, good couſin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my couſin, your bed-fellow? and your faireſt daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, couſin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, ſir, I dare ſay, my couſin William is become a good ſcholar: He is at Oxford ſtill, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, ſir; to my coſt.

Shal. He muſt then to the inns of court ſhortly: I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd—luſty Shallow, then, couſin.

Shal. I was call'd any thing; and I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordſhire, and black [9] George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and [1] Will Squele a Cotſwold man,—you had not four ſuch ſwinge-

you belong to *my tuition*; and your face methinks would be good for a fooliſh Mayor, or a *fooliſh Juſtice of Peace*."—And again—"Thou wilt do well in time if thou wilt be ruled by thy betters, that is by myſelfe, and ſuch *grave aldermen* of the playhouſe as I am."—It appears from Naſhe's *Apologie of Pierce Penniles*, 1593, that he likewiſe played the *Clown*. "What can be made of a ropemaker more than a *clowne? Will. Kempe*, I miſtruſt it will fall to *to thy lot for a merriment* one of theſe dayes." MALONE.

[7] ——*by the rood.*] i. e. The croſs. POPE.

[8] *Silence.*] The oldeſt copy of this play was publiſhed in 1600. It muſt however have been acted ſomewhat earlier, as in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour*, which was performed in 1599, is the following reference to it: "No, lady, this is a kinſman to *Juſtice Silence*." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*George Bare*,——] The quarto reads *George Barnes*. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*Will Squele a Cotſwold man*,——] The games at Cotſwold were, in the time of our author, very famous. Of theſe I have ſeen accounts in ſeveral old pamphlets; and Shallow, by diſtinguiſhing Will Squele as a Cotſwold man, meant to have him

[2] swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas [3] were; and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk [4].

Sil.

him understood to be one who was well versed in those exercises, and consequently of a daring spirit, and an athletic constitution.

I suppose the following passage in the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date, contains an allusion of the same kind:

"By my fayth ye are wont to be as bold
"As yt were *a lyon of Cottyswold.*"

Again, in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600:

"You old stale ruffin, you *lyon of Cotsoll.*" STEEVENS.

[2] ——*swinge-bucklers*——] *Swinge-bucklers* and *Swash-bucklers* were words implying rakes or rioters in the time of Shakespeare. Nash, addressing himself to his old opponent Gabriel Harvey, 1598, says: "*Turpe senex miles*, 'tis time for such an olde foole "to leave playing the *swash-buckler*."

Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607, Caraffa says, "——when "I was a scholar in Padua, faith, then I could have *swing'd a* "*sword and buckler*," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*bona-robas*——] i. e. Ladies of pleasure. *Bona Roba*, Ital. So, in *The Bride* by Nabbes, 1640:

"Some *bona-roba* they have been sporting with."

STEEVENS.

[4] ——*Then was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.*] The following circumstances, tending to prove that Shakespeare altered the name of *Oldcastle* to that of *Falstaff*, have hitherto been overlooked. In a poem by J. Weever, entitled "The Mirror of Martyrs, or the Life and Death of that thrice valiant Capitaine and most godly Martyre *Sir John Oldcastle* Knight, Lord Cobham," 18mo. 1601, *Oldcastle*, relating the events of his life, says:

"Within the spring-tide of my flowring youth,
"He [his father] stept into the winter of his age;
"Made meanes (Mercurius thus begins the truth)
"That I was made *Sir Thomas Mowbrais page.*"

Again, in a pamphlet entitled "The wandering Jew telling fortunes to Englishmen," 4to. (the date torn off, but apparently a republication about the middle of the last century) is the following passage in the *Glutton*'s speech: "I do not live by the sweat of my brows, but am almost dead with sweating. I eate much, but can talke little. *Sir John Oldcastle* was my great grandfather's father's uncle. I come of a *huge* kindred." REED.

Different

Sil. This ſir John, couſin, that comes hither anon about ſoldiers?

Shal. The ſame ſir John, the very ſame. I ſaw him break Skogan's head at the court gate [5], when he was a crack [6], not thus high: and the very ſame day I did fight with one Sampſon Stockfiſh, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. O, the mad days that I have ſpent! and to ſee how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We ſhall all follow, couſin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very ſure, very ſure: death, as the Pſalmiſt ſaith, is certain to all; all ſhall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Different concluſions are ſometimes drawn from the ſame premiſes. Becauſe Shakeſpeare borrowed a ſingle circumſtance from the life of the *real Oldcaſtle*, and imparted it to the *fictitious Falſtaff*, does it follow that the name of the former was ever employed as a cover to the vices of the latter? Is it not more likely, becauſe *Falſtaff* was known to poſſeſs one feature in common with *Oldcaſtle*, that the vulgar were led to imagine that *Falſtaff* was only *Oldcaſtle* in diſguiſe? Hence too might have ariſen the ſtory that our author was compelled to change the name of the one for that of the other; a ſtory ſufficiently ſpecious to have impoſed on the writer of the "Wandering Jew," as well as on the credulity of *Field*, *Fuller*, and others, whoſe coincidence has been brought in ſupport of an opinion contrary to my own. STEEVENS.

[5] *Skogan's head*—] Who *Scogan* was, may be underſtood from the following paſſage in *The Fortunate Iſles*, a maſque by Ben Jonſon, 1626:

> Methinks you ſhould enquire now after *Skelton*,
> And maſter *Scogan*.
> —"*Scogan*? what was he?—
> Oh, a fine gentleman, and a maſter of arts
> Of *Henry the Fourth's times*, that made diſguiſes
> For the king's ſons, and writ in ballad royal
> "Daintily well," &c.

Among the works of Chaucer is a poem called "*Scogan*, unto the Lordes and Gentilmen of the Kinge's Houſe." STEEVENS.

[6] *crack*,] This is an old iſlandic word, ſignifying a *boy* or *child*. One of the fabulous kings and heroes of Denmark, called *Rolf*, was ſurnamed *Krake*. See the ſtory in *Edda*, Fable 63.
TYRWHITT.

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good bow;—And dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt lov'd him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have [7] clapp'd i'the clout at twelve score; and carry'd you a fore-hand shaft a [8] fourteen, and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.——How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead!

Enter Bardolph and his boy.

Sil. Here come two of sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Bard. [9] Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir; I knew him a good back-sword man: How doth the good knight? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

[7] ——*clapp'd in the clout*——] i. e. Hit the white mark. WARBURTON.

[8] —*fourteen and fourteen and a half,*—] That is, fourteen score of yards. JOHNSON.

[9] *Good morrow, &c.*] The quarto gives this as well as the following part of the speech to Bardolph. The folio divides it between Shallow and him. I have followed the quarto. STEEVENS.

Bard.

Bard. Sir, pardon; a ſoldier is better accommodated, than with a wife.

Shal. It is well ſaid, ſir; and it is well ſaid indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phraſes are ſurely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes of *accommodo*: [1] very good; a good phraſe.

Bard. Pardon, ſir; I have heard the word. Phraſe, call you it? By this day, I know not the phraſe: but I will maintain the word with my ſword, to be a ſoldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated; That is, when a man is, as they ſay, accommodated: or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falſtaff.

Shal. It is very juſt:—Look, here comes good ſir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worſhip's good hand: By my troth, you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good ſir John.

Fal. I am glad to ſee you well, good maſter Robert Shallow;—Maſter Sure-card, as I think.

[1] ——— *very good, a good phraſe.*] *Accommodate* was a modiſh term of that time, as Ben Jonſon informs us: "You are not to "caſt or wring for the perfumed terms of the time, as *accommo-"dation*, complement, ſpirit, &c. but uſe them properly in their "places as others." Diſcoveries. Hence Bardolph calls it a word of *exceeding good command.* His definition of it is admirable, and highly ſatirical: nothing being more common than for inaccurate ſpeakers or writers, when they ſhould define, to put their hearers off with a ſynonimous term; or, for want of that, even with the ſame term differently *accommodated*; as in the inſtance before us. WARBURTON.

ſame word occurs in Jonſon's *Every Man in his Humour:*
Hoſteſs, *accommodate* us with another bedſtaff:
The woman does not underſtand *the words of action.*"
STEEVENS.

Shal.

Shal. No, ſir John; it is my couſin Silence, in commiſſion with me.

Fal. Good maſter Silence, it well befits you ſhould be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worſhip is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen ſufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, ſir. Will you ſit?

Fal. Let me ſee them, I beſeech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me ſee, let me ſee, let me ſee. So, ſo, ſo, ſo: Yea, marry, ſir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do ſo, let them do ſo.——Let me ſee; Where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't pleaſe you.

Shal. What think you, ſir John? a good-limb'd fellow: young, ſtrong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't pleaſe you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! moſt excellent, i'faith! things, that are mouldy, lack uſe: Very ſingular good!—Well ſaid, ſir John; very well ſaid.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was prick'd well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her huſbandry, and her drudgery: you need not to have prick'd me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy, you ſhall go. Mouldy, it is time you were ſpent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; ſtand aſide; Know you where you are?—For the other, ſir John:—let me ſee;—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Ay marry, let me have him to ſit under: he's like to be a cold ſoldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad.

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: It is often so, indeed; but not much of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him;—for [2] we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it. I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Feeble. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Feeble. A woman's taylor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's taylor, he would have prick'd you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Feeble. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's taylor! well said,

[2] *we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.*] That is, we have in the muster book many names for which we receive pay, though we have not the men.
JOHNSON.

coura-

courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's taylor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

Feeble. I would, Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would, thou wert a man's taylor; that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Feeble. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, sir,

Fal. Trust me, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bull-calf, 'till he roar again.

Bull. Oh! good my lord captain,——

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd?

Bull. O lord, sir! I am a diseas'd man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

Shal. There is two more call'd than your number, you must have but four here, sir;—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

Shal. O, sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the wind-mill in saint George's fields?

Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, maſter Shallow.

Shal. She could never away with me [8].

Fal. Never, never: ſhe would always ſay, ſhe could not abide maſter Shallow.

Shal. By the maſs, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a [9] bona-roba. Doth ſhe hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, maſter Shallow.

Shal. Nay, ſhe muſt be old; ſhe cannot chuſe but be old; certain, ſhe's old; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's-inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five years ago.

Shal. Ha, couſin Silence, that thou hadſt ſeen that that this knight and I have ſeen!——Ha, ſir John, ſaid I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, maſter Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, ſir John, we have; our watch-word was, *Hem, boys!*—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have ſeen!—Come, come. [*Exeunt Falſtaff, and Juſtices.*

Bull. Good maſter corporate Bardolph, ſtand my friend; and here is four Harry ten ſhillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, ſir, I had as lief be hang'd, ſir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, ſir, I

[8] *She could never away with me.*] This expreſſion of diſlike is uſed by *Maurice Kyffin*, in his tranſlation of the *Andria* of Terence, 1588: "All men that be in love *can ill away* to have wives appointed them by others." Perhaps the original meaning was—*ſuch a one cannot travel on the ſame road with me.* STEEVENS.

[9] ——*bona-roba.*] A fine ſhowy wanton. JOHNSON.

Bona-roba was, in our author's time, the common term for a harlot. It is uſed in that ſenſe by B. Jonſon in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, and by many others. STEEVENS.

do not care; but, rather, becauſe I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a deſire to ſtay with my friends; elſe, ſir, I did not care, for mine own part, ſo much.

Bard. Go to; ſtand aſide.

Moul. And good maſter corporal captain, for my old dame's ſake, ſtand my friend: ſhe has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and ſhe is old, and cannot help herſelf: you ſhall have forty, ſir.

Bard. Go to; ſtand aſide.

Feeble. I care not;—a man can die but once;—we owe God a death;—I'll ne'er bear a baſe mind:—an't be my deſtiny, ſo; an't be not, ſo: No man's too good to ſerve his prince: and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well ſaid; thou'rt a good fellow.

Feeble. 'Faith, I'll bear no baſe mind.

[*Re-enter Falſtaff, and Juſtices.*

Fal. Come, ſir, which men ſhall I have?

Shal. Four of which you pleaſe.

Bard. Sir, a word with you:—[1] I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, ſir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you chuſe for me.

Shal. Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf:—For you, Mouldy, ſtay at home 'till you are paſt ſervice [2]:—and, for your part, Bull-calf,—grow 'till you come unto it; I will none of you.

Shal.

[1] ——*I have three pound*——] Here ſeems to be a wrong computation. He had forty ſhillings for each. Perhaps he meant to conceal part of the profit. JOHNSON.

[2] *For you, Mouldy*, ſtay *at home till you are paſt ſervice:*] This ſhould ſurely be: "For you, *Mouldy*, *you have ſtay'd* at home," &c. *Falſtaff* has before a ſimilar alluſion, "'*Tis the more time thou wert uſed.*"

There is ſome miſtake in the number of *recruits:* Shallow ſays, that

Shal. Sir John, ſir John, do not yourſelf wrong; they are your likelieſt men, and I would have you ſerv'd with the beſt.

Fal. Will you tell me, maſter Shallow, how to chuſe a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes [3], the ſtature, bulk and big aſſemblance of a man [4]? give me the ſpirit, maſter Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you ſee what a ragged appearance it is: he ſhall charge you, and diſcharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, [5] ſwifter than he that gibbet's-on the brewer's bucket. And this ſame half-fac'd fellow Shadow,—give me this man; he preſents no mark to the enemy; the foe-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife: And, for a retreat,—how ſwiftly will this Feeble, the woman's taylor, run off? O, give me the ſpare men, and ſpare me the great ones.—Put me a [6] caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard.

that Falſtaff ſhould have *four* there, but he appears to get but *three*: Wart, Shadow, and Feeble. FARMER.

—*ſtay at home till you are paſt ſervice*:] Perhaps this paſſage ſhould be read and pointed thus: "For you, Mouldy, ſtay at home *ſtill*; you are paſt ſervice:——" TYRWHITT.

[3] ——*the* thewes,—] i. e. the muſcular ſtrength or appearance of manhood. So, again:

"For nature creſcent, does not grow alone
"In *thewes* and bulk."

In other ancient writers this term implies manners, or behaviour only. *Spenſer* often uſes it; and I find it likewiſe in Gaſcoigne's *Glaſs of Government*, 1575:

"And honour'd more than bees of better *thewes*."

Shakeſpeare is perhaps ſingular in his application of it to the perfections of the body. STEEVENS.

[4] aſſemblance *of a man*?] Thus the old copies. The modern editors read—*aſſemblage*. STEEVENS.

[5] ———*ſwifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket.*] Swifter than he that carries beer from the vat to the barrel, in buckets hung upon a gibbet or beam croſſing his ſhoulders. JOHNSON.

[6] —*caliver*—] A hand-gun. JOHNSON.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverſe; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopp'd, [7] bald ſhot.—Well ſaid, Wart; thou'rt a good ſcab: hold, there's a teſter for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-maſter, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green [8], when I lay at Clement's-inn, ([9] I was then ſir Dagonet in Arthur's ſhow)

So, in the *Maſque of Flowers*, 1613: "The ſerjeant of Kawaſha carried on his ſhoulders a great tobacco-pipe as big as a *caliver*."

It is ſingular that Shakeſpeare, who has ſo often derived his ſources of merriment from recent cuſtoms or faſhionable follies, ſhould not once have mentioned *tobacco*, though at a time when all his contemporaries were active in its praiſe or its condemnation. STEEVENS.

7 ——*bald ſhot.*—] *Shot* is uſed for *ſhooter*, one who is to fight by ſhooting. JOHNSON.

8 ——*Mile-end green,*] It appears from Stowe's *Chronicle*, (edit. 1615, p. 702.) that in the year 1585, 4000 citizens were trained and exerciſed at *Mile-end*. STEEVENS.

9 ——*(I was then ſir Dagonet in Arthur's ſhow)*—] The only intelligence I have gleaned of this worthy wight ſir Dagonet, is from Beaumont and Fletcher in their *Knight of the Burning Peſtle*:

"*Boy.* Beſides, it will ſhew ill-favouredly to have a grocer's
" prentice to court a king's daughter.
" *Cit.* Will it ſo, ſir? You are well read in hiſtories; I pray
" you, what was ſir Dagonet? Was he not prentice to a grocer
" in London? Read the play of *The Four Prentices of London*,
" where they toſs their pikes ſo, &c." THEOBALD.

The ſtory of ſir Dagonet is to be found in *La Mort d'Arthure*, an old romance much celebrated in our author's time, or a little before it. "When papiſtry," ſays Aſcham in his *School-maſter*, "as a ſtanding pool, overflowed all England, few books were read "in our tongue ſaving certain books of chivalry, as they ſaid, "for paſtime and pleaſure; which books, as ſome ſay, were "made in monaſteries by idle monks. As one for example, *La* "*Mort d'Arthure.*" In this romance ſir Dagonet is king Arthur's fool. Shakeſpeare would not have ſhewn his *juſtice* capable of repreſenting any higher character. JOHNSON.

Arthur

ſhow) there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus: and 'a would about, and about,

Arthur's ſhow ſeems to have been a theatrical repreſentation made out of the old romance of *Morte Arthure*, the moſt popular one of our author's age. Sir Dagonet is king Arthur's 'ſquire.

Theobald remarks on this paſſage: "The only intelligence I "have gleaned of this worthy knight (ſir Dagonet) is from Beau-"mont and Fletcher, in their *Knight of the Burning Peſtle*."

The commentators on Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Peſtle* have not obſerved that the deſign of that play is founded upon a comedy called *The Four Prentices of London, with the Conqueſt of Jeruſalem; as it hath been diverſe Times acted at the Red Bull, by the Queen's Majeſty's Servants. Written by Tho. Heywood*, 1612. For as in Beaumont and Fletcher's play, a grocer in the Strand turns knight-errant, making his apprentice his 'ſquire, &c. ſo in Heywood's play, four apprentices accoutre themſelves as knights, and go to Jeruſalem in queſt of adventures. One of them, the moſt important character, is a goldſmith, another a grocer, another a mercer, and a fourth an haberdaſher. But Beaumont and Fletcher's play, though founded upon it, contains many ſatirical ſtrokes againſt Heywood's comedy, the force of which are entirely loſt to thoſe who have not ſeen that comedy.

Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's prologue, or firſt ſcene, a citizen is introduced declaring that, in the play, he "will have a "grocer, and he ſhall do admirable things."

Again, act I. ſcene i. Rafe ſays, "Amongſt all the worthy "books of atchievements, I do not call to mind that I have yet "read of a grocer-errant: I will be the ſaid knight. Have you "heard of any that hath wandered unfurniſhed of his ſquire and "dwarf? My elder brother Tim ſhall be my truſty 'ſquire, and "George my dwarf."

In the following paſſage the alluſion to Heywood's comedy is demonſtrably manifeſt, act iv. ſcene i.

"*Boy*. It will ſhew ill-favouredly to have a grocer's prentice "court a king's daughter.

"*Cit*. Will it ſo, Sir? You are well read in hiſtories; I pray "you who was ſir Dagonet? Was he not prentice to a grocer in "London? Read the play of *The Four Prentices*, where they "toſs their pikes ſo."

In Heywood's comedy, Euſtace the grocer's prentice is introduced courting the daughter of the king of France; and in the frontiſpiece the four prentices are repreſented in armour tilting with

about, and come you in, and come you in: *rah, tah, tah*, would 'a ſay; *bounce*, would 'a ſay; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come;—I ſhall never ſee ſuch a fellow.

Fal. Theſe fellows will do well, maſter Shallow.—God keep you, maſter Silence; I will not uſe many words with you:—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I muſt a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the ſoldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, heaven bleſs you, and proſper your affairs, and ſend us peace! As you return, viſit my houſe; let our old acquaintance be renew'd: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, maſter Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have ſpoke, at a word. Fare you well. [*Exeunt Shallow, and Silence.*

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. — On, Bardolph; lead the men away.—[*Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, &c.*]—As I return, I will fetch off theſe juſtices: I do ſee the bottom of juſtice Shallow. Lord, lord, how ſubject we old men are to this vice of lying! This ſame ſtarv'd juſtice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildneſs of his youth, and the feats he hath done [9] about Turnbull-ſtreet; and

with javelins. Immediately before the laſt quoted ſpeeches we have the following inſtances of alluſion.

" *Cit.* Let the Sophy of Perſia come, and chriſten him a " child.

" *Boy.* Believe me, ſir, that will not do ſo well; 'tis flat; it " has been before at the Red Bull."

A circumſtance in Heywood's comedy; which, as has been already ſpecified, was acted at the Red Bull. Beaumont and Fletcher's play is pure burleſque. Heywood's is a mixture of the droll and ſerious, and was evidently intended to ridicule the reigning faſhion of reading romances. WARTON.

In ſir W. Davenant's comedy of the *Wits* is an alluſion to this play of Heywood:

" I'd loſe my wedding to behold theſe *Dagonets*."
STEEVENS.

[9] *—about Turnbull-ſtreet;*—] In an old comedy call'd *Ram-alley, or Merry Tricks*, this ſtreet is mentioned again:

" —Sir,

and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a fork'd radish, with a head fantastically carv'd upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight [1] were invisible: he was the very Genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores call'd him—mandrake [2]: he came ever

"——— Sir, get you gone,
"You swaggering, cheating, *Turnbull-street* rogue."

Nash, in *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication*, commends the sisters of *Turnbull-street* to the patronage of the devil.

In *The Inner Temple Masque*, by Middleton, 1619:

"'Tis in your charge to pull down bawdy-houses,
——— cause spoil in Shoreditch,
"And deface *Turnbull*."

Again, in Middleton's comedy, called *Any Thing for a quiet Life*, a French bawd says: ——"J'ay une fille qui parle un peu "François; elle conversera avec vous, a la Fleur de Lys, en "*Turnbull-street*."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady* ——"Here "has been such a hurry, such a din, such dismal drinking, "swearing, &c. we have all liv'd in a perpetual *Turnbull-street*."

Again, in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*:

"——— this my lady dear,
"I stole her from her friends in *Turnbull-street*."

Turnbull or *Turnmill Street* is near Cow-cross, West Smithfield.

The continuator of *Stowe's Annals* informs us that *West Smithfield*, (at present the horse-market) was formerly called *Ruffian's Hall*, where turbulent fellows met to try their skill at sword and buckler. STEEVENS.

[1] ——— *were invisible*:] The folio and quarto read, by an apparent error of the press, *invincible*. Mr. Rowe first made the necessary alteration. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*call'd him* mandrake:] This appellation will be somewhat illustrated by the following passage in *Caltha Poetarum, or the Bumble Bee*, composed by T. Cutwode, Esqyre, 1599. This book was commanded by the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of London to be burnt at Stationers' Hall in the 41st year of queen Elizabeth.

"Upon the place and ground where Caltha grew,
"A mightie *mandrag* there did Venus plant;
"An object for faire Primula to view,
"Resembling man from thighs unto the shank," &c.

The

ever in the rear-ward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the [3] over-scutcht huswives, that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware—they were his [4] fancies, or his good-nights. [5] And now is this vice's dagger be-
come

The rest of the description might prove yet farther explanatory; but on some subjects silence is less reprehensible than information.
STEEVENS.

[3] —*over-scutcht*—] That is whipt, carted. POPE.

I rather think that the word means *dirty* or *grimed*. The word *huswives* agrees better with this sense. Shallow crept into mean houses, and boasted his accomplishments to *dirty* women.
JOHNSON.

Ray, among his north country words, says, that *an over-switch'd huswife* is a strumpet. *Over-scutch'd* has undoubtedly the meaning which Mr. Pope has affixed to it. *Over-scutch'd* is the same as *over-scotch'd*. A *scutch* or *scotch* is a cut or lash with a rod or whip. STEEVENS.

[4] —*fancies or his goodnights.*] Fancies and Goodnights were the titles of little poems. One of Gascoigne's *Goodnights* is published among his *Flowers*. STEEVENS.

[5] *And now is this* vice's *dagger*—] By vice here the poet means that droll character in the old plays (which I have several times mentioned in the course of these notes) equipped with asses ears and a wooden dagger. It was very satirical in Falstaff to compare Shallow's activity and impertinence to such a machine as a wooden dagger in the hands and management of a buffoon.
THEOBALD.

"Vice's dagger," and "Like the old vice," This was the name given to a droll figure, heretofore much shown upon our stage, and brought in to play the fool and make sport for the populace. His dress was always a long jerkin, a fool's cap with ass's ears, and a thin wooden dagger, such as is still retained in the modern figures of harlequin and scaramouch. Minshew, and others of our more modern critics, strain hard to find out the etymology of the word, and fetch it from the Greek: probably we need look no farther for it than the old French word *Vis*, which signified the same as *Visage* does now: from this in part came *Visdase*, a word common among them for a fool, which Menage says is but a corruption from *Vis d'asne*, the face or head of an ass. It may be imagined therefore that *Visdase*, or *Vis d'asne* was the name first given to this foolish theatrical figure, and that by vulgar use it was shortened down to plain *Vis* or *Vice*. [VICE. A person in our old plays. The word is an abbreviation of *Device*; for in our old dramatic shows, where he was first exhibited, he was nothing more than an artificial figure, a puppet moved by
machinery,

come a ſquire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been ſworn brother to him: and I'll be ſworn he never ſaw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then [6] he burſt his head, for crouding among the marſhal's men. I ſaw it; and told John of Gaunt, he [7] beat his own name: for you might have truſs'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-ſkin; the caſe of a treble hautboy was a manſion for him, a court: and now hath he land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return: and it ſhall go hard, but I will make him a [8] philoſopher's

machinery, and then originally called a *Device*, or '*Vice*. In theſe repreſentations he was a conſtant and the moſt popular character, afterwards adopted into the early comedy. The ſmith's machine called a *Vice*, is an abbreviation of the ſame ſort.— Hamlet calls his uncle "a *vice* of kings," a fantaſtic and *factitious* image of majeſty, a mere *puppet* of royalty. See Jonſon's *Alchymiſt*, act I. ſc. iii:

"And on your ſtall a *puppet* with a *vice*." WARTON.

[6] —*he* burſt *his head*,—] Thus the folio and quarto. The modern editors read *broke*. To *break* and to *burſt* were, in our poet's time, ſynonimouſly uſed. Thus B. Jonſon, in his *Poetaſter*, tranſlates the following paſſage in Horace:

"———*fracta* pereuntes cuſpide Gallos."
"The lances *burſt* in Gallia's ſlaughter'd forces."

So, in *The Old Legend of Sir Bevis of Hampton*:

"But ſyr Bevis ſo hard him thruſt, that his ſhoulder-bone
"he *burſt*."

Again, in the ſecond part of *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

"Whoſe chariot wheels have *burſt* th' Aſſyrian's bones."

Again, in Holinſhed, p. 809: "—that manie a ſpeare was *burſt*, and manie a great ſtripe given."

To *braſt* had the ſame meaning. Barrett, in his *Alvearie* or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, calls a houſe-breaker, "a breaker and *braſter* of doors." The ſame author conſtantly uſes *burſt* as ſynonimous to *broken*. STEEVENS.

[7] —*beat his own name*:] That is, beat *gaunt*, a fellow ſo ſlender, that his name might have been *gaunt*. JOHNSON.

[8] —*philoſopher's two ſtones*—] One of which was an univerſal medicine, and the other a tranſmuter of baſe metals into gold. WARBURTON.

I believe the commentator has refined this paſſage too much. A philoſopher's two ſtones is only more than the philoſopher's ſtone.

pher's two ſtones to me: [9] If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I ſee no reaſon, in the law of nature, but I may ſnap at him. Let time ſhape, and there an end. [*Exeunt.*

ſtone. The univerſal medicine was never, ſo far as I know, conceived to be a ſtone before the time of Butler's ſtone.

JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards ridicules Dr. Warburton's note on this paſſage, but without reaſon. Gower has a chapter in his *Confeſſio Amantis*, "Of the *three* ſtones that philoſophres made:" and Chaucer, in his tale of the *Chanon's Yeman*, expreſsly tells us, that one of them is *Alixar cleped*; and that it is a *water* made of the four elements. *Face*, in the *Alchymiſt*, aſſures us, it is "*a ſtone, and not a ſtone.*" FARMER.

That the ingredients of which this *Elixir*, or *Univerſal Medicine*, was compoſed, were by no means difficult of acquiſition, may be proved by the following concluſion of a letter written by *Villers Duke of Buckingham* to *King James* I. on the ſubject of the *Philoſopher's Stone*. See the ſecond volume of Royal Letters in the Britiſh Muſeum, No. 6987, Art. 101.

"—I confeſs, ſo longe as he conſeled the meanes he wrought by, I diſpiſed all he ſaid: but when he tould me, that which he hath given your ſoverainſhip to preſerve you from all ſicknes ever hereafter, was extracted out of a t—d, I admired the fellow; and for theis reaſons: that being a ſtranger to you, yett he had found out the kind you are come of, and your natural affections and apetis; and ſo, like a ſkillful man, hath given you natural fiſicke, which is the onlie meanes to preſerve the radicall hmrs: and thus I conclude: My ſow is healthfull, my divill's luckie, myſelf is happie, and needs no more than your bleſſing, which is my trew *Feloſophers ſtone*, upon which I build as upon a rocke:

Your Majeſties moſt humble ſlave & doge

Stinie."

The following paſſage in the dedication of *The Metamorphoſis of Pigmalion's Image and certaine Satyres*, 1598, may prove that the Elixir was ſuppoſed to be a ſtone before the time of Butler:

"Or like that rare and rich *Elixar ſtone*,
"Can turne to gold leaden invention." STEEVENS.

[9] *If the young dace*——] That is, if the pike may prey upon the dace, if it be the law of nature that the ſtronger may ſeize upon the weaker, Falſtaff may, with great propriety, devour Shallow. JOHNSON.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and others.

York. What is this forest call'd?
Hast. 'Tis Gualtree forest [1], an't shall please your grace.
York. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.
Hast. We have sent forth already.
York. 'Tis well done.
My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus:—
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may over-live the hazard,
And fearful meeting of their opposite.
Mowb. Thus do the hopes we had in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

[1] *'Tis* Gualtree *forest,*] "The earle of Westmoreland, &c. made forward against the rebels, and coming into a plaine, within *Galtree* forest, caused their standards to be pitched down in like sort as the archbishop had pitched his, over against them." Holinshed, page 529. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?
Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.
Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
[2] Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmoreland.

York. What well-appointed leader[3] fronts us here?
Mowb. I think, it is my lord of Westmoreland.
West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, lord John, and duke of Lancaster.
York. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace;
What doth concern your coming?
West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion

[2] *Let us* sway *on*,——] We should read, *way* on; i. e. march on. WARBURTON.

I know not that I have ever seen *sway* in this sense; but I believe it is the true word, and was intended to express the uniform and forcible motion of a compact body. There is a sense of the noun in *Milton* kindred to this, where, speaking of a weighty sword, he says, "It descends with huge two-handed *sway*." JOHNSON.

The word is used in *Holinshed*, English Hist. p. 986. "The left side of the enemy was compelled to *sway* a good way back and give ground, &c." Again, in *K. Henry* VI. Part 3. act II. sc. v:
"Now *sways* it this way, like a mightie sea
"Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
"Now *sways* it that way, &c." STEEVENS.

[3] ——well-appointed *leader*——] *Well-appointed* is *completely accoutred.* So in the *Miseries of Queen Margaret*, by Drayton:
"Ten thousand valiant, *well-appointed* men."
Again, in *The Ordinary* by Cartwright:
"————Naked piety
"Dares more, than fury *well-appointed*." STEEVENS.

Came

Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
[4] Led on by bloody youth, [5] guarded with rage,
And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
Whose white investments figure innocence [6],
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?
Turning your books to [7] graves, your ink to blood,
Your

[4] *Led on by* bloody *youth*,——] I believe Shakespeare wrote *heady* youth. WARBURTON.

Bloody youth is only sanguine youth, or youth full of blood, and of those passions which blood is supposed to incite or nourish. JOHNSON.

[5] ——guarded *with rage*,—] *Guarded* is an expression taken from dress, it means the same as *faced*, *turned up*. Mr. Pope, who has been followed by succeeding editors, reads *goaded*. *Guarded* is the reading both of quarto and folio. Shakespeare uses the same expression in the former part of this play:

"Velvet *guards* and Sunday citizens," &c.

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"Let him have a livery more *guarded* than his fellows"

STEEVENS.

[6] *Whose* white investments *figure innocence*,——] Formerly, (says Dr. Hody, Hist. of Convocations, p. 141.) all bishops wore white even when they travelled. GRAY.

By comparing this passage with another in p. 91, of Dr. Gray's notes, we learn that the white investment meant the episcopal rochet; and this should be worn by the theatric archbishop.

TOLLET.

[7] ——*graves*,——] For *graves* Dr. Warburton very plausibly reads *glaives*, and is followed by sir Thomas Hanmer.

JOHNSON.

We

Your pens to lances; and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?
York. [8] Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands.
Briefly, to this end:—We are all diseas'd;
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it: of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, dy'd.
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,

We might perhaps as plausibly read *greaves*, i. e. armour for the legs, a kind of boots. In one of the *Discourses on the Art Military*, written by sir John Smythe, Knight, 1589, *greaves* are mentioned as necessary to be worn; and Ben Jonson employs the same word in his *Hymenæi:*

" ——upon their legs they wore silver *greaves*."

Again, in the *Four Prentices of London*, 1632:

" Arm'd with their *greaves* and maces."

Again, in the 2nd canto of the *Barons' Wars* by Drayton:

" Marching in *greaves*, a helmet on her head."

Warner, in his *Albions England*, 1602, b. 12. ch. 69. spells the word as it is found in the old copies of Shakespeare:

" The taishes, cushies, and the *graves*, staff, pensell, baises, all."

I know not whether it be worth adding, that the metamorphosis of *leathern covers of books* into *greaves*, i. e. *boots*, seems to be more apposite than the conversion of them into instruments of war of the following shape and dimensions. The wooden cut exhibits two sorts of *glaives*, such as were used by our forefathers. *Glave* is the *Erse* word for a *broad-sword*, and *glaif* is *Welsh* for a *book*.

STEEVENS.

[8] *Wherefore*, &c.] In this speech, after the first two lines, the next twenty-five are either omitted in the first edition, or added in the second. The answer, in which both the editions agree, apparently refers to some of these lines, which therefore may be probably supposed rather to have been dropped by a player desirous to shorten his speech, than added by the second labour of the author. JOHNSON.

I take

I take not on me here as a phyſician;
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men:
But, rather, ſhew a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, ſick of happineſs;
And purge the obſtructions, which begin to ſtop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance juſtly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we ſuffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We ſee which way the ſtream of time doth run,
[9] And are enforc'd from our moſt quiet ſphere
By the rough torrent of occaſion:
And have the ſummary of all our griefs,
When time ſhall ſerve, to ſhew in articles;
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
And might by no ſuit gain our audience:
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
[1] We are deny'd acceſs unto his perſon
Even by thoſe men that moſt have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
(Whoſe memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood) and the examples
Of every minute's inſtance, (preſent now)
Have put us in theſe ill-beſeeming arms:

[9] In former editions:
And are enforc'd from our moſt quiet there,] This is ſaid in anſwer to Weſtmoreland's upbraiding the archbiſhop for engaging in a courſe which ſo ill became his profeſſion:

——— *you, my lord archbiſhop,*
Whoſe ſee is by a civil peace maintain'd, &c.

So that the reply muſt be this:

And are enforc'd from our moſt quiet ſphere. WARBURTON.

[1] *We are deny'd acceſs*——] The archbiſhop ſays in Holinſhed: "Where he and his companie were in armes, it was for feare of the king, to whom he could have no free acceſſe, by reaſon of ſuch a multitude of flatterers, as were about him." STEEVENS.

[2] Not to break peace, or any branch of it;
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal deny'd?
Wherein have you been galled by the king?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you?
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
[3] And consecrate commotion's civil edge?

York.

[2] *Not to break peace,*—] "He took nothing in hand 'gainst the king's peace, but that whatsoever he did, tended rather to advance the peace and quiet of the commonwealth." Archbishop's speech in Holinshed. STEEVENS.

[3] *And consecrate,* &c.] In one of my old quartos of 1600 (for I have two of the self-same edition; one of which, it is evident, was corrected in some passages during the working off the whole impression) I found this verse. I have ventured to substitute *page* for *edge*, with regard to the uniformity of metaphor. Though the sword of rebellion, drawn by a bishop, may in some sort be said to be consecrated by his reverence. THEOBALD.

And consecrate commotion's civil edge?] So the old books read. But Mr. Theobald changes *edge* to *page*, out of regard to the uniformity (as he calls it) of the metaphor. But he did not understand what was meant by edge. It was an old custom, continued from the time of the first croisades, for the pope to consecrate the general's sword, which was employed in the service of the church. To this custom the line in question alludes. As to the cant of uniformity of metaphor in writing, this is to be observed, that changing the allusion in the same sentence is indeed vicious, and what Quintilian condemns: "Multi quum initium à tempestate "sumserint, incendio aut ruinâ finiunt." But when one comparison or allusion is fairly separated from another, by distinct sentences, the case is different. So it is here; in one sentence we see "the book of rebellion stampt with a seal divine;" in the other, "the sword of civil discord consecrated." But this change of the metaphor is not only allowable, but fit. For the dwelling overlong upon one, occasions the discourse to degenerate into a dull kind of allegorism. WARBURTON.

What Mr. Theobald says of two editions seems to be true; for my copy reads, *commotion's* bitter *edge*; but *civil* is undoubtedly right; and one would wonder how *bitter* could intrude if *civil* had been written first; perhaps the author himself made the change.

JOHNSON.

Since

York. [4] My brother-general, the common-wealth,
To brother born an houſehold cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.
Weſt. There is no need of any ſuch redreſs;
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.
Mowb. Why not to him, in part; and to us all,
That feel the bruiſes of the days before;
And ſuffer the condition of theſe times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?
Weſt. O my good lord Mowbray,
[5] Conſtrue the times to their neceſſities,
And you ſhall ſay indeed,—it is the time,

Since I began to print this play, I have ſeen both the copies, but they both concur in reading *bitter*. Unleſs there be a third copy, Theobald has ſaid what is not true. STEEVENS.

[4] *My brother general*, &c.———
I make my quarrel in particular.] The ſenſe is this: "My brother-general, the commonwealth, which ought to diſtribute its benefits equally, is become an enemy to thoſe of his own houſe, to brothers born, by giving ſome all, and others none; and this (ſays he) I make my quarrel or grievance that honours are unequally diſtributed;" the conſtant birth of malecontents, and ſource of civil commotions. WARBURTON.

In the firſt folio the ſecond line is omitted, yet that reading, unintelligible as it is, has been followed by ſir T. Hanmer. How difficultly ſenſe can be drawn from the beſt reading the explication of Dr. Warburton may ſhow. I believe there is an error in the firſt line, which perhaps may be rectified thus:

My quarrel *general, the common-wealth,*
To brother born an houſehold cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

That is, my *general* cauſe of diſcontent is public miſmanagement; my *particular* cauſe a domeſtic injury done to my natural brother, who had been beheaded by the king's order. JOHNSON.

This circumſtance is mentioned in the 1ſt part of the play:
"The archbiſhop———who bears hard
"His brother's death at Briſtol, the lord Scroop."
STEEVENS.

[5] *Conſtrue the times to their neceſſities,*] That is, Judge of what is done in theſe times according to the exigencies that over-rule us. JOHNSON.

And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
[6] Either from the king, or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on: Were you not restor'd
To all the duke of Norfolk's signiories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?
The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him:
And then, when Harry Bolingbroke, and he,—
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
[7] Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel [8],
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have staid
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw:
Then threw he down himself; and all their lives,
That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know not what:
The earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman;

[6] *Either from the king*, &c.] Whether the faults of government be imputed to the *time* or the *king*, it appears not that you have, for your part, been injured either by the *king* or the *time*.
JOHNSON.

[7] *Their armed staves in charge*, &c.] An armed staff is a lance. To be in charge, is to be fixed in the rest for the encounter.
JOHNSON.

[8] —sights *of steel*,—] i. e. the perforated part of their helmets, through which they could see to direct their aim. *Visiere*, Fr. STEEVENS.

Who

Who knows, on whom fortune would then have
smil'd?
But, if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cry'd hate upon him; and all their prayers, and love,
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
[9] And bless'd, and grac'd indeed, more than the king.
But this is mere digression from my purpose.—
Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience: and wherein
It shall appear, that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you over-ween, to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
For, lo! within a ken, our army lies;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason wills, our hearts should be as good:—
Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,

[9] *And bless'd and grac'd more than the king himself.*] The two oldest folios, (which first gave us this speech of Westmoreland) read this line thus:

And bless'd and grac'd and did *more than the king.*

Dr. Thirlby reformed the text very near to the traces of the corrupted reading. THEOBALD.

 To

To hear, and abſolutely to determine
Of what conditions we ſhall ſtand upon?

Weſt. [1] That is intended in the general's name:
I muſe, you make ſo ſlight a queſtion.

York. Then take, my lord of Weſtmoreland, this ſchedule;
For this contains our general grievances:—
Each ſeveral article herein redreſs'd;
All members of our cauſe, both here and hence,
That are inſinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true [2] ſubſtantial form;
And preſent execution of our wills
[3] To us, and to our purpoſes, confin'd;

We

[1] *That is* intended *in the general's name:*] That is, This power is included in the name or office of a general. We wonder that you can aſk a queſtion ſo trifling. JOHNSON.

The word *intended* is uſed very licentiouſly by old writers.

Thus, in Hinde's *Elioſto Libidinoſo*, a novel, 1606:

"For princes are great marks upon whom many eyes are *intended.*" STEEVENS.

[2] ——*ſubſtantial form;*] That is, by a pardon of due form and legal validity. JOHNSON.

[3] *To us, and to our* purpoſes, confin'd;] This ſchedule we ſee conſiſts of three parts: 1. A redreſs of general grievances. 2. A pardon for thoſe in arms. 3. Some demands of advantage for them. But this third part is very ſtrangely expreſſed.

And preſent execution of our wills
To us, and to our purpoſes, confin'd.

The firſt line ſhews they had ſomething to demand, and the ſecond expreſſes the modeſty of that demand. The demand, ſays the ſpeaker, *is confined to us and to our purpoſes.* A very modeſt kind of reſtriction truly! only as extenſive as their appetites and paſſions. Without queſtion Shakeſpeare wrote,

To us and to our properties *confin'd;*

i. e. we deſire no more than ſecurity for our liberties and properties: and this was no unreaſonable demand. WARBURTON.

This paſſage is ſo obſcure that I know not what to make of it. Nothing better occurs to me than to read *conſign'd* for *confin'd.* That is, let the execution of our demands be put into our hands according to our declared purpoſes. JOHNSON.

I believe we ſhould read *confirm'd.* This would obviate every difficulty. STEEVENS.

I believe

[4] We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I shew the general. Please you,

[5] In sight of both our battles we may meet:
And either end in peace, which heaven so frame!
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

York. My lord, we will do so. [*Exit West.*

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom, tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall insist upon [6],
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall, to the king, taste of this action:
[7] That, were our loyal faiths martyrs in love,

I believe two lines are out of place. I read:

This contains our general grievances,
And present executions of our wills;
To us and to our purposes confin'd. FARMER.

[4] *We come within our* awful *banks again,*] *Awful banks* are the proper limits of reverence. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

" From the society of *awful* men."

We might read——*lawful.* STEEVENS.

[5] *In sight of both our battles we may meet:*] The old copies read,

——————————*we may meet*
At *either end in peace; which heaven so frame!*

That easy but certain change in the text, I owe to Dr. Thirlby. THEOBALD.

[6] ——insist *upon,*—] The old copies read—*consist.* STEEVENS.

[7] *That were our* loyal *faiths* &c.] In former editions:

That, were our royal *faiths martyrs in love.*

If *royal faith* can mean faith to a king, it yet cannot mean it without much violence done to the language. I therefore read, with sir Thomas Hanmer, *loyal faiths,* which is proper, natural, and suitable to the intention of the speaker. JOHNSON.

We ſhall be winnow'd with ſo rough a wind,
That even our corn ſhall ſeem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

York. No, no, my lord; Note this,—the king is weary
[8] Of dainty and ſuch picking grievances:
For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he [9] wipe his tables clean:
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and hiſtory his loſs
To new remembrance: For full well he knows,
He cannot ſo preciſely weed this land,
As his miſdoubts preſent occaſion:
His foes are ſo enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfaſten ſo, and ſhake a friend.
So that this land, like an offenſive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer ſtrokes;
As he is ſtriking, holds his infant up,
And hangs reſolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Haſt. Beſides, the king hath waſted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very inſtruments of chaſtiſement:
So that his power, like to a fangleſs lion,
May offer, but not hold.

York. 'Tis very true;—
And therefore be aſſur'd, my good lord marſhal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow ſtronger for the breaking.

[8] *Of dainty and ſuch* picking *grievances:*] I cannnot but think that this line is corrupted, and that we ſhould read,

Of picking out *ſuch dainty grievances.* JOHNSON.

Picking means piddling, inſignificant. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*wipe his tables clean;*] Alluding to a table-book of ſlate, ivory, &c. WARBURTON.

Mowb.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

West. The prince is here at hand: Pleaseth your lordship,
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your grace of York, in heaven's name then set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace:—my lord, we come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the forest.

Enter on one side Mowbray, the Archbishop, Hastings, and others: from the other side, Prince John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, officers, &c.

Lan. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray:—
Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;—
And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.—
My lord of York, it better shew'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text;
Than now to see you here an iron man [1],
Chearing a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword [2], and life to death.
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,

[1] *—an iron man,*] Holinshed says of the archbishop, that "coming foorth amongst them *clad in armour*, he incouraged and pricked them foorth to take the enterprise in hand." STEEVENS.

[2] *Turning the word to sword, &c.*] A similar thought occurs in the prologue to Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, 1554:
"Into the *swerde* the churche kaye
"*Is turned*, and the holy bede, &c." STEEVENS.

And ripens in the ſun-ſhine of his favour,
Would he abuſe the countenance of the king,
Alack, what miſchiefs might he ſet abroach,
In ſhadow of ſuch greatneſs! With you, lord biſhop,
It is even ſo:—Who hath not heard it ſpoken,
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us, the ſpeaker in his parliament;
To us, the imagin'd voice of heaven itſelf;
The very opener, and intelligencer,
Between the grace, [3] the ſanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings: O, who ſhall believe,
But you miſuſe the reverence of your place;
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a falſe favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds diſhonourable? [4] You have taken up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The ſubjects of his ſubſtitute, my father;
And, both againſt the peace of heaven and him,
Have here up-ſwarm'd them.

York. Good my lord of Lancaſter,
I am not here againſt your father's peace:
But, as I told my lord of Weſtmoreland,
The time miſ-order'd doth, [5] in common ſenſe,
Crowd us, and cruſh us, to this monſtrous form,
To hold our ſafety up. I ſent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief;
The which hath been with ſcorn ſhov'd from the court,
Whereon this Hydra ſon of war is born:
Whoſe dangerous eyes may well be charm'd aſleep,

[3] ———*the ſanctities of heaven,*] This expreſſion Milton has copied:

"Around him all *the ſanctities of heaven*
"Stood thick as ſtars." JOHNSON.

[4] *You have taken up,*] To *take up* is to levy, to raiſe in arms. JOHNSON.

[5] ———*in common ſenſe,*] I believe Shakeſpeare wrote *common fence*, i. e. drove by ſelf-defence. WARBURTON.

Common ſenſe is the general ſenſe of general danger. JOHNSON.

With

With grant of our most just and right desires;
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt;
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them:
And so, success of mischief[6] shall be born;
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles?

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well:
And swear here by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning, and authority.—
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
Upon my life, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers[7] unto their several counties,
As we will ours: and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
Of our restored love, and amity.

York. I take your princely word for these redresses.

Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my word:

[6] *And so, success of mischief*——] *Success* for succession.
WARBURTON.

[7] *Discharge your powers*——] It was Westmoreland who made this deceitful proposal, as appears from Holinshed. "The earl of Westmorland using more policie than the rest, said, whereas our people have been long in armour, let them depart home to their woonted trades: in the meane time let us drink togither in signe of agreement, that the people on both sides may see it, and know that it is true, that we be light at a point." STEEVENS.

And

And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace; let them have pay, and part:
I know, it will well please them; Hie thee, captain.
[*Exit Captain.*

York. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your grace: And, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to you
Shall shew itself more openly hereafter.

York. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.—
Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

York. Against ill chances, men are ever merry[8];
But heaviness fore-runs the good event.

West. [9] Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-morrow.

York. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true. [*Shout.*

Lan. The word of peace is render'd; Hark, how they shout!

Mowb. This had been chearful, after victory.

York. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither party loser.

Lan. Go, my lord,

[8] *Against ill chances men are ever merry;*] Thus the poet describes Romeo as feeling an *unaccustom'd* degree of chearfulness just before he hears the news of the death of Juliet. STEEVENS.

[9] *Therefore be merry, coz;*—] That is, Therefore, notwithstanding this sudden impulse to heaviness, be merry, for such sudden dejections forebode good. JOHNSON.

And let our army be discharged too.— [*Exit West.*
And, good my lord, so please you, [1] let our trains
March by us; that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.

York. Go, good lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.
[*Exit Hastings.*

Lan. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.—

Re-enter Westmorland.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter Hastings.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already:
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries towards his home, and sporting place.

West. Good tidings, my lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:—
And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Mowbray,—
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

West. Is your assembly so?

York. Will you thus break your faith?

Lan. I pawn'd thee none:
I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,

[1] ——*let our trains* &c.] That is, Our army on each part, that we may both see those that were to have opposed us. JOHNSON.

I will

I will perform with a most christian care.
But, for you, rebels,—look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here [2], and foolishly sent hence.—
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray;
Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—
Some guard these traitors to the block of death;
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath. [3] [*Exeunt.*
[*Alarum. Excursions.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the forest.

Enter Falstaff, and Colevile, meeting.

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you; and of what place, I pray?

[4] *Cole.* I am a knight, sir; and my name is—Colevile of the dale.

[2] Fondly *brought here*, &c.] *Fondly* is foolishly. So, in lord Surrey's translation of the second book of Virgil's Æneid:

"What wight so *fond* such offer to refuse?" STEEVENS.

[3] *Exeunt.*] It cannot but raise some indignation to find this horrible violation of faith passed over thus slightly by the poet, without any note of censure or detestation. JOHNSON.

[4] Cole. *I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the Dale.*

Fal. *Well then, Colevile is your name; a knight is your degree, and your place, the Dale. Colevile shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough. So shall you still be Colevile of the Dale.*

But where is the wit, or the logic of this conclusion? I am almost persuaded that we ought to read thus:

——*Colevile shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a* dale *deep enough.*——

He may then justly infer,

So shall you still be Colevile of the Dale. TYRWHITT.

The sense of *dale* is included in *deep*; a *dale* is a deep place; a *dungeon* is a deep place: he that is in a *dungeon* may be therefore said to be in a *dale.* JOHNSON.

Fal.

Fal. Well then, Colevile is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the dale: Colevile shall still be your name; a traitor your degree; and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough; so shall you still be Colevile of the dale [5].

Cole. Are not you sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think, you are sir John Falstaff; and, in that thought, yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, and Westmoreland.

Lan. [6] The heat is past, follow no farther now;—
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—
[*Exit West.*
Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come:—
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow,

[5] ——*Colevile of the dale.*] "At the king's coming to Durham, the lord Hastings, *Sir John Colevile of the Dale*, &c. being convicted of the conspiracy, were there beheaded." Holinshed, p. 530. STEEVENS.

[6] *The heat is past,*——] That is, the violence of resentment, the eagerness of revenge. JOHNSON.

an

an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have ſpeeded hither with the very extremeſt inch of poſſibility; I have founder'd nine-ſcore and odd poſts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken ſir John Colevile of the dale, a moſt furious knight, and valorous enemy: But what of that? he ſaw me, and yielded; that I may juſtly ſay with the [7] hook-nos'd fellow of Rome,——I came, ſaw, and overcame.

Lan. It was more of his courteſy than your deſerving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him: and I beſeech your grace, let it be book'd with the reſt of this day's deeds; or, by the lord, I will have it in a particular ballad elſe, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kiſſing my foot. To the which courſe if I be enforced, if you do not all ſhew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear ſky of fame, o'erſhine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which ſhew like pins heads to her; believe not the word of the noble: Therefore let me have right, and let deſert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it ſhine then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to ſhine.

Fal. Let it do ſomething, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true ſubject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,

[7] ——*the hook-nos'd fellow of Rome,*——] The quarto reads, "the hook-nos'd fellow of Rome, *their coſin.*" I have followed the folio. The modern editors read, but without authority, "the hook-nos'd fellow of Rome *there, Cæſar.*" STEEVENS.

That

That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gav'st thyself away; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Lan. Have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

Lan. Send Colevile, with his confederates,
To York, to present execution.—
Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.
[*Exeunt some with Colevile.*
And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords;
I hear, the king my father is sore sick:
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—
Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Glostershire: and, when you come to court, [8] stand my good lord 'pray, in your good report.

Lan. Fare you well, Falstaff: [9] I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve. [*Exit.*

Fal.

[8] ——*stand my good lord 'pray, in your good report.*] We must either read, *pray* let me *stand*, or, by a construction somewhat harsh, understand it thus: *Give me leave to go* —— *and* ——*stand.* To *stand in a report*, referred to the reporter, is to persist; and Falstaff did not ask the prince to persist in his present opinion. JOHNSON.

Stand my good lord, I believe, means only *stand my good friend*, (an expression still in common use) in your favourable report of me. So, in the *Taming of a Shrew:*

"I pray you *stand* good father to me now." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*I, in my condition,*
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.] I know not well the meaning of the word *condition* in this place; I believe it is the same with temper of mind: I shall, in my good nature, speak better of you than you merit. JOHNSON.

I believe

Fal. I would, you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom.—Good faith, [1] this ſame young ſober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of theſe demure boys come to any proof: for thin drink doth ſo over-cool their blood, and making many fiſh-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-ſickneſs; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards;—which ſome of us ſhould be too, but for inflammation. A good [2] ſherris-ſack hath a two-fold operation in it. It aſcends me into the brain; dries me there all the fooliſh, and dull, and crudy vapours [3] which environ it: makes it apprehenſive [4], quick, forgetive [5], full of nimble, fiery, and

I believe it means, *I, in my condition*, i. e. in my place as a commanding officer, who ought to repreſent things merely as they are, ſhall ſpeak of you better than you deſerve.

So, in the *Tempeſt*, Ferdinand ſays:

"——— I am, *in my condition*,
"A prince, Miranda——." STEEVENS.

[1] —*this ſame young ſober-blooded boy doth not love me*; *nor a man cannot make him laugh*;——] Falſtaff ſpeaks here like a veteran in life. The young prince did not love him, and he deſpaired to gain his affection, for he could not make him laugh. Men only become friends by community of pleaſures. He who cannot be ſoftened into gaiety, cannot eaſily be melted into kindneſs.
JOHNSON.

[2] ———*ſherris-ſack*——] This liquor is mentioned in *The Captain*, by B. and Fletcher. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*It aſcends* me *into the brain, and dries* me *up there*——*the crudy vapours*——] This uſe of the pronoun is a familiar redundancy among our old writers. So, Latimer, p. 91, "Here cometh *me* now theſe holy fathers from their counſels." "There was one wiſer than the reſt, and he comes *me* to the biſhop." Edit. 1571. p. 75. BOWLE.

[4] —*apprehenſive*,] i. e. Quick to underſtand.

So, in the *Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608:

"Thou'rt a mad *apprehenſive* knave."

Again, in *Every man out of his Humour*:—"You are too quick, too *apprehenſive*." In this ſenſe it is now almoſt diſuſed. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*forgetive*,—] *Forgetive* from *forge*; inventive, imaginative. JOHNSON.

delect-

delectable ſhapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, (the tongue) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The ſecond property of your excellent ſherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and ſettled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of puſillanimity and cowardice: but the ſherris warms it, and makes it courſe from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the reſt of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty ſpirits, muſter me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puff'd up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of ſherris: So that ſkill in the weapon is nothing, without ſack; for that ſets it a-work: and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil[6]; 'till ſack commences it[7], and ſets it in act and uſe. Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, ſteril, and bare land, manured, huſbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good ſtore of fertile ſherris; that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thouſand ſons, the firſt human principle I would teach them, ſhould be,—to forſwear thin potations, and to addict themſelves to ſack.

[6] ——*kept by a devil,*——] It was anciently ſuppoſed that all the mines of gold, &c. were guarded by evil ſpirits. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*till ſack* commences *it,*——] I believe, till ſack gives it a beginning, brings it into action. The author of *The Reviſal* would read—*commerces* it. STEEVENS.

It ſeems probable to me, that Shakeſpeare in theſe words alludes to the Cambridge *Commencement*; and in what follows to the Oxford *Act*: for by thoſe different names our two univerſities have long diſtinguiſhed the ſeaſon, at which each of them gives to her reſpective ſtudents a complete authority *to uſe* thoſe *hoards of learning*, which have entitled them to their ſeveral degrees in arts, law, phyſic, and divinity. TYRWHITT.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Gloccestershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire: [8] I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The palace at Westminster.

Enter king Henry, Warwick, Clarence, and Gloster, &c.

K. Henry. Now, lords, if heaven doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctify'd.
[9] Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, 'till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

[8] ——*I have him already tempering* &c.] A very pleasant allusion to the old use of sealing with soft wax. WARBURTON.

This custom is likewise alluded to in *Any Thing for a quiet Life*, 1625, a comedy, by Middleton:

"You must *temper* him like wax, or he'll not seal."

Again, in *Your Five Gallants* by Middleton, no date:

"Fetch a pennyworth of *soft wax* to seal letters."

Again, in *Chaucer's Marchante's Tale*, v. 9304:

"Right as men may warm *wax with handes plie.*" STEEVENS.

[9] *Our navy is address'd,*——] i. e. Our navy is ready, prepared. So in *Henry V.*

"——for our march we are *address'd.*" STEEVENS.

War-

War. Both which, we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Henry. Humphrey, my son of Glofter,
Where is the prince your brother?

Glo. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

K. Henry. And how accompanied?

Glo. I do not know, my lord.

K. Henry. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

Glo. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

Cla. What would my lord and father?

K. Henry. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou doft neglect him, Thomas;
Thou haft a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;
And noble offices thou may'ft effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:—
Therefore, omit him not; blunt not his love;
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold, or careless of his will.
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd;
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
As [1] humorous as winter, and as sudden

[1] ——humourous *as winter*,——] That is, changeable as the weather of a winter's day. Dryden says of Almanzor, that he is humourous as wind. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Spanish Tragedy*, 1607:

"You know that women oft are *humourous*."

Again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson:

"——A nymph of a most wandering and giddy disposition, *humourous as the air*, &c."

Again, in the *Silent Woman*: "——as proud as May, and as *humourous* as April." STEEVENS.

As flaws [2] congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:—
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
But, being moody, give him line and scope;
'Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;
A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in;
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion,
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in)
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum [3], or [4] rash gun-powder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Henry. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Cla. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

[2] ——*congealed in the spring of day.*] Alluding to the opinion of some philosophers, that the vapours being congealed in the air by cold, (which is most intense towards the morning) and being afterwards rarified and let loose by the warmth of the sun, occasion those sudden and impetuous gusts of wind which are called *flaws*. WARBURTON.

So, Ben Jonson, in *The Case is alter'd*, 1609:
"Still wrack'd with winds more foul and contrary
"Than any northern gust, or southern *flaw*."

Again, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:
"And saw a dreadful southern *flaw* at hand."

Chapman uses the word in his translation of Homer; and, I believe, *Milton* has it in the same sense. STEEVENS.

[3] *as* aconitum,——] The old writers employ the Latin word instead of the English one, which we now use.

So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:
"——till from the foam
"The dog belch'd forth, strong *aconitum* sprung."
Again, "With *aconitum* that in tartar springs." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*rash gun-powder.*] *Rash* is quick, violent, sudden. This representation of the prince is a natural picture of a young man whose passions are yet too strong for his virtues. JOHNSON.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. And how accompanied? can'ſt thou tell that?

Cla. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. Henry. Moſt ſubject is the fatteſt ſoil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overſpread with them: Therefore my grief
Stretches itſelf beyond the hour of death;
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do ſhape,
In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
And rotten times, that you ſhall look upon
When I am ſleeping with my anceſtors.
For when his headſtrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counſellors,
When means and laviſh manners meet together,
O, with what wings ſhall [5] his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:——
The prince but ſtudies his companions,
Like a ſtrange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful, that the moſt immodeſt word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your highneſs knows, comes to no farther uſe,
[6] But to be known, and hated. So, like groſs terms,
The prince will, in the perfectneſs of time,
Caſt off his followers: and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a meaſure live,
By which his grace muſt mete the lives of others;
Turning paſt evils to advantages.

[5] ——*his affections*——] His paſſions; his inordinate deſires. JOHNSON.

[6] *But to be known and hated.*] A parallel paſſage occurs in Terence:

"——quo modo adoleſcentulus
"Meretricum ingenia et mores poſſet noſcere,
"Mature ut cum cognorit perpetuo oderit."

ANONYMOUS.

K. Henry. [7] 'Tis seldom, when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.—Who's here? Westmoreland?

Enter Westmoreland.

West. Health to my sovereign! and new happiness
Added to that which I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here, at more leisure, may your highness read;
With every course, [8] in his particular.

K. Henry. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news.

Enter Harcourt.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English, and of Scots,

[7] *'Tis seldom, when the bee* &c.] As the bee, having once placed her comb in a carcase, stays by her honey, so he that has once taken pleasure in bad company, will continue to associate with those that have the art of pleasing him. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*in* his *particular.*] We should read, I think, in *this* particular; that is, in this detail, in this account, which is minute and distinct. JOHNSON.

His is used for *its*, very frequently in the old plays. The modern editors have too often made the change; but yet it should be remembered, that by repeated changes the history of a language will be lost. STEEVENS.

Are

Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.
K. Henry. And wherefore should these good news
make me sick?
Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:—
O me! come near me, now I am much ill. [*Sinks down.*
Glo. Comfort, your majesty!
Cla. O my royal father!
West. My sovereign lord, chear up yourself, look
up!
War. Be patient, princes; you do know these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.
Cla. No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs:
The incessant care and labour of his mind
[9] Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.
Glo.

[9] *Hath wrought the* mure,——] i. e. The wall. POPE.
Wrought it thin, is made it thin by gradual detriment. *Wrought* is the preterite of *work*.
Mure is a word used by Heywood in his *Brazen Age*, 1613:
"'Till I have scal'd these *mures*, invaded Troy."
Again, in his *Golden Age*, 1611:
"Girt with a triple *mure* of shining brass."
Again, in his *Iron Age*, 2nd Part, 1632:
"Through *mures* and counter-*mures* of men and steel."
The same thought occurs in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, &c. b. 4.
Daniel is likewise speaking of the sickness of *K. Henry* IV.
"As that the *walls worn thin*, permit the mind
"*To look out thorow* and his frailties find."

Glo. [1] The people fear me; for they do obſerve
[2] Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature:
[3] The ſeaſons change their manners; as the year
Had found ſome months aſleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd[4], no ebb between:
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say, it did ſo a little time before
That our great grandſire, Edward, ſick'd and dy'd.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

Glo. This apoplexy will, certain, be his end.

K. Henry. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into ſome other chamber: ſoftly, pray.
Let there be no noiſe made, my gentle friends;
[5] Unleſs ſome dull and favourable hand
Will whiſper muſic to my weary ſpirit.

War.

The firſt edition of Daniel's poem is dated earlier than this play of Shakeſpeare.

Dryden has the ſame thought:

"The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
"Lets in the light thro' chinks which time has made."

STEEVENS.

[1] *The people* fear *me*;——] i. e. Make me afraid; which ſenſe the Oxford editor not taking, alters it to *fear it.*

WARBURTON.

[2] *Unfather'd heirs,*——] That is, equivocal births; animals that had no animal progenitors; productions not brought forth according to the ſtated laws of generation. JOHNSON.

[3] *The ſeaſons change their manners*;——] This is finely expreſſed; alluding to the terms of *rough* and *harſh*, *mild* and *ſoft*, applied to weather. WARBURTON.

[4] *The river hath thrice flow'd,*——] This is hiſtorically true. It happened on the 12th of October, 1411. STEEVENS.

[5] *Unleſs ſome* dull *and favourable hand*] Thus the old editions read it, evidently corrupt. Shakeſpeare ſeems to have wrote:

Unleſs ſome doleing *favourable hand*——

Doleing, i. e. A hand uſing ſoft melancholy airs.

WARBURTON.

I rather think that *dull* ſignifies melancholy, gentle, ſoothing. *Doleing* cannot be received without ſome example of its uſe,

War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Henry. Set me the crown upon my pillow here [6].

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.

[*They convey the King to an inner part of the room.*

Enter prince Henry.

P. Henry. Who saw the duke of Clarence?

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Henry. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!

How doth the king?

use, which the commentator has not given, and my memory will not supply. JOHNSON.

Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.]
So, in the old anonymous Henry V.
"——Depart my chamber,
"And cause some music to rock me a sleep."
STEEVENS.

[6] *Set me the crown upon my pillow here.*] It is still the custom in France to place the crown on the king's pillow when he is dying.

Holinshed, p. 541, speaking of the death of king Henry IV. says:——"During this his last sicknesse, he caused his crowne, (as some write) to be set on a pillow at his bed's head, and suddenlie his pangs so sore troubled him, that he laie as though all his vitall spirits had beene from him departed. Such as were about him, thinking verelie that he had beene departed, covered his face with a linen cloth."

"The prince his sonne being hereof advertised, entered into the chamber, tooke awaie the crowne, and departed. The father being suddenlie revived out of that trance, quicklie perceived the lack of his crowne; and having knowledge that the prince his sonne had taken it awaie, caused him to come before his presence, requiring of him what he meant so to misuse himselfe. The prince with a good audacitie answered; Sir, to mine and all men's judgments you seemed dead in this world, and therefore I as your next heire apparant took that as mine owne, and not as yours. Well, faire sonne, (said the king with a great sigh) what right I had to it, God knoweth. Well (said the prince) if you die king, I will have the garland, and trust to keepe it with the sword against all mine enemies, as you have doone; &c." STEEVENS.

Glo.

Glo. Exceeding ill.

P. Henry. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

Glo. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. Henry. If he be ſick
With joy, he will recover without phyſic.

War. Not ſo much noiſe, my lords:—ſweet prince, ſpeak low;
The king your father is diſpos'd to ſleep.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't pleaſe your grace to go along with us?

P. Henry. No; I will ſit and watch here by the king. [*Exeunt all but prince Henry.*
Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being ſo troubleſome a bed-fellow?
O poliſh'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'ſt the ports of ſlumber [7] open wide
To many a watchful night!—ſleep with it now!—
Yet not ſo ſound, and half ſo deeply ſweet,
As he, whoſe brow, with homely biggen bound [8],
Snores out the watch of night. O majeſty!
When thou doſt pinch thy bearer, thou doſt ſit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That ſcalds with ſafety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which ſtirs not:
Did he ſuſpire, that light and weightleſs down

[7] —the *ports* of ſlumber] are the *gates* of ſlumber. So, in *Timon*: "——Our uncharged *ports*." So, in Ben Jonſon's 80th Epigram: "——The *ports* of death are ſins—" *Ports* is the ancient military term for gates. STEEVENS.

[8] —*homely* biggen *bound*,——] A kind of cap, at preſent worn only by children; but ſo called from the cap worn by the Beguines, an order of nuns.

So, in *Monſieur Thomas*, by B. and Fletcher, 1639:
"——were the devil ſick now,
"His horns ſaw'd off, and his head bound with a *biggin*."
Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Volpone*:—
"Get you a *biggin* more, your brain breaks looſe."
STEEVENS.

Per-

Perforce muſt move.—My gracious lord! my father!—
This ſleep is ſound, indeed; this is a ſleep,
That from [9] this golden rigol hath divorc'd
So many Engliſh kings. Thy due, from me,
Is tears, and heavy ſorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderneſs,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteouſly:
My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itſelf to me. Lo, here it fits,—
[*Putting it on his head.*
Which heaven ſhall guard: And put the world's whole ſtrength
Into one giant arm, it ſhall not force
This lineal honour from me: This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. Warwick! Gloſter! Clarence!

Re-enter Warwick, and the reſt.

Cla. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majeſty? How fares your grace?

K. Henry. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to ſit and watch by you.

K. Henry. The prince of Wales? Where is he? let me ſee him:
He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

Glo. He came not through the chamber where we ſtay'd.

[9] —*this golden* rigol—] *Rigol* means a circle. I know not that it is uſed by any author but Shakeſpeare, who introduces it likewiſe in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

"About the mourning and congealed face
"Of that black blood, a watry *rigol* goes." STEEVENS.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Henry. The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?——
Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.—
This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are!
How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleeps with thought, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange-atchieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts, and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, [1] tolling from every flower
The virtuous sweets;
Our thighes pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
[2] Yield his engrossments to the ending father.—

[1] ——tolling *from every flower*] This speech has been contracted, dilated, and put to every critical torture, in order to force it within the bounds of metre, and prevent the admission of hemistichs. I have restored it without alteration, but with those breaks which appeared to others, as imperfections. The reading of the quarto is *tolling*. The folio reads *culling*. *Tolling* is taking toll. STEEVENS.

[2] *Yield his engrossments*—] His accumulations. JOHNSON.

Re-enter

Re-enter Warwick.

Now, where is he that will not ſtay ſo long
'Till his friend ſickneſs hath determin'd me?
War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Waſhing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With ſuch a deep demeanour in great ſorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have waſh'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.
K. Henry. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry:—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.
[*Exeunt lords, &c.*
P. Henry. I never thought to hear you ſpeak again.
K. Henry. Thy wiſh was father, Harry, to that thought:
I ſtay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Doſt thou ſo hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs inveſt thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O fooliſh youth!
Thou ſeek'ſt the greatneſs that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with ſo weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou haſt ſtol'n that, which, after ſome few hours,
Were thine without offence; and, at my death,
Thou haſt [3] ſeal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifeſt, thou lov'dſt me not,
And thou wilt have me die aſſured of it.

[3] —— *ſeal'd up my expectation:*] Thou haſt confirmed my opinion. JOHNSON.

Thou

Thou hid'ſt a thouſand daggers in thy thoughts;
Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony heart,
To ſtab at [4] half an hour of my life.
What! canſt thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyſelf;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that ſhould bedew my hearſe,
Be drops of balm, to ſanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten duſt;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms,
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form,
Harry the fifth is crown'd:—Up, vanity!
Down, royal ſtate! all you ſage counſellors, hence!
And to the Engliſh court aſſemble now,
From every region, apes of idleneſs!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your ſcum:
Have you a ruffian, that will ſwear, drink, dance,
Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
The oldeſt ſins the neweſt kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
[5] England ſhall double gild his treble guilt;

England

[4] ——*half an* hour *of my life.*] It ſhould be remembered that Shakeſpeare uſes the ſame words alternately as monoſyllables and diſſyllables. Mr. Rowe, whoſe ear was accuſtomed to the utmoſt harmony of numbers, and who, at the ſame time, appears to have been little acquainted with our poet's manner, firſt added the word *frail* to ſupply the ſyllable which he conceived to be wanting. The quarto writes the word—*hower*, as it was anciently pronounced.

So, Ben Jonſon, in the *Caſe is alter'd*, 1609:

"By twice ſo many *howers* as would fill
"The circle of a year."

The reader will find many more inſtances in the ſoliloquy of *K. Henry* VI. P. 3. act II. ſc. v. The other editors have followed Rowe. STEEVENS.

[5] *England ſhall double* gild *his treble* guilt;] Evidently the nonſenſe of ſome fooliſh player: for we muſt make a difference between

England shall give him office, honour, might:
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do [6] when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

tween what Shakespeare might be supposed to have written off hand, and what he had corrected. These scenes are of the latter kind; therefore such lines are by no means to be esteemed his. But except Mr. Pope, (who judiciously threw out this line) not one of Shakespeare's editors seem ever to have had so reasonable and necessary a rule in their heads, when they set upon correcting this author. WARBURTON.

I know not why this commentator should speak with so much confidence what he cannot know, or determine so positively what so capricious a writer as our poet might either deliberately or wantonly produce. This line is indeed such as disgraces a few that precede and follow it, but it suits well enough with the *daggers hid in thought, and whetted on the flinty heart*; and the answer which the prince makes, and which is applauded for wisdom, is not of a strain much higher than this ejected line. JOHNSON.

How much this play on words was admired in the age of Shakespeare, appears from the most ancient writers of that time, who have frequently indulged themselves in it. So, in Marlow's *Hero and Leander*, 1637:

"And as amidst the enamour'd waves he swims,
"The god of gold a purpose *guilt* his limbs,
"That, this word *guilt* including double sense,
"The double *guilt* of his incontinence
"Might be express'd."

Again, in *Acolastus his Afterwit*, a poem by S. Nicholson, 1600:

"O sacred thirst of gold, what can'st thou not?——
"Some term thee *gilt*, that every soule might reade
"Even in thy name thy *guilt* is great indeede."

MALONE.

[6] ——*when riot is thy* care?] i. e. *Curator*. A bold figure. So Eumæus is stiled by Ovid, Epist. i.

"——immundæ *cura* fidelis haræ." TYRWHITT.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears, [*Kneeling.*
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had fore-stall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
[7] Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most [8] true and inward-duteous spirit
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending!
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die;
And never live to shew the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were)
I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it. *The care on thee depending,*
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
Other, less fine in carrat, is more precious,
Preserving life [9] *in med'cine potable:*

[7] *Let me no more* &c.] This is obscure in the construction, though the general meaning is clear enough. The order is, *this obedience which is taught this exterior bending by my duteous spirit*; or, *this obedience which teaches this exterior bending to my inwardly duteous spirit.* I know not which is right. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*true*——] Is loyal. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*in med'cine potable:*] There has long prevailed an opinion that a solution of gold has great medicinal virtues, and that the incorruptibility of gold might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. Some have pretended to make *potable gold*, among other frauds practised on credulity. JOHNSON.

So, in the character of the *Doctor of Physicke* by Chaucer, late edit. v. 446:

"For *gold in phisike* is a cordial." STEEVENS.

But

But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up. Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head;
To try with it,—as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father,—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let heaven for ever keep it from my head!
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Henry. O my son!
Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myself know well,
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the [1] soil of the atchievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to blood-shed,
[2] Wounding supposed peace: [3] all these bold fears,

[1] —*soil*—] Is spot, dirt, turpitude, reproach.
JOHNSON.

[2] supposed *peace*:] *Supposed* for undermined.
WARBURTON.

[illegible]*ited, imagined*, not *real*. JOHNSON.

 Thou

Thou see'st, with peril I have answered:—
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument; and now my death
[4] Changes the mode: for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort,
So thou the garland wear'st [5] successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all thy friends [6], which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
[7] To lead out many to the Holy Land;

Lest

[3] ——*all* these *bold* fears] We should certainly read
——*all* their *bold* feats,
i. e. plots, commotions of conspirators. WARBURTON.

There is no need of alteration. *Fear* is here used in the active sense, for that which causes *fear*. JOHNSON.

These bold fears are *these audacious terrors*. To *fear* is often used by Shakespeare for to *fright*. STEEVENS.

[4] *Changes the* mode:—] *Mode*, here, does not signify fashion, but time and measure in singing, or the pitch in speaking: *Modus*, a word peculiar to the ancient drama: for the metaphor is continued from the words immediately preceding:

——*as a scene*
Acting that argument— WARBURTON.

Mode is here, in its usual sense, the form or state of things. Nothing is more easy than to make obscurities and clear them. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*successively*.] By order of succession. Every usurper snatches a claim of hereditary right as soon as he can. JOHNSON.

[6] *And all thy friends*,—] Should not we read?—
And all my friends— TYRWHITT.

[7] *To lead* out *many to the Holy Land*;] As plausible as this reading is, it is corrupt. Shakespeare, I think, wrote:
To lead our *many*—*our many* or *meiny*, i. e. our people. WARBURTON.

All

Left rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near into my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly deny'd me.
[8] How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Henry. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain, and right, must my possession be:
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter lord John of Lancaster, Warwick, &c.

K. Henry. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

Lan. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

K. Henry. Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace, son John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.——
Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. Henry. My lord of Warwick!

As plausible as this emendation is, I think it wrong. The sense is: *Of those who assisted my usurpation, some I have cut off, and many I intended to lead abroad.* This journey to the Holy Land, of which the king very frequently revives the mention, had two motives, religion and policy. He durst not wear the ill-gotten crown without expiation, but in the act of expiation he contrives to make his wickedness successful. JOHNSON.

[8] *How I came* &c.] This is a true picture of a mind divided between heaven and earth. He prays for the prosperity of guilt while he deprecates its punishment. JOHNSON.

K. Henry. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Henry. Laud be to God!—even there my life must end [9].
It hath been prophesy'd to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I suppos'd, the Holy Land:—
But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Shallow's seat in Glostershire.

Enter Shallow, Falstaff, Bardolph, and Page.

Shal. [1] By cock and pye, sir, you shall not away to-night.——What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

Shal.

[9] *Laud be to God!—even there my life must end.*] "At length he recovered his speech, and understanding and perceiving himselfe in a strange place, which he knew not, he willed to know if the chamber had anie particular name, whereunto answer was made, that it was called Jerusalem. Then said the king; Lauds be given to the father of heaven, for now I knowe that I shall die here in this chamber, according to the prophesie of me declared, that I should depart this life in Jerusalem." Holinshed, p. 541.
STEEVENS.

[1] *By cock and pye,*—] This adjuration, which seems to have been very popular, is used in *Soliman and Perseda,* 1599: "By *cock and pie* and mousefoot;" as well as by Shakespeare in *The Merry Wives of Windsor.* Ophelia likewise says:
"———*By cock* they are to blame."
Cock is only a corruption of the Sacred Name, as appears from many passages in the old interludes, *Gammer Gurton's Needle,* &c. viz.

Shal. [2] I will not excuse you; you shall not be excus'd; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excus'd.—Why, Davy!

Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see:—yea, marry, William cook [3], bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excus'd.

Davy.

viz. *Cocks-bones*, *cocks-wounds*, by *cock's mother*, and some others. The *pie* is a table or rule in the old Roman offices, shewing, in a technical way, how to find out the service which is to be read upon each day. What was called *The Pie* by the clergy before the Reformation, was called by the Greeks Πίναξ, or the index. Though the word Πίναξ signifies a plank in its original, yet in its metaphorical sense it signifies σανὶς ἐζωγραφημένη, a painted table or picture; and because indexes or tables of books were formed into square figures, resembling pictures or painters' tables, hung up in a frame, these likewise were called Πίνακες, or, being marked only with the first letter of the word, Πι's or *Pies*. All other derivations of the word are manifestly erroneous.

In a second preface *Concerning the Service of the Church*, prefixed to the Common Prayer, this table is mentioned as follows:—"Moreover the number and hardness of the rules called the "*Pie*, and the manifold changes," &c. RIDLEY.

Again, in *Wily Beguiled*:

"Now by *cock and pie* you never spake a truer word in your life."

Cock's body, *cock's passion*, &c. occur in the old morality of *Hycke Scorner*.

Again, in the *Two angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

"Merry go sorry, *cock and pie*, my hearts."

In the *Puritan Widow*, 1605, there is a scholar of the name of Pye-*board*.

A printing letter of a particular size, called the *pica*, was probably denominated from the *pie*, as the *brevier*, from the *breviary*, and the *primer* from the *primer*. STEEVENS.

[2] *I will not excuse you*; &c.] The sterility of justice Shallow's wit is admirably described, in thus making him, by one of the finest strokes of nature, so often vary his phrase, to express one and the same thing, and that the commonest. WARBURTON.

[3] *William cook, bid him come hither.*] It appears from this instance, as well as many others, that anciently the lower orders of people had no surnames, but in their stead were content to adopt the

Davy. Marry, sir, thus;—[4] those precepts cannot be serv'd: and, again, sir,—Shall we sow the head-land with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook;——Are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir.——Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing, and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid:—sir John, you shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had:—And, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. He shall answer it:—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legg'd hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well; A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse[5]. Use his men

the titles of their several professions. The *cook* of *William Canynge*, the *royal merchant of Bristol*, lies buried there under a flat stone, near the monument of his master, in the beautiful church of St. Mary Redcliffe. On this stone are represented the ensigns of his trade, a skimmer and a knife. His epitaph is as follows: *Hic jacet* WILLM' COKE *quondam serviens* WILLM' CANYNGES *mercatoris villæ Bristoll; cujus animæ propitietur Deus.* Lazarillo in the *Woman Hater* of B. and Fletcher, expresses a wish to have his tomb adorned in a like manner:

"——— for others' glorious shields,
"Give me a voider; and above my hearse,
"For a trutch sword, my *naked knife* stuck up."

STEEVENS.

[4] ——*those precepts cannot be serv'd:*——] *Precept* is a justice's warrant. To the offices which Falstaff gives Davy in the following scene, may be added that of justice's clerk. Davy has almost as many employments as Scrub in *The Stratagem*.

JOHNSON.

[5] ——*A friend i' the court*, &c.] So, in Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Rose*, 5540:

"Friend-

men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a knave, sir: but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have serv'd your worship truly, sir, these eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanc'd.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. Where are you, sir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [*to the page.*] Come, sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt Shallow, Bardolph, &c.*]——If I were saw'd into quantities, I should make four dozen of such ⁶ bearded hermit's-staves as

"Friendship is more than cattell,
"For *frende in courte aie better is*,
"*Than peny is in purse*, certis. STEEVENS.

⁶ ——*bearded hermit's staves*——] He had before called starved justice. His want of flesh is a standing jest.
JOHNSON.

 master

master Shallow [7]. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turn'd into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or [8] two actions) and he shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much, that a lie, with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a [9] fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh 'till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [*within*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow. [*Exit Falstaff.*

[7] —*master Shallow.*] *Shallow*'s folly seems to have been almost proverbial So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1610:
" —-We must have false fires to amaze these spangle babies, these true heirs of master *Justice Shallow.*" STEEVENS.

[8] —— *two actions)*—] There is something humourous in making a spendthrift compute time by the operation of an action for debt. JOHNSON.

[9] ———*fellow that never had the ache*——] That is, a young fellow, one whose disposition to merriment time and pain have not yet impaired. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The court, in London.

Enter the earl of Warwick, and the lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my lord chief juſtice? whither away?

Ch. Juſt. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Juſt. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And, to our purpoſes, he lives no more.

Ch. Juſt. I would, his majeſty had call'd me with him:
The ſervice that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think, the young king loves you not.

Ch. Juſt. I know, he doth not; and do arm myſelf,
To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideouſly upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantaſy.

Enter lord John of Lancaſter, Gloſter, and Clarence, &c.

War. Here come the heavy iſſue of dead Harry:—
O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worſt of theſe three gentlemen!
How many nobles then ſhould hold their places,
That muſt ſtrike ſail to ſpirits of vile ſort!

Ch. Juſt. Alas! I fear, all will be overturn'd.

Lan. Good morrow, couſin Warwick.

Glo. Cla. Good morrow, couſin.

Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to ſpeak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

Glo. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend, indeed:
And I dare swear, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow; it is, sure, your own.

Lan. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation:
I am the sorrier; 'would, 'twere otherwise.

Cla. Well, you must now speak sir John Falstaff fair;
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by the impartial conduct[1] of my soul;
And never shall you see, that I will beg
[2] A ragged and forestall'd remission.—
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

[1] ——impartial *conduct*——] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—*imperial.* STEEVENS.

[2] *A* ragged *and* forestall'd *remission.*—] *Ragged* has no sense here. We should read:

A rated *and forestall'd remission.*

i. e. A remission that must be sought for, and bought with supplication. WARBURTON.

Different minds have different perplexities. I am more puzzled with *forestall'd* than with *ragged*; for *ragged*, in our author's licentious diction, may easily signify beggarly, mean, base, ignominious; but *forestall'd* I know not how to apply to *remission* in any sense primitive or figurative. I should be glad of another word, but cannot find it. Perhaps by *forestall'd* remission, he may mean a pardon begged by a voluntary confession of offence, and anticipation of the charge. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter King Henry.

Ch. Just. Good morrow; and heaven save your majesty!

K. Henry. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.——
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;
This is the English, [3] not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry, Harry:—Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you;
Sorrow so royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad:
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burthen laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
Yet weep, that Harry's dead; and so will I:
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
By number, into hours of happiness.

Lan. &c. We hope no other from your majesty.

K. Henry. You all look strangely on me:—and you most; [*To the Ch. Just.*
You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

K. Henry. No! How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison

[3] ——*not the Turkish court;*] Not the court where the prince that mounts the throne puts his brothers to death. JOHNSON.

The

The immediate heir of England! [4] Was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in the administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment [5];
Whereon,

[4] —— *Was this easy?*] That is, Was this not grievous? Shakespeare has *easy* in this sense elsewhere. JOHNSON.

[5] *And struck me in my very seat of judgment;*] I do not recollect that any of the editors of our author have thought this remarkable passage worthy of a note. The chief justice, in this play, was sir William Gascoigne, of whom the following memoir may be as acceptable as necessary.

While at the bar, Henry of Bolingbroke had been his client; and upon the decease of John of Gaunt, by the above Henry, his heir, then in banishment, he was appointed his attorney, to sue in the court of Wards the livery of the estates descended to him. Richard II. revoked the letters patent for this purpose, and defeated the intent of them, and thereby furnished a ground for the invasion of his kingdom by the heir of Gaunt; who becoming afterwards Henry IV. appointed Gascoigne chief justice of the King's Bench in the first year of his reign. In that station Gascoigne acquired the character of a learned, an upright, a wise, and an intrepid judge. The story so frequently alluded to of his committing the prince for an insult on his person, and the court wherein he presided, is thus related by sir Thomas Elyot, in his book entitled the Governour: "The moste renomed prince king Henry the fyfte, late kynge of Englande, durynge the lyfe of his father, was noted to be fiers and of wanton courage: it hapned, that one of his seruantes, whom he well fauoured, was for felony by him committed, arrained at the kynges benche: whereof the prince being aduertised, and incensed by lyghte persones aboute him, in furious rage came hastily to the barre, where his seruant stode as a prisoner, and commaunded hym to be vngyued and set at libertie: wherat all men were abashed, reserued the chiefe Justice, who humbly exhorted the prince, to be contented, that his seruaunt mought be ordred, accordynge to the auncient lawes of this realme: or if he wolde haue hym saued from the rigour of the lawes, that he shulde opteyne, if he moughte, of the kynge his father,

Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,

And

father, his gratious pardon, wherby no lawe or iustyce shulde be derogate. With whiche answere the prince nothynge appeased, but rather more inflamed, endeuored him selfe to take away his seruant. The iuge considering the perillous example, and inconuenience that mought therby insue, with a valyant spirite and courage, commanded the prince vpon his alegeance, to leaue the prisoner, and depart his way. With which commandment the prince being set all in a fury, all chased and in a terrible maner, came vp to the place of iugement, men thynking that he wold haue slayne the iuge, or haue done to hym some damage: but the iuge sittynge styll without mouing, declaring the maiestie of the kynges place of iugement, and with an assured and bolde countenaunce, had to the prince, these wordes followyng,

'Syr, remembre your selfe, I kepe here the place of the kyng your souereine lorde and father, to whom ye owe double obedience, wherfore eftesooones in his name, I charge you desyste of your wylfulnes and vnlaufull enterprise, & from hensforth giue good example to those, whyche hereafter shall be your propre subiectes. And nowe, for your contempte and disobedience, goo you to the prysone of the kynges benche, whereunto I com-'mytte you, and remayne ye there prisoner vntyll the pleasure of 'the kynge your father be further knowen.'

"With whiche wordes beinge abashed, and also wondrynge at the meruaylous grauitie of that worshypfulle justyce, the noble prince layinge his weapon aparte, doynge reuerence, departed, and wente to the kynges benche, as he was commanded. Whereat his seruauntes disdaynynge, came and shewed to the kynge all the hole affaire. Whereat he awhyles studyenge, after as a man all rauyshed with gladnesse, holdynge his eien and handes vp towarde heuen, abraided, saying with a loude voice, 'O mercyfull God, 'howe moche am I, aboue all other men, bounde to your infinite 'goodnes, specially for that ye haue gyuen me a iuge, who fear'eth nat to minister iustyce, and also a sonne, who can suffre 'semblably, and obeye iustyce?'

And here it may be noted, that Shakespeare has deviated from history in bringing the chief justice and Henry V. together, for it is expresly said by Fuller, in his *Worthies in Yorkshire*, and that on the best authority, that Gascoigne died in the life-time of his father, viz. on the first day of November, 14 Henry IV. See Dugd. Origines Juridic. in the Chronica Series, fol. 54. 56. Neither is it to be presumed but that this laboured defence of his conduct is a fiction of the poet: and it may justly be inferred from the character of this very able lawyer, whose name frequently oc-

curs

And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
[6] To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person:
Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,
[7] And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the father, and propose a son [8]:
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdained;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, so silencing your son [9]:—
After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak [1] in your state,—
What I have done, that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

curs in the year-book of his time, that, having had spirit and resolution to vindicate the authority of the law, in the punishment of the prince, he disdained a formal apology for an act that is recorded to his honour. Sir J. HAWKINS.

In the foregoing account of this transaction, there is no mention of the prince's having *struck* Gascoigne, the chief justice.—Speed, however, who quotes Elyot, says, on I know not what authority, that the prince gave the judge a blow on the face. MALONE.

[6] *To trip the course of law,*——] To defeat the process of justice; a metaphor taken from the act of tripping a runner. JOHNSON.

[7] *To mock your workings in a second body.*] To treat with contempt your acts executed by a representative. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*and* propose *a son:*] i. e. Image to yourself a son, contrive for a moment to think you have one. So in *Titus Andronicus:*

"——a thousand deaths I could *propose.*" STEEVENS.

[9] ——so *silencing your son:*—] The old copies read:

——*soft* silencing your son. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*in your state,*] In your regal character and office, not with the passion of a man interested, but with the impartiality of a legislator. JOHNSON.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword:
And I do wish your honours may encrease,
'Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words;—
Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son:
And not less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.—[2] You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand
The unstained sword that you have us'd to bear;
With this [3] remembrance,—That you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand;
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practis'd, wise directions.——
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;—
[4] My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections;

And

[2] —*You did commit me:* &c.] So in the play on this subject, antecedent to that of Shakespeare:

"You sent me to the Fleet; and, for revengement,
"I have chosen you to be the protector
"Over my realm." STEEVENS.

[3] ———*remembrance,*——] That is, admonition. JOHNSON.

[4] *My father is gone wild*—] Mr. Pope, by substituting *wail'd* for *wild*, without sufficient consideration, afforded Mr. Theobald much matter of ostentatious triumph. JOHNSON.

The meaning seems to be—My *wild* dispositions having ceased on my father's death, and being now as it were buried in his tomb, he and wildness are interred in the same grave.

A passage in *K. Henry* V. act I. sc. i. very strongly confirms the reading of the text:

"The

And with his spirit [5] sadly I survive,
To mock the expectations of the world;
To frustrate prophecies; and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, 'till now:
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea;
Where it shall mingle with [6] the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament:
And let us chuse such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;——
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.——

[*To the lord Chief Justice.*

Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state:

"The courses of his youth promis'd it not:
"The breath no sooner left his father's body,
"But that his *wildness*, mortified in him,
"Seem'd to die too."

So, in *K. Henry* VIII:

"And when old time shall lead him to his end,
"Goodness and he fill up one monument."

A kindred thought is found in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"And so suppose am I; for in his grave
"Assure thyself my love is buried." MALONE.

[5] ——*sadly I survive,*] *Sadly* is the same as soberly, seriously, gravely. *Sad* is opposed to wild. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*the state of floods,*] i. e. The assembly, or general meeting of the floods: for all rivers, running to the sea, are there represented as holding their sessions. This thought naturally introduced the following:

Now call we our high court of parliament.

But the Oxford Editor, much a stranger to the phraseology of that time in general, and to his author's in particular, out of mere loss for his meaning, reads it backwards, *the floods of state*.

WARBURTON.

And

And (heaven consigning to my good intents)
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,—
Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Shallow's seat in Glostershire.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, the Page, and Davy.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard: where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with [1] a dish of carraways, and so forth;—come, cousin Silence;—and then to bed.

Fal.

[1] ——*a dish of carraways,* &c.] A comfit or confection so called in our author's time. A passage in *De Vigneul Marville's Melanges d'Histoire et de Litt.* will explain this odd treat: "Dans le dernier siecle ou l'on avoit le goût delicat, on ne croioit pas pouvoir vivre sans Dragées. Il n'etoit fils de bonne mere, qui n'eut son Dragier; et il est raporté dans l'histoire du duc de Guise, que quand il fut tué à Blois il avoit son Dragier à la main."

WARBURTON.

Mr. Edwards has diverted himself with this note of Dr. Warburton's, but without producing a happy illustration of the passage. The dish of *carraways* here mentioned was a dish of apples of that name. GOLDSMITH.

Whether Dr. Warburton, Mr. Edwards, or Dr. Goldsmith is in the right, I cannot determine, for the following passage in Decker's *Satiromastix* leaves the question undecided:

"By this handful of *carraways* I could never abide to say grace."
"——by these *comfits* we'll let all slide."
"*By these comfits and these carraways*; I warrant it does him good to swear"——
"——I am glad, lady Petula, by this *apple*, that they please you."

That *apples*, *comfits*, and *carraways*, at least were distinct things, may be inferred from the following passage in the old bl. l. interlude of the *Disobedient Child*, no date:

"What running had I for *apples* and nuttes,
"What callying for biskettes, *cumfyttes*, and *carowaies*."

 In

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, sir John:—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy, spread Davy: well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man, and your husband-man.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, sir John.—By the mass[2], I have drank too much sack at supper:——a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down:—come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a,—

We shall do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, [Singing.

And praise heaven for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear[3],
And lusty lads roam here and there;
So merrily, and ever among so merrily, &c.

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

In *How to chuse a Good Wife from a Bad*, 1630:
"For apples, caraways, and cheese."
There is a *pear*, however, called a *caraway*, which may be corrupted from [illegible], It. So in the French *Roman de la rose*.
"Ou la poire de [illegible]."
Chaucer, in his version of this passage, says:
"With *caleweis*" &c. STEEVENS.

[2] *By the mass*,——]
"In elder's time, as ancient custom was,
"Men swore in weighty causes *by the mass*;
"But when the *mass* went down (as others note)
"Their oathes were, by the crosse of this same groat, &c."
Springes for Woodcocks, a collection of epigrams, 16[illegible]6, Ep. 221.
STEEVENS.

[3] This very natural character of justice Silence is not sufficiently observed. He would scarcely speak a word before, and now there is no possibility of stopping his mouth. He has a *catch* for every occasion:
When flesh is cheap, and females dear.
Here the double sense of the word *dear* must be remembered.——
Ever among is used by Chaucer in the *Romaunt of the Rose*:
"*Ever among* (sothly to saine)
"I [illegible] note and mochil pain. FARMER.

Davy.

Davy. Sweet ſir, ſit;—I'll be with you anon;—moſt ſweet ſir, ſit.—Maſter page, good maſter page, ſit: [4] Proface! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink.

[4] —*proface*—] Italian from *profaccia*; that is, much good may it do you. HANMER.

Sir Thomas Hanmer (ſays Dr. Farmer) is right, yet it is no argument for his author's Italian knowledge.

Old Heywood, the epigrammatiſt, addreſſed his readers long before:

"Readers, reade this thus; for preface, *proface*,
"Much good may it do you," &c.

So, Taylor, the water-poet, in the title of a poem prefixed to his *Praiſe of Hempſeed*:

"A preamble, preatrot, preagallop, preapace, or preface; and *proface*, my maſters, if your ſtomachs ſerve."

Decker, in his comedy, *If this be not a good play the Devil is in it*, makes Shackle-ſoule, in the character of Friar Ruſh, tempt his brethren "with choice of diſhes:"

"To which *proface*; with blythe lookes ſit yee."

I am ſtill much in doubt whether there be ſuch an Italian word as *profaccia*. Baretti has it not, and it is more probable that we received it from the French; *proface* being a colloquial abbreviation of the phraſe.—*Bon prou leur face*, i. e. Much good may it do them. See Cotgrave, in voce *Prou*.

To theſe inſtances produced by Dr. Farmer, I may add one more from *Springes for Woodcocks*, a collection of epigrams, 1606, Ep. 110:

"*Proface*, quoth Fulvius, fill us t'other quart."

And another from Heywood's *Epigrams*:

"I came to be merry, wherewith merrily
"*Proface*. Have among you," &c.

Again, in *The wiſe Woman of Hogsdon*, 1638:

"The dinner's half done, and before I ſay grace
"And bid the old knight and his gueſt *proface*."

Again, in *The Downfal of Robert E. of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"——— Father, *proface*;
"To Robin Hood thou art a welcome man."

Again, from *How to chuſe a Good Wife from a Bad one*, 1630:

"—— Gloria Deo, Sirs *proface*,
"Attend me now while I ſay grace."

Again, in Stowe's Chronicle, p. 538: "—the cardinall came in booted and ſpurred, all ſodainly amongſt them, and bade them *proface*." STEEVENS.

So, in Naſhe's *Apologie for Pierce Penniless*, 1593:

drink. But you must bear; [5] The heart's all. [*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. [Singing] *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;*
For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all [6],
And welcome merry shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think, master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you.
[*Setting them before Bardolph.*

Shal. Davy,——

Davy. Your worship?—I'll be with you straight.—A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. [Singing] *A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,*
And drink unto the leman mine;—
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, master Silence!

Sil. [7] *Fill the cup, and let it come;*
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

"A preface to courteous minds—as much as to say *proface*, much good may do it you! would it were better for you!" MALONE.

[5] ——*the heart's all.*] That is, the intention with which the entertainment is given. The humour consists in making Davy act as master of the house. JOHNSON.

[6] *'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,*] Mr. Warton, in his *Hist. of English Poetry*, observes, that this rhime is found in a poem by Adam Davie, called the *Life of Alexander*:
"Merry swithe it is in halle
"When *the berdes waveth alle.*" STEEVENS.

[7] *Fill the cup,* &c.] This passage has hitherto been printed as prose, but I am told that it makes a part of an old song, and have therefore restored it to its metrical form. STEEVENS.

Shal.

Shal. Honeſt Bardolph, welcome: if thou want'ſt any thing, and wilt not call, beſhrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief [*to the Page*]; and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to maſter Bardolph, and to all the [8] cavaleroes about London.

Davy. I hope to ſee London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might ſee you there, Davy,——

Shal. You'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, maſter Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, ſir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thank thee:—The knave will ſtick by thee, I can aſſure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll ſtick by him, ſir.

[*One knocks at the door.*

Shal. Why, there ſpoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. Look who's at door there: Ho! who knocks?

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To Silence, who drinks a bumper.*

Sil. [Singing] [9] *Do me right, and dub me knight:*
[1] Samingo.—Is't not ſo?

Fal.

[8] —*cavaleroes*] This was the term by which an airy, ſplendid, irregular fellow was diſtinguiſhed. The ſoldiers of king Charles were called Cavaliers from the gaiety which they affected in oppoſition to the ſour faction of the parliament. JOHNSON.

[9] *Do me right*, &c.] To *do a man right* and *to do him reaſon*, were formerly the uſual expreſſions in pledging healths. He who drank a bumper, expected a bumper ſhould be drank to his toaſt.

So, in Ben Jonſon's *Silent Woman*, Captain Otter ſays in the drinking ſcene: "Ha' you *done me right*, gentlemen?"

Again, in *The Bondman* by Maſſinger:

"These glaſſes contain nothing;—*do me right*,
"As e'er you hope for liberty."

Again, in Glapthorne's comedy of *The Hollander*:

"A health, muſicians, gentlemen all, &c.
"I have *done you right*." STEEVENS.

So, in the *Widow's Tears* by Chapman, 1612:

"*Ero.* I'll pledge you at twice.
"*Lyſ.* 'Tis well done. *Do me right*."

 It

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat. [*Re-enter Davy.*

Davy.

It was the custom of the good fellows in Shakespeare's days to drink a very large draught of wine, and sometimes a less palatable potation, on *their knees*, to the health of their mistress. He who performed this exploit was dubb'd a *knight* for the evening.

So, in the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608:

"They call it knighting in London, when they *drink upon their knees*. —Come follow me; I'll give you all the *degrees* of it in order." MALONE.

' ——*Samingo.*—] He means to say, *San Domingo.* HANMER.

Of *Samingo*, or *San Domingo*, I see not the use in this place. JOHNSON.

Unless Silence calls Falstaff St. Dominic from his fatness, and means, like Dryden, to sneer at sacerdotal luxury, I can give no account of the word. In one of Nash's plays, entitled, *Summer's last Will and Testament*, 1600, Bacchus sings the following catch:

"Monsieur Mingo, for quaffing doth surpass
"In cup, in can, or glass;
"God Bacchus do me right
"And dub me knight.
"Domingo."

Domingo is only the burden of the song.

Again, in *The letting of Humours Blood in the Head-vaine: with a new Morisco, daunced by seaven Satyres, upon the bottome of Diogenes Tubbe,*" 160[illegible].

Epigram I.

"Monsieur *Domingo* is a skilfull man,
"For muche experience he hath lately got,
"Proving more phisicke in an alehouse can
"Than may be found in any vintner's pot;
"Beere he protestes is sodden and refin'd,
"And this he speakes, being single-penny-lind.

"For when his purse is swolne but sixpence bigge,
"Why then he sweares:—Now by the Lord I thinke
"All beere in Europe is not worth a figge;
"A cuppe of clarret is the only drinke.
"And thus his praise from beer to wine doth goe,
"Even as his purse in pence doth ebbe and flowe."

STEEVENS.

Samingo, that is *San Domingo*, as some of the commentators have rightly observed. But what is the meaning and propriety of the name here, has not yet been shewn. Justice Silence is here introduced as in the midst of his cups: and I remember a black-letter

Davy. An it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in.—

Enter Pistol.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. Sir John, 'save you, sir!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man good.—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. Indeed I think 'a be; [2] but goodman Puff of Barson.

letter ballad, in which either a *San Domingo*, or a *signior Domingo*, is celebrated for his miraculous feats in drinking. Silence, in the abundance of his festivity, touches upon some old song, in which this convivial *saint* or *signior*, was the *burden*. Perhaps too the pronunciation is here suited to the character. WARTON.

Of the gluttony and drunkenness of the *Dominicans*, one of their own order says thus in Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. cxxxi: "Sanctus *Dominicus* sit nobis semper amicus, cui canimus—siccatis ante lagenis—fratres qui non curant nisi ventres." Hence *Domingo* might (as Mr. Steevens remarks) become the burthen of a drinking song. TOLLET.

In Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, we meet with

"Doe me right, and dub me knight, *Balurdo*."

FARMER.

[2] ——*but goodman Puff of Barson.*] A little before, William Visor of Woncot is mentioned. Woodmancot and Barton (says Mr. Edwards's MSS.) which I suppose are these two places, and are represented to be in the neighbourhood of justice Shallow, are both of them in Berkeley hundred in Glostershire. This, I imagine, was done to disguise the satire a little; for sir Thomas Lucy, who, by the coat of arms he bears, must be the real justice Shallow, lived at Charlecot near Stratford, in Warwickshire.

STEEVENS.

——*goodman Puff of Barson.*] *Barston* is a village in Warwickshire, lying between Coventry and Solyhull. PERCY.

Mr. Tollet has the same observation, and adds that *Woncot* may be put for *Wolphmancote*, vulgarly *Ovencote*, in the same county. Shakespeare might be unwilling to disguise the satire too much, and therefore mentioned places within the jurisdiction of sir Thomas Lucy. STEEVENS.

Pist. Puff?
Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—
Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
[3] Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. *And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John*[4]. [Sings.

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled?
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir,—If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, [5] Bezonian? speak, or die.

Shal.

[3] *Let king Cophetua* &c.] Lines taken from an old bombast play of *King Cophetua*; of whom, we learn from Shakespeare, there were ballads too. WARBURTON.

See *Love's Labour's lost*. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*Scarlet and John.*] This scrap (as Dr. Percy has observed in the first volume of his *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*) is taken from a stanza in the old ballad of *Robin Hood and the Pindar of Wakefield*. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*Bezonian? speak or die.*] So again Suffolk says in the 2d part of *Henry* VI:

"Great men oft die by vile Bezonians."

It is a term of reproach, frequent in the writers contemporary with our poet. Bisognoso, a needy person; thence metaphorically, a base scoundrel. THEOBALD.

Nash, in *Pierce Pennylesse his Supplication*, &c. 1595, says: "Proud lords do tumble from the towers of their high descents, and be trod under feet of every inferior *Besonian*."

In

Shal. Under king Harry.

Pist. Harry the fourth? or fifth?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office!—
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth:
When Pistol lies, do this; and [6] fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak, are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph; saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, chuse what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!—I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What? I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots; we'll ride all night:—Oh, sweet Pistol!—Away, Bardolph.—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, master Shallow; I know, the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment.

In *The Widow's Tears*, a comedy by Chapman, 1612, the primitive word is used:

"——spurn'd out by grooms, like a base *Besogno!*"

And again, in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, a comedy, 1606:

——"If he come like to your *Besogno*, your boor, so he be rich, they care not." STEEVENS.

[6] ——fig *me, like*
The bragging Spaniard.] To *fig*, in Spanish, *higas dar*, is to insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger. From this Spanish custom we yet say in contempt, "a fig for you." JOHNSON.

So, in *The Shepherd's Slumber*, a song published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"With scowling browes their follies checke,
"And so give them the *fig*, &c." STEEVENS.

ment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!
[7] *Where is the life that late I led*, say they:
Why, here it is; Welcome these pleasant days. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A street in London.

Enter hostess [8] *Quickly, Doll Tear-sheet, and Beadles.*

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would I might die, that I might have thee hang'd: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

Bead. The constables have deliver'd her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her: There hath been a man or two, lately, kill'd about her.

Dol. [9] Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-visag'd rascal; if the

[7] *Where is the life that late I led*, &c.] Words of an old ballad. WARBURTON.

The same has been already introduced in the *Taming of a Shrew*. STEEVENS.

[8] *Enter hostess* &c.] This stage-direction in the quarto edit. of 1600, stands thus: "*Enter* Sincklo, *and three or four officers.*" And the name of *Sincklo* is prefixed to those speeches, which in the later editions are given to the *Beadle*. This is an additional proof that *Sincklo* was the name of one of the players. See the note on the *Taming of the Shrew*, act I. sc. i. TYRWHITT.

[9] *Nut-hook*, &c.] It has been already observed on the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, that *nut-hook* seems to have been in those times a name of reproach for a catchpoll. JOHNSON.

A *nut-hook* was, I believe, a person who stole linen, &c. out at windows by means of a pole with a hook at the end of it. Greene, in his *Arts of Conny-catching*, has given a very particular account of this kind of fraud; so that *nut-hook* was probably as common a term of reproach as rogue is at present. In an old comedy, intitled *Match me in London*, 1631 I find the following paf-

the child I now go with, do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-fac'd villain.

Host. O the Lord, that sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God, the fruit of her womb miscarry!

Bead. If it do, you shall have [1] a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, [2] thou thin man in a censer! I will have you as soundly swing'd for this, you [3] blue-bottle

passage——" She's the king's *nut-hook*, that when any filbert is ripe, pulls down the bravest boughs to his hand."

Again, in the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584: " To go a fishing with a *cranke* through a window, or to set lime-twigs to catch a pan, pot, or dish." Again, in *Albumazar*, 1615:

" —picking of locks and *hooking* cloaths out of window."

Again, in the *Jew of Malta*, by Marlow, 1633:

" I saw some bags of money, and in the night I
" Clamber'd up with my *hooks*."

Hence perhaps the phrase *By hook or by crook*, which is as old as the time of Tusser and Spenser. The first uses it in his Husbandry for the month of March, the second in the 3d book of his *Faery Queene*. In the first volume of Holinshed's Chronicle, p. 183, the reader may find the cant titles bestowed by the vagabonds of that age on one another, among which are *hookers*, or anglers; and Decker, in the *Bell-man of London*, 5th edit. 1640, describes this species of robbery in particular. STEEVENS.

[1] *—— a dozen of cushions ——*] That is, to stuff her out that she might counterfeit pregnancy. So in Massinger's *Old Law:*

" I said I was with child, &c. Thou saidst it was a *cushion*," &c.

Again, in Greene's *Disputation between a He Coneycatcher*, &c. 1592: " ——to weare a *cushion* under her own kirtle, and to faine herself with child." STEEVENS.

[2] *——thou thin man in a censer!*] These old censers of thin metal had generally at the bottom the figure of some saint raised up with a hammer, in a barbarous kind of imbossed or chased work. The hunger-starved beadle is compared, in substance, to one of these thin raised figures, by the same kind of humour that Pistol, in *The Merry Wives*, calls Slender a *laten bilboe*.

WARBURTON.

[3] *——blue bottle rogue!*] A name, I suppose, given to the beadle from the colour of his livery. JOHNSON.

Dr.

bottle-rogue! you filthy famish'd correctioner! if you be not swing'd, I'll forswear [4] half-kirtles.

Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant; come.

Host. O, that right should thus overcome might! Well; of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Host. Ay; come, you starv'd blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death! goodman bones!

Host. Thou atomy, thou [5]!

Dr. Johnson is right with respect to the *livery*, but the allusion seems to be to the great *flesh fly*, commonly called a *blue-bottle*.
FARMER.

The same allusion is in *Northward Hoe*, 1607:
"Now *blue-bottle!* what flutter you for, sea-pie?"

The serving men were anciently habited in *blue*, and this is spoken on the entry of one of them. It was natural for Doll to have an aversion to the colour, as a *blue gown* was the dress in which a strumpet did penance. So, in *The Northern Lass*, 1633: —"let all the good you intended me be a lockram coif, a *blew gown*, a wheel, and a clean whip." Mr. Malone confirms Dr. Johnson's remark on the dress of the beadle, by the following quotation from *Michaelmas Term* by Middleton, 1607: "And to be free from the interruption of *blue* beadles and other bawdy officers, he most politickly lodges her in a constable's house." STEEVENS.

[4] —*half-kirtles.*] Probably the dress of the prostitutes of that time. JOHNSON.

A *half-kirtle* was perhaps the same kind of thing as we call at present a short-gown, or a bed-gown. There is a proverbial expression now in use which may serve to confirm it. When a person is loosely dressed they say—Such a one looks like a w—— in a bed-gown. See *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1612: ——"forty shillings I lent her to redeem two *half-silk kirtles*."
STEEVENS.

The dress of the courtezans of the time confirms Mr. Steevens's observation. So, in *Michaelmas Term* by Middleton, 1607: "Dost dream of virginity now? remember a *loose-bodied* gown, wench, and let it go." MALONE.

[5] ——*thou* atomy, *thou!*] *Atomy* for *anatomy*. *Atomy* or *otamy* is sometimes used by the ancient writers where no blunder or depravation is designed. So, in *Look about you*, 1600:
"For thee, for thee, thou *otamie* of honour,
"Thou worm of majesty"—— STEEVENS.

Dol.

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you raſcal[6]!
Bead. Very well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A public place near Weſtminſter abbey.

Enter two Grooms, ſtrewing ruſhes.

1 *Groom.* [7] More ruſhes, more ruſhes.
2 *Groom.* The trumpets have ſounded twice.
1 *Groom.* It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: Diſpatch, diſpatch. [*Exeunt Grooms.*

Enter Falſtaff, Shallow, Piſtol, Bardolph, and the Boy.

Fal. Stand here by me, maſter Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him, as 'a comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.
Piſt. 'Bleſs thy lungs, good knight!
Fal. Come here, Piſtol; ſtand behind me.—O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have beſtow'd the thouſand pound I borrow'd of you. [*To Shallow.*] But 'tis no matter; this poor ſhow doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to ſee him.
Shal. It doth ſo.
Fal. It ſhews my earneſtneſs of affection.
Piſt. It doth ſo.
Fal. My devotion.

[6] ——*you* raſcal!] In the language of the foreſt, *lean deer* were called *raſcal* deer. STEEVENS.

[7] *More ruſhes*, &c.] It has been already obſerved, that, at ceremonial entertainments, it was the cuſtom to ſtrew the floor with ruſhes. *Caius de Ephemera.* JOHNSON.

So in *Northward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607:
"Sir as ſecret as *ruſhes* in an old lady's chamber."
STEEVENS.

Shal.

Shal. [8] It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else to be done, but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est:* [9]'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will enflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.
Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance, and contagious prison;
Haul'd thither
By most mechanical and dirty hand:—
Rouze up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,
For Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

The trumpets sound. Enter the King, and his train.

Fal. God save thy grace, king Hal! my royal Hal [1]!

Pist.

[8] *It doth, it doth, it doth.*] The two little answers here given to Pistol, are transferred by sir T. Hanmer to Shallow, the repetition of *it doth* suits Shallow best. JOHNSON.

[9] *'Tis all in every part.*] The sentence alluded to is:

"'Tis all in all, and all in every part."

And so doubtless it should be read. 'Tis a common way of expressing one's approbation of a right measure to say, *'tis all in all.* To which this fantastic character adds, with some humour, *and all in every part:* which, both together, make up the philosophic sentence, and complete the absurdity of Pistol's phraseology.

WARBURTON.

[1] *God save thy grace, king Hal!* ——] A similar scene occurs in

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, [2] most royal imp of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so [3] profane;
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; [4] know, the grave doth gape
For

in the anonymous Henry V. Falstaff and his companions address the king in the same manner, and are dismissed as in this play of Shakespeare. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*most royal* imp *of fame!*] The word *imp* is perpetually used by Ulpian Fulwell, and other ancient writers, for progeny:

"And were it not thy royal *impe*
"Did mitigate our pain," &c.

Here Fulwell addresses Anne Boleyn, and speaks of the young Elizabeth.

Again, in the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

"——Amurath mighty emperor of the east,
"That shall receive the *imp* of royal race."

Again, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

"Young *imps* of honour."

Again, in *Fuimus Troes*, 1603:

"——"From hence I bring
"A pair of martial *imps*——"

Imp-yn is a Welsh word, and primitively signifies sprout, sucker. So, in the tragedy of *Darius*, 1603:

"Like th' ancient trunk of some disbranched tree
"Which Æol's rage hath to confusion brought,
"Disarm'd of all those *imps* that sprung from me,
"Unprofitable stock, I serve for nought." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*profane*;] In our author it often signifies *love of talk* without the particular idea now given it. So, in *Othello*: "Is he not a *profane* and very liberal counsellor." JOHNSON.

[4] *Know, the grave doth gape*
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;] Nature is highly touched

For thee thrice wider than for other men :——
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest ;
Presume not, that I am the thing I was :
For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self ;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me ; and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots :
'Till then, I banish thee on pain of death,—
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—
[5] Not to come near our person by ten miles.

For

ed in this passage. The king having shaken off his vanities, schools his old companion for his follies with great severity: he assumes the air of a preacher ; bids him fall to his prayers, seek grace, and leave gormandizing. But that word unluckily presenting him with a pleasant idea, he cannot forbear pursuing it. *Know, the grave doth gape for thee thrice wider*, &c. and is just falling back into Hal, by an humourous allusion to Falstaff's bulk ; but he perceives it immediately, and fearing sir John should take the advantage of it, checks both himself and the knight, with

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest ;

and so resumes the thread of his discourse, and goes moralizing on to the end of the chapter. Thus the poet copies nature with great skill, and shews us how apt men are to fall back into their old customs, when the change is not made by degrees, and brought into a habit, but determined of at once on the motives of honour, interest, or reason. WARBURTON.

[5] *Not to come near our person by ten miles.*] Mr. Rowe observes, that many readers lament to see Falstaff so hardly used by his old friend. But if it be considered, that the fat knight has never uttered one sentiment of generosity, and with all his power of exciting mirth, has nothing in him that can be esteemed, no great pain will be suffered from the reflection that he is compelled to live honestly, and maintained by the king, with a promise of advancement when he shall deserve it.

I think the poet more blameable for Poins, who is always represented as joining some virtues with his vices, and is therefore treated by the prince with apparent distinction, yet he does nothing in the time of action ; and though after the bustle is over he is again a favourite, at last vanishes without notice. Shakespeare certainly lost him by heedlessness, in the multiplicity of

his

For competence of life, I will allow you;
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will,—according to your ſtrength, and qualities,—
Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,
To ſee perform'd the tenor of our word.—
Set on. [*Exit King*, &c.

Fal. Maſter Shallow, I owe you a thouſand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, ſir John; which I beſeech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, maſter Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I ſhall be ſent for in private to him: look you, he muſt ſeem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet, that ſhall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how; unleſs you give me your doublet, and ſtuff me out with ſtraw. I beſeech you, good ſir John, let me have five hundred of my thouſand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard, was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, ſir John.

his characters, the variety of his action, and his eagerneſs to end the play. JOHNSON.

The diſmiſſion of Falſtaff was founded on a hiſtorical fact. Stowe ſays, that "K. Henry, after his coronation, called unto him all thoſe young lords and gentlemen that were the followers of his young acts, to every one of whom he gave rich gifts; and then commanded, that as many as would change their manners, as he intended to do, ſhould abide with him in his court; and to all that would perſevere in their former like converſation, he gave expreſs commandment, upon pain of their heads, never after that day to come in his preſence."

In the play of *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, (with Shakeſpeare's name prefixed to it, 1600,) K. Henry V. is made to enquire after his old companions, as if they were ſtill carrying on their former occupations: "Where the devil are all my old thieves? Falſtaff, that vilain is ſo fat, he cannot get on's horſe; but methinks Poins and Peto ſhould be ſtirring hereabouts." STEEVENS.

Fal. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Piſtol;—come, Bardolph:—I ſhall be ſent for ſoon at night.

Re-enter the Chief Juſtice, Prince John, &c.

Ch. Juſt. [1] Go, carry ſir John Falſtaff to the fleet;
Take all his company along with him.
Fal. My lord, my lord,——
Ch. Juſt. I cannot now ſpeak: I will hear you ſoon.
Take them away.
Piſt. *Si fortuna me tormenta, ſpero me contenta.*
[*Exeunt.*

Manent Lancaſter, and Chief Juſtice.

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the king's:
He hath intent, his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are baniſh'd, 'till their converſations
Appear more wiſe and modeſt to the world.
Ch. Juſt. And ſo they are.
Lan. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.
Ch. Juſt. He hath.
Lan. I will lay odds,—that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil ſwords, and native fire,
As far as France: I heard a bird ſo ſing [2],
Whoſe muſick, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence [3]? [*Exeunt.*

[1] —*to the fleet*:] I do not ſee why Falſtaff is carried to the Fleet. We have never loſt ſight of him ſince his diſmiſſion from the king; he has committed no new fault, and therefore incurred no puniſhment; but the different agitations of fear, anger and ſurprize in him and his company, made a good ſcene to the eye; and our author, who wanted them no longer on the ſtage, was glad to find this method of ſweeping them away. JOHNSON.

[2] *I heard a bird ſo ſing,*] This phraſe, which I ſuppoſe to be proverbial, occurs in the ancient ballad of *The riſing in the North:*
"*I heare a bird ſing* in mine eare,
"That I muſt either fight or flee." STEEVENS.

[3] I fancy every reader, when he ends this play, cries out with Deſdemona, "O moſt lame and impotent concluſion!" As this play

play was not, to our knowledge, divided into acts by the author, I could be content to conclude it with the death of Henry the Fourth.

* *In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.*

These scenes, which now make the fifth act of *Henry the Fourth*, might then be the first of *Henry the Fifth*; but the truth is, that they do unite very commodiously to either play. When these plays were represented, I believe they ended as they are now ended in the books; but Shakespeare seems to have designed that the whole series of action from the beginning of *Richard the Second*, to the end of *Henry the Fifth*, should be considered by the reader as one work, upon one plan, only broken into parts by the necessity of exhibition.

None of Shakespeare's plays are more read than the *First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth*. Perhaps no author has ever in two plays afforded so much delight. The great events are interesting, for the fate of kingdoms depends upon them; the slighter occurences are diverting, and, except one or two, sufficiently probable; the incidents are multiplied with wonderful fertility of invention, and the characters diversified with the utmost nicety of discernment, and the profoundest skill in the nature of man.

The prince, who is the hero both of the comic and tragic part, is a young man of great abilities and violent passions, whose sentiments are right, though his actions are wrong; whose virtues are obscured by negligence, and whose understanding is dissipated by levity. In his idle hours he is rather loose than wicked; and when the occasion forces out his latent qualities, he is great without effort, and brave without tumult. The trifler is roused into a hero, and the hero again reposes in the trifler. This character is great, original, and just.

Percy is a rugged soldier, choleric, and quarrelsome, and has only the soldier's virtues, generosity and courage.

But Falstaff unimitated, unimitable Falstaff, how shall I describe thee? Thou compound of sense and vice; of sense which may be admired, but not esteemed; of vice which may be despised, but hardly detested. Falstaff is a character loaded with faults, and with those faults which naturally produce contempt. He is a thief and a glutton, a coward and a boaster, always ready to cheat the weak, and prey upon the poor; to terrify the timorous, and insult the defenceless. At once obsequious and malignant, he satirizes in their absence those whom he lives by flattering. He is familiar with the prince only as an agent of vice, but of this familiarity he is so proud, as not only to be supercilious and haughty with common men, but to think his interest of importance to the duke of Lancaster. Yet the man thus corrupt, thus despicable, makes himself necessary to the prince that despises him, by the most pleasing of all qualities, perpetual gaiety, by an unfailing

power of exciting laughter, which is the more freely indulged, as his wit is not of the ſplendid or ambitious kind, but conſiſts in eaſy ſcapes and ſallies of levity, which make ſport, but raiſe no envy. It muſt be obſerved, that he is ſtained with no enormous or ſanguinary crimes, ſo that his licentiouſneſs is not ſo offenſive but that it may be borne for his mirth.

The moral to be drawn from this repreſentation is, that no man is more dangerous than he that, with a will to corrupt, hath the power to pleaſe; and that neither wit nor honeſty ought to think themſelves ſafe with ſuch a companion, when they ſee Henry ſeduced by Falſtaff. JOHNSON.

E P I L O G U E[4].

Spoken by a Dancer.

FIRST, my fear; then, my court'sy: last, my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my court'sy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say, is of mine own making; and what, indeed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you (as it is very well) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. [5] *All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.*

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with

[4] This epilogue was merely occasional, and alludes to some theatrical transaction. JOHNSON.

[5] *All the gentlewomen*, &c.] The trick of influencing one part of the audience by the favour of the other, has been played already in the epilogue to *As you like it.* JOHNSON.

fair

fair Katharine of France[6]: *where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard opinions;* [7] *for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you;—but, indeed, to pray for the queen*[8].

[6] *—and make you merry with fair Katharine of France:—*] I think this is a proof that the French scenes in *Henry* V. however unworthy of our author, were really written by him. It is evident from this passage, that he had at this time formed the plan of that play; and how was *fair Katharine to make the audience merry*, but by speaking broken English? The conversation and courtship of a great princess, in the usual style of the drama, was not likely to afford any *merriment*. TYRWHITT.

[7] *—for Oldcastle died a martyr*, &c.] This alludes to a play in which sir John Oldcastle was put for Falstaff. POPE.

The reader will find this assertion disputed in a note on the play of *Henry* V. STEEVENS.

[8] I wonder no one has remarked at the conclusion of the epilogue, that it was the custom of the old players, at the end of their performance, to pray for their patrons. Thus at the end of *New Custom:*

"Preserve our noble Q. Elizabeth, and her councell all."

And in *Locrine:*

"So let us pray for that renowned maid, &c."

And in Middleton's *Mad World my Masters:* "This shows like kneeling after the play; I praying for my lord *Overmuch* and his good countess, our honourable lady and mistress." FARMER.

Thus, at the end of Preston's *Cambyses:*

"As duty binds us, for our noble queene let us pray,
"And for her honourable councel, the truth that they may
"use,
"To practise justice, and defende her grace eche day;
"To maintaine God's word they may not refuse,
"To correct all those that would her grace and grace's laws
"abuse:
"Beseeching God over us she may reign long,
"To be guided by trueth and defended from wrong."
"Amen, q. Thomas Preston."

So, at the end of *All for Money*, a morality, by T. Lupton, 1578:
"Let us pray for the queen's majesty our soveraign governour,
"That she may raign quietly according to God's will, &c."

Again, at the end of *Lusty Juventus*, a morality, 1561:
"Now let us make our supplications together,
"For the prosperous estate of our noble and virtuous king," &c.

Again,

Again, at the end of the *Disobedient Child*, an interlude by Thomas Ingeland, bl. l. no date:

"Here the rest of the players come in, and kneele downe all togyther, eche of them sayinge one of these verses:"

"And last of all, to make an end,
"O God to the we most humblye praye,
"That to queen Elizabeth thou do sende
"Thy lyvely pathe, and perfect waye, &c. &c."

Again, at the conclusion of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1598:

"Which God preserve our noble queen,
"From perilous chance which hath been seene;
"And send her subjects grace, say I,
"To serve her highness patiently!"

Again, at the conclusion of a comedy called *A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594:

"And may her days of blisse never have end,
"Upon whose lyfe so many lyves depend."

Again, at the end of *Apius and Virginia*, 1575:

"Beseeching God, as duty is, our gracious queene to save,
"The nobles, and the commons eke, with prosprous life I crave."

Lastly, sir John Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, finishes with these words: "But I will neither end with sermon nor prayer, lest some wags liken me to my L. (   ) players, who when they have ended a baudie comedy, as though that were a preparative to devotion, kneele downe solemnly, and pray all the companie to pray with them for their good lord and master."

Almost all the ancient interludes I have met with, conclude with some solemn prayer for the king or queen, house of commons, &c. Hence perhaps the *Vivant Rex and Regina*, at the bottom of our modern play-bills. STEEVENS.

END OF VOLUME THE FIFTH.